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EDWARD & PAMELA  
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EDWARD AND  
PAMELA FITZGERALD















*Lady Edward Fitz Gerald*  
*by Romney*

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD: 1904.

EDWARD AND  
PAMELA FITZGERALD

*Being some Account of their Lives*  
*Compiled from the Letters of those who knew them*

BY  
GERALD CAMPBELL

WITH PORTRAITS

LONDON  
EDWARD ARNOLD  
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## PREFACE

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WITH some diffidence I send out into the world this attempt to tell once more the life-story of Lord Edward FitzGerald and Pamela his wife. I have not tried to give an exhaustive account of all that is known of them. As far as the chief actor is concerned, Thomas Moore's *Life and Death of Lord Edward FitzGerald* has so completely covered the ground that there is scarcely room for any further work on the same lines. So far as I know, the only existing material for a consecutive record of Lord Edward's career is contained in such of his own letters as were not destroyed during his lifetime, and the bulk of these were used by Moore. But along with the originals of these particular letters there are sundry other family letters and papers in the possession of Lord Edward's great-grandson, Sir Guy Campbell, his granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and others of his descendants, which seem to me to contain enough matter of general interest to justify their publication as a supplementary volume.

In the country for which he gave his life—the country in which another of his great-grandsons, Mr. George Wyndham, now fills the office of Chief Secretary—Lord Edward's name will always be one to conjure with. The winning charm of his personality, the generous unselfishness of his life, the tragedy of his early death, have made him beloved above all her other sons. And it is not difficult, even for those who have no racial or family reasons to prejudice them in his favour, to see in him the spirit of true patriotism. It is true that, driven to desperation by the cruel injustice with which the Ireland of his day was treated, he sought help for the rebel cause from the enemies of England. It is true that, owing to a conspiracy for which he was directly responsible, Ireland was rent by the horrors of civil war, and her green fields reddened by the blood of men of kindred races, shed by each other's hands. But, in his own time, even his political opponents recognised the purity and disinterested nature of his motives. And to-day we can go further than that. We can appreciate the necessity for his actions. We can see that the

Irish Rebellion of '98 was inevitable—as inevitable and as salutary for England as the rebellion of Cromwell, or the revolt of the American Colonies. Lord Edward was one of the chief instruments appointed for its accomplishment, self-chosen only so far as any of us ever are self-chosen to carry out the purposes of destiny. If he was a traitor to his country, he was the most single-minded and loyal traitor that ever lived. That, at least, is the conclusion to which the correspondence which is set down in this book appears to me to point; and the letters as a whole cannot fail, I think, to give a better and a truer understanding of his personal attitude towards his fellow-countrymen and the government of the King.

A word as to the general character of these letters. Some of them may seem to those who have no particular interest in the FitzGerald family to be too intimate and occasionally too trivial for public consumption. But they are at all events human documents, and, slight as is the nature of some of them, I have tried to select only those which go to show the difference in circumstances and the similarity in nature between ourselves and these simple, warm-hearted folk, who are separated from our time by the dust and progress of the nineteenth century. Also, I have tried to make the picture an absolutely true one. I might, for instance, have suppressed a letter of Lady Sarah Napier's in which she speaks of Lord Edward and her husband as having been "*drunk*." I preferred to publish it for what seem to me obvious reasons. If its inclusion should appear superfluous or vexatious to any who have Napier or FitzGerald blood in their veins, I offer them very sincere apologies. But I do not honestly think that this is a probable contingency. Lord Edward and Colonel Napier were both my own kinsmen, and I yield to no one in my reverence for Lord Edward's name in particular, nor would I willingly set down one word that could by any possibility smirch his reputation. But I cannot conceive that either his friends or his critics could find in this matter any source of offence or any cause for ill-natured comment. On the contrary, I think it is obvious that both he and his uncle were far in advance of their time with regard to self-indulgence in this particular direction. In this, as in other respects, Lord Edward was a sane and sober man, which is far more than can be said of most of his contemporaries. Never once in the examination of these letters have I been tempted to any sort of *suppressio veri* on his account. His private life was clear of any stain or reproach, and as unselfish as the whole of his public career.

As I have judged it inadvisable to reprint his earlier letters, and have consequently refrained from giving a connected account of his whole life, it may be as well to give here a brief résumé of

its leading events. He was born in 1763, at Carton, the home of the FitzGerald, and was therefore only thirty-five at the time of his death. When he was ten years old his father died, and his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, soon afterwards married Mr. Ogilvie, her sons' Scotch tutor, who took some pains to educate Lord Edward with a view to his entering the army. In 1779 the family returned from Aubigny, where they had been living, to England, and in the next year Lord Edward joined the 96th regiment in Ireland. Two years later he sailed with his regiment to America, where he became A.D.C. to Lord Rawdon, and served through the war "with no little reputation for personal courage, readiness of resource, and humane feelings." In 1783 he came back to Ireland and was returned as member for Athy, entering upon his new career with as much keenness as he had previously shown for soldiering, in spite of the disheartening effect upon him of the political corruption of the day and the iniquitous penal laws against the Roman Catholics. Six years later he went again to America, and after a long and adventurous journey across country to Quebec, was adopted by the Bear Tribe of Red Indians and made one of their chiefs at the age of twenty-six. On his return home he was offered by Pitt the command of an expedition against Cadiz, which he refused upon being once more nominated a member of Parliament by his brother the Duke. With the resumption of his parliamentary duties the first part of his public life came to a close.

In 1792 he went to Paris, where he became infected with the spirit of the revolution, and publicly renounced his title, for which offence he was dismissed the British Army. During the same visit he made the acquaintance of Madame de Genlis and his future wife, whom he married at Tournay in less than a month. In '93 he made a violent speech against the Lord Lieutenant and the Castle party generally, and in the following year first incurred the suspicions of Government, though it was not till '96 that he and his friend Arthur O'Connor joined the United Irishmen. He was at once sent to France to negotiate with General Hoche for a French invasion of Ireland, and on December the 15th the French Fleet set sail. After that, till 1798, he was mainly occupied in secretly organising the insurrection to which he was now pledged, and in that year, as head of the Military Committee, he had under his command no less than 300,000 men. Before, however, any active steps of rebellion had been taken, a meeting of the rebel leaders was betrayed by an informer, and Lord Edward, who escaped arrest, went into hiding in Dublin, though he was privately informed that the Government would place no obstacles in the way of his leaving the country. He chose, however, to continue to direct the movements, and finally, after a



price of £1000 had been set on his head, his hiding-place was revealed by another informer, and he was taken prisoner, after a prolonged struggle, in the course of which he fatally wounded one of his captors. A few days afterwards he died in prison of his wounds; his estates were confiscated, a bill of attainder was passed against him, and his wife was ordered to leave the country.

I have spoken of one of the reasons by which I have been induced to write this book. A further motive exists in the shape of my regard for the memory of Lord Edward's wife. She has been so often the object of ill-natured comment on account of supposed irregularities in her conduct, besides being a centre of interest owing to her reputed relationship to the Duc d'Orleans and Madame de Genlis, that I wished, as far as was possible, to clear up once for all the two questions which have been connected with her name. The problem of her birth remains perhaps unsolved; but as far as her personal character is concerned, her own letters and those of her husband's family reveal her as a woman of a singularly sweet and lovable and innocent nature, and it is my hope that the voice of calumny may now cease its attempts to defame her memory. She was the idol of her husband while he lived, and of her children after his death. By her numerous descendants she is regarded with scarcely less love and reverence than Lord Edward himself, and, quite apart from their natural feelings, it is difficult to see what good purpose can be served by these posthumous attacks upon her fair fame. It has been my endeavour to show that they are without any real foundation; and if I have succeeded in that object, I shall feel that I have not written in vain. To all her descendants, especially to her surviving grandchildren, in whom I seem to see reflected the strong sense of humour and keen appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and life which she shared with Lord Edward, I offer this book as an attempt to do honour to the names of Edward and Pamela FitzGerald.

To many of these descendants my thanks are due for the help which they have given me, particularly to Sir Guy Campbell, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, Mrs. Selby-Smyth, and the Rev. Colin Campbell, who have placed at my disposal the papers and pictures in their possession, and also, amongst others, to Sir Henry Bunbury, Mrs. John Napier, Mrs. James Swinton, and Lord Frederick and Lord Walter FitzGerald.

GERALD CAMPBELL.

*September, 1904.*

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# EDWARD AND PAMELA FITZGERALD

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## CHAPTER I

### “THE GOOD FAMILY”

A BOX of old letters—torn and worn with much travel and much reading, grey with the dust of a hundred years. The hands that penned them, white and slender, brown and strong, the hearts that hungered for their coming, the eyes that grew sad or merry as they read, have been claimed by death. But the letters themselves are alive,—alive with the tears that stained the pages and dimmed the eyes, alive with the laughter and the passion and the heartaches of the men and women by whom they were written and read. More vivid and more faithful than any painted picture, they show the kind of men and women that the writers were.

These letters are so frank, so intimate, so personal, that it seems almost sacrilege to read them. Births, marriages, deaths,—these after all are the sum of human life. Generation follows generation, and still we are born and die, still we take or are given in marriage. But the commonest things are the most sacred, and to read these outspoken



messages from heart to heart on the common things of life is to tread on holy ground.

They cover in all a period of about sixty years—from 1770 to 1831. Some years are represented only by single letters; in others the correspondence is so large, that taken letter by letter and day by day, they would run some danger of leaving upon the mind a blurred confusion of ideas. At these times (which coincide with the closing scenes of Lord Edward's life) we shall look, like travellers along a mountain-pass, now one side, now on another, and sometimes retracing our steps view the same scenes once more from changed stand-points, and through the eyes of different guides. The object of the earlier part of this book is to give a picture of the home life of Lord Edward's family—and incidental portraits of the writers of the letters. No attempt has been made to give a connected account of the oft-told story of his life. With as little comment as possible the letters have been left to show how he was regarded by those who knew and loved him the best, and what they at the time thought of events which have passed into the domain of history.

The writers of the letters are few in number: those who write at all often can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The most vigorous, if not the most interesting, correspondent, is the Duchess of Leinster, the mother of nineteen children besides Lord Edward—seventeen FitzGeralds and two Ogilvies. Her second husband, generally called Ogilvie or "Mr. O." in the letters, was, as may be

imagined from his boldness in undertaking so formidable an adventure, a man of strong and determined character. But the affection which existed between him and his adopted children was always real enough to dispel any occasional feelings of resentment at his decided and peremptory view of his paternal duties. And those qualities that he lacked were supplied by the strong good sense of the Duchess. For she was a very wise woman, besides being a loving and tender mother.

At first, indeed, the marriage of the Duchess to the uncouth Scotch tutor provoked only surprise and indignation in the minds of her relations. But as time went on it was found that in spite of certain obvious drawbacks, Mr. Ogilvie had many good points to recommend him; and on the whole the action of the Duchess was justified by results. Lord Edward certainly felt much respect and affection for his stepfather; and his elder daughter, Pamela Lady Campbell, though like everyone else she professed herself unable to account for the strange infatuation of the Duchess, gives a glimpse of what was probably its true reason at the close of a brief account of Mr. Ogilvie's first arrival at Leinster House.

"Lord Le Cale," she writes, "or rather Lord Charles, having bad health, it was settled to get a tutor for the boys, and to establish them and the younger children at Frescati; Lord Charles, Lord Henry, Lord Edward, Lord Robert, and Lord Gerald were the boys, Lady Sophia and Lady Lucy the two youngest under a French Bonne; A Scotchman who kept a school in Cole's Lane was recommended for the

education of the Boys. He was a good classical scholar, and first rate (in those days) mathematician, and had studied in Edinburgh, and this was *Mr. Ogilvie*. Lady Leitrim was one day spending the evening at Leinster House with the Duchess when the Groom of the Chamber came in to tell her Grace that Mr. Ogilvie the new Tutor was come.

‘Show him to his room.’

‘Please Your Grace, is he to have wax candles or tallow?’

Upon which the Duchess turned to Lady Leitrim and said in French :

‘Qu’en pensez-vous?’

‘Oh, moulds will do, till we see a little.’

Such was the introduction of Mr. Ogilvie into the family.

He was extremely good-natured to the sick suffering children,—that was one of the means by which he at first ingratiated himself with the Duchess. Mabel, the youngest, was a very lovely child, a great sufferer, and Mr. Ogilvie showed her great care and tenderness till she died. Sophia too had bad health, and was ordered to have her head shaved; this Mr. Ogilvie did himself, lest it should be roughly done by the servants.”

To the same generation of writers as the Duchess of Leinster belong her two sisters, Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Conolly, and her brother the Duke of Richmond. Lady Sarah Napier (who so nearly became the Queen of George III.) was as clever as she was beautiful. All her woman’s sympathies were on the side of the Irish in the troublous times

before and after '98. But she never allowed her enthusiasm for the cause of the distressful country to blind her to its real interests, and I believe that, given a free hand, a combination of Lady Sarah Napier, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Moira would have settled the Irish Question without a tithe of the pothor by which the Rebellion and the Union were attended. Also with all her uncommon sense on matters of public import, she never ceased to be first and foremost a good mother, with ideas on the training of children far in advance of her times.

Lady Louisa Conolly was of a different stamp, with, as Lady Sarah thought, too great a readiness to turn the other cheek to the smiter, being gentle and timid almost to a fault, and yet possessed of a reserve fund of brave resourcefulness which stood her in good stead at the time when the tragedy of Lord Edward's life reached its climax. The two sisters were both married to public servants, Colonel Napier being in command of English troops, while Mr. Conolly was a member of Parliament, in fairly close connection with the Castle; so that they were, as in duty bound, actively engaged in helping, first to prevent and then to suppress the Rebellion,—and yet with leanings to the other side which were not only or altogether due to their affection for their nephew by marriage.

Naturally — almost inevitably — there was an inner ring of the Duchess of Leinster's children, formed of those who from a similarity of ideas and ideals, as well as from the circumstances of their lives, were in closer sympathy with each other and



with their mother than the rest. Her eldest son the Duke, a quiet, indolent, affectionate man, scarcely belonged to this ring, though its members, in common with all the others, loved him and looked up to him. If it is sometimes not easy to understand the principles which guided him in steering his political course, there is no doubt that it was rendered exceedingly difficult by the decided line taken by his brother Lord Edward, of whom he was very fond. His brotherly sympathy added to his own Whig proclivities led to his being quite unjustly looked upon as an active promoter of the most open Rebellion. The ring itself, if I may apply that unpleasant term to such pleasant people, consisted of the Duchess, Lord Edward and his wife, his brother Henry, and his sisters Lucy, Sophia, and Charlotte, besides Mr. Ogilvie's two daughters, Mimi and Cissy.

Lady Lucy, who afterwards married Admiral Sir Thomas Foley, was just Lord Edward dressed in woman's clothes. She was to the full as "patriotic" as her brother, perhaps even more so—for she loved the cause because he loved it, whom she loved above all things: she was possessed like him of a strong sense of humour, so that she shared with him the family epithet "comical"; she had a warm, loving, susceptible Irish heart, and, in short, both in character and aims was as like him as possible.

Lady Sophia, on the other hand, was the sort of person that nowadays would be called "Dear old Sophia." "Silk and steel" was one of Lord Edward's pet names for her, and "Father Confessor" another. And Father Confessor she was to all of them. Com-

paratively early in her life, she decided to leave the rest, and live quietly by herself at Thames Ditton. But though she was thus of her own will separated from them, they all came often to her confessional, either in person or by letter. She had a real passion for solitude, and a dislike for the gaieties of the town; did not, in fact, feel very much at her ease in crowded drawing-rooms. Like many people who live much alone, she was inclined to be faddy about her health; but this was her only failing, and she kept it very much to herself and her journals. She was sensibly good to the poor; and had a great love for children, which from the time of Lord Edward's death spent itself on his youngest child Lucy, and afterwards on his other daughter Pamela as well. How warmly her love was returned may be seen from the following statement of Lady Campbell's which I quote here, although part of it anticipates the course of events, for the pretty picture which it gives of Lady Sophia.

"I was born," says Lord Edward's daughter, "a week after my Mother landed, and christened, my Godmothers being Mde. de Genlis and Mrs. Mathiesen, my Godfather General Valence, whose christian name was Adelaide, so I had plenty of names,—Felicité Henriette, Adelaide, Pamela. We returned to England when I was six months old, and I was brought to Great Shame when compared to my Brother Edward, who was living with Grandmama Leinster; he was two years old, fat, fair, and blooming, and I was sallow and small, with dark eyes like an unfledged bird; and the comparisons were

so mortifying that Mama cried, and my Father carried me off in his arms to the nursery highly affronted.

My Father had promised Grandmama that if his first child was a son, he would give it up to her that she might have another Eddy; so when he was a year old he was sent off with a nurse to England, much to poor Mama's despair and grief at parting with him.

Such arrangements are not wise, and seldom answer; however, it ended in my being perhaps more prized by my Father and Mother at home, the short time there was a Home.

When poor little Edward and the Irish nurse arrived, it appeared the Child had a rash from teething, and it was thought it might be catching, and so instead of being joyfully received, the family sent him and his nurse off to a small lodging in the neighbourhood. But dear Aunt Sophia, then showing the dawn of that devotion to my Father which never, never afterwards fell short to the time of his death and beyond death, used to spend the whole morning with the child at the lodging to see after him and amuse him, and then wash herself in vinegar and water when she returned home.

My Father had the discernment to appreciate Aunt Sophia's sense and good qualities, and was very fond of her; for someone taxing him with loving his half sisters the Ogilvies best, he said:

'You are quite mistaken. I love Sophy, and there is more good in her little finger than in all of them put together!'

And indeed she was quite and entirely devoted

to him, and proved it. She had had wretched suffering health in her childhood, which had thrown her back in her education. She learnt very slowly, and showed a curious sort of somnambulism. The days when she failed in mastering her lessons, her governess observed her restless at night, talking often and muttering. They slept next the school-room; and at last they watched her, and observed that she got up, walked into the schoolroom, took down her books from the shelf, found her place, read over the lessons three or four times, and then crept back to her bed. The next morning she always knew the lessons perfectly, and was quite unconscious of what had passed. This used to occur mostly when she had been particularly slow and had been found fault with, and had cried.

She was a small, fat, fair woman, very plain, but with a sweet countenance, dull and silent rather; fond of reading, work, and gardening, excellent health as she grew up, an immense walker,—we used to walk four or five miles every day,—very affectionate and sensitive, rather jealous, which made her a little touchy; and yet to a certain degree she was justified, for she was not a favourite with her mother, and not justly treated among them. She made up her mind to make a home of her own in the country when she was about two and thirty, and settled near Boyle Farm at a place called the Rushit. She then bought Thames Ditton; being near Lord Henry was a protection, and ensured her not feeling solitary. In this she acted wisely, as she always did; she had the clearest, soundest judg-



ment I ever met with. I never knew a person who could give better advice in a difficult line of conduct ; she was essentially a prudent woman, she had what the French call *l'esprit de conduite*. She was the reverse of Charles the 2nd,—she perhaps never said a witty thing, but she certainly never did a foolish one. When all the '98 troubles came, she took my sister Lucy and her nurse at the time when my Mother went to Mde. de Genlis at Hamburg, and she adopted her and devoted herself to Lucy and to her Child after her till her death ; she was so steadfast in her affections ! She reaped where she had sown, for she had a happy, useful Life, chequered with the sorrows flesh is heir to ; but she never lacked an object. She loved much, and she was much loved.

She is buried at Ditton, near the school door, by the side of the child she adopted, and which she had laid there in 1826."

Close to Lady Sophia's cottage at Thames Ditton lived her brother Henry, in the house which is still called Boyle Farm. Here the members of the family used often to meet, for their affection for its owner was only less than that which bound them to their chief idol. He was always Lord Edward's own particular brother, and in the "fatal year" his frantic efforts to help him in his last hours were pathetic to the last degree, and endeared him even to those who were politically opposed to him.

These then are, with two exceptions, the chief writers and characters of the letters.

Lord Edward FitzGerald, the central figure, the something more than hero and higher than patriot,

to whom they all more or less refer, was perhaps, as Mr. Lecky describes him, a man of very transparent character,—was certainly a man whom to know, almost to see, was to love. Thomas Moore, his biographer, once ran after him in the street, to catch a glimpse of the man whose name meant to him, as he tells us, all that was patriotic, noble, and chivalrous. In his early life, which was chiefly spent in soldiering in America, and in adventurous journeys through wild forests and on dangerous rivers, where scarcely a white man had been before him, everyone with whom he came in contact, men and women, old and young, noble and peasant, pale-face and red-skin, General and private soldier, were helplessly enthralled by the magic of his winning personality. "I never knew so loveable a person," said a brother officer; "and every man in the army, from the General to the Drummer, would cheer the expression." "The only really honest officer I ever knew in the army," said an ex-sergeant-major (better known as William Cobbett). He was adopted by the native Indians, and made chief of one of their tribes. "I, David Hill, Chief of the Six nations, give the name of Eghnidai to my friend Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for which I hope he will remember *me* as long as he lives." "The Service," said Charles Fox, "did not possess a more zealous, meritorious, or promising member."

These are, it is true, merely expressions of esteem, of admiration for an efficient young officer. But underlying them is the love which wherever he went he inspired by the love that he gave, the strongest

proof of which is to be found in his letters to his mother. The earliest series of these, written chiefly when he was in America, I do not propose to reprint here. Yet one short extract I may perhaps be allowed, to give those who have not read Mr. Moore's book an idea of their general tone. "You cannot think," he wrote to her on one occasion, "how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati" (the Duchess's country house near Dublin) "the other day, Ogilvie and I *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives me pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you good-night; the coming down in a morning, and not seeing you; the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs, without you to lean upon one, was all very bad indeed. In settling my journey there, I determined to see you in my way,—supposing you were even a thousand miles out of it,—and now, coolly, if I can afford it, I certainly will." Just one more. "We shall talk a great deal of you. I assure you, I miss you in Ireland very, very much. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of everything, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do,—but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you by this sort of reflections; and in thinking over with myself

what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not* :—but God bless you.”

Of his wife, who has always remained “Lady Edward” to her descendants, though to the rest of the world she is “Pamela,” so that Pamela is almost a synonym for hapless misfortune, I do not now wish to speak. For the present it will be enough to consider Lord Edward himself in his relations with his family. If his friends and acquaintances loved him, his family adored him, with an adoration so deep and passionate that it could not be satisfied even by the warm appreciation of the book to which we owe most of our knowledge of his character and aims.

“You will no doubt have heard” (writes Lady Lucy to her friend Lady Bute, in the last letter of the whole series, dated 1831) “that my poor sister Pamela is no more! I had my pen in my hand to write to you at the time (last Nov.), and then something prevented me, ill-health perhaps; but it was fated that even to her death that poor soul should be the subject of ill-natured remark; and this added a fresh pang to the many that I have felt for Her! Poor Pamela, she was better after all than the most of her accusers: and she is gone to that place where the truth of hearts is revealed, and where all deceit is for ever swept away. She died of an inflammation of the Lungs, and at her earnest request went through all the solemn and heart-searching duties which the Catholic Religion imposes on the dying: which she met with sincerity and piety the most edifying. Such was the report of the clergyman that attended Her. On her being taken ill (she had only lately arrived in Paris), she sent to my niece, Lady Isabella de Chabot, to enquire for *me*: Isabella



immediately went to Her, and told Her that I was in England. Madame Adelaide (d'Orléans) did not see her.

While on this subject did you read Mr. Moore's Memoir of my loved Edward? If you did, you will have thought it strange perhaps to see it dedicated to Mrs. Beauclerc. It was all *her* plan, arranged with Mr. Moore. They let me know of it when partly completed in case I had anything to communicate. Dear Lady Bute, *you* who know the depth of affection with which his memory is engraven on my heart! you can best judge how such a message must have struck me. I returned for answer I had nothing to say. A thousand motives made this intended publication by Mr. Moore appear to me utterly improper. I will own to you that the one which the most displeased me, was the trifling, if I can use the expression, with his memory, which so long had lain enshrined and sacred in the grateful breasts of the Irish people! to have it brought out from thence and his glorious name made the subject of English investigation! to serve Party purposes—for when were Englishmen ever just judges of Irish character?—brought out if I may so express myself to embellish the Whig Party with some sign of his genuine Irish Patriotism, from which degrading ordeal, if it has escaped, it has been owing to its bringing no new light on the transactions. Mr. Moore was in compleat ignorance of my Brother's views, and of His opinions, Plans, and actions, *beyond* what the newspapers of that day could furnish him with; and thus the delineation of his character as enlightened Statesman and Heroic Patriot is entirely *missing* in the publication: *no* justice is done to Him, although I grant to Mr. Moore all the *wish* to do Him justice. Mr. Moore had not the *means*, ought not to have them, *could* not have them; He should have felt that the task belonged not to Him, and that Mrs. Beauclerc furnish him with Family correspondence could only serve to open afresh the wounds of hearts yet bleeding for His fate with warmly sensitive recollections of that tender and

confiding nature, which, making Him the object almost of the adoration of His Family! yet was not the light in which it was doing his subject justice to represent to the World a man of the strongest and most determined stamp of mind this or any age has borne.

There *are* men in Ireland, men only Irish, to whom it belong'd to tell His story, if ever Ireland should be what my Brother meant it to be. There may yet be those who remember His great powers of mind, His comprehensive grasp of the subject He examined, and that intuitive insight into the depths of other men's intentions where most concealed,—all these qualities that made Him so eminently fit for the management of Public affairs, and the prudence which formed so marked a part of His conduct as never to allow Him to overlook the danger which threatened others, altho' His courage disregarded all danger to Himself. Such Persons might have remembered that there was no one who knew Edward well who would attempt to impose upon Him in any way. All justice, such He was for His country! Mr. Moore attempted to pourtray His heart, and to do so has brought on the Scene the Boyish fancies of his earliest youth. True, he was in them sincere, for when was *He* not sincere in His professions? It was a saying of his, 'Let me first esteem a character as I could esteem them, and then only I should love as I could love.' To what extent that could be was not to be known to Himself till His latter years. (He was one and thirty before He discovered what He ever after called the twin of His soul.) When at the time when He was self-elected to free His country or die for Her, He met a soul, 'twin to His own' was His expression, because each breathed and loved alike, and their object Ireland! Ireland, where each had first drawn breath,—Ireland, more great in her misfortunes, in Her wrongs, than the most favoured Country of the Earth,—Ireland, so true to God, to the early unchanged faith of the gospel,—Ireland, whom neither falsehood could entice nor interest bribe to

apostacy, suffering through successive ages from the oppression of a Nation inferior to Herself in all but in some of the adventitious circumstances of fortune. It was the heart that felt all this as He himself did, and would have preferred death with the chance of redeeming these wrongs to a life of ease and security without that hope,—it was that person who could have told how Ed. once loved.”

This “twin soul” was without doubt Arthur O’Connor. Before ’93 (the year of Lord Edward’s thirty-first birthday) there is no mention of him in any of the letters; but three years later, when they together joined the United Irishmen, they were close friends, and together with Lady Edward and Lady Lucy formed a *partie carrée* of Patriots, which Lady Edward called *ce cher bien-aimé aimable Quoituor*. Naturally, Lady Lucy would have wished that he should write her brother’s life rather than Moore, who had no personal acquaintance with Lord Edward. But since the few who knew did not write, it was fortunate that the task of speculation as to the nature of his political aims and ideals fell into the hands of so just and so sympathetic a historian as Thomas Moore.

## CHAPTER II

### MOTHER AND SON

IN order to arrive at the fresh points of view presented by certain of these letters, it is necessary to traverse by the way some of the old and familiar ground. Over these well-worn tracks I shall pass as quickly as is compatible with giving a connected understanding of the whole subject to those who may be unacquainted with more than the main facts of Lord Edward's career. There are two reasons which make this course particularly suitable with regard to the first half of his life,—first, the very sufficient one that these letters add but little to what is already known; and, secondly, the conviction that, interesting as is the account given by Moore of these early days, they were comparatively unimportant. The three salient facts which they present are—his love for his mother, the influence of the newborn spirit of American independence on his subsequent actions, and his boyish *affaires-de-cœur*. Of the first I have already spoken: it pervades his every letter, and the whole of his life, and needs no further accentuation. The same may be said of his Canadian experiences. No doubt some of his views on the subject of liberty were inspired by his two



visits to America. But for all practical purposes he was a child of the French Revolution. It would be absurd to compare the indignities which America had suffered at the hands of the mother country with the blind injustice which caused the Irish Rebellion. In France he found a closer parallel to the wrongs under which he fretted; it was from France that almost simultaneously he took his example and his wife. The seed fell perhaps from an American plant, but it was nourished by the suns and rains of France.

There remain "the boyish fancies of his earliest youth," on which unnecessary stress has been laid by various writers from Moore downwards. In talking of them there seems to have been a sort of general agreement that they call for an apologetic attitude on the part of his biographers,—an idea which probably took its rise from the mysterious way in which Moore alluded to one of the objects of his youthful affection as a certain G——. There is no reason whatever for this mystery or this apologetic tone. G—— was Lord Edward's cousin, Miss Georgina Lennox, whose father afterwards succeeded his brother as Duke of Richmond. The Lennoxes, like the FitzGeralds, were a large family, and the cousins used often to live and play together like brothers and sisters. It was natural enough that one or two of them should imagine that they were in love with each other, and Lord Edward was not the only FitzGerald boy who lost his heart to one of his Lennox cousins. Lord Charles made the same natural mistake of attributing the friendly

interest which he received to a warmer feeling than mere cousinly affection. Lord Edward proposed to his cousin in October 1786, much to her surprise, and received his dismissal, not, as will be seen from the following letter from one of her sisters to Lady Sophia, without genuine regret on her part. "I have had," says her sister, "a great deal of conversation with G., who is quite composed now, and only was miserable at the fear of all this having put a stop to the pleasant footing we had been on together, as, if it had been anybody we all liked less, she would have treated it quite otherwise, and now she feels vex'd at it making any difference from the great regard she, as well as the rest of us have for dear Lord Edward. But I have done all I can to persuade her it will wear off, which I hope sincerely it will; and she seems to have great pleasure at its being so."

In this letter, as well as in one from Lord George Lennox to Lord Edward, it is curious to observe the quaint formality of address which obtained between these two families, considering how closely they were connected. "My Dear Lord," he begins—"Your letter was only delivered to me just as I was getting down to dinner, and not then knowing of Lord Henry's leaving us this evening, I put off the opportunity of answering it by him till the one which I understand offers of Lady Charlotte's going tomorrow. I beg you to believe that the very unsettled situation my sister<sup>1</sup> seems to have been in ever since her arrival in England, added to the

<sup>1</sup> The Duchess of Leinster.

uncertain state of your own motions also in consequence of Hers, made your setting out this morning so unexpected to me that you will, I trust, look on it as the cause of my not having been in the way to take leave of you. However, all things considered, we maybe have neither of us any reason to regret it, as it has saved an awkward adieu after the result of your conversation with my daughter, to whom I have on this occasion, as I have always with her sisters, left every matter of the sort to be determined by themselves. With respect, therefore, to the manner of your proposal, it was not so material to me from the perfect security I always feel in every part of any of my daughters' conduct, and as to the propriety of *yours*, which you are so good as to say you hope I approve of, it is now needless to enter into, since you did not think it necessary to consult me on it before. But nevertheless, my Dear Lord, what has passed shall not make any alteration in those sentiments I have already for you. I am with great truth, my Dear Lord, Your sincerely affectionate Uncle, Geo. Hen. Lennox."

So Lord Edward received his *congé*, and during the next three years his letters to his mother, from Ireland, from Spain, and from America, were all "Songs in Absence," containing constant allusions to his love for his cousin, and his hopes that his suit might after all have a happy end. A boyish attachment which lasted for three years without any encouragement, far from calling for an apology, is evidence of a constancy of affection which was no commoner in those days than it is in these. The story may be finished

by his daughter, Lady Campbell: "On his return from America," she says, "my father found Georgina Lennox, to whom he had been attached for three years, married to Lord Bathurst: he arrived unexpectedly in Harley Street in the evening, when the Duchess was giving the wedding dinner to Lady Bathurst after the marriage, so Aunt Sophia hurried out of the dining-room and took him upstairs to avoid his rushing into the room and causing an awkward meeting. This disappointment threw him into politics more entirely for some time. Then he went to Paris and that confirmed his opinions, as at that time the Revolution had not betrayed any of the darker shades of licentious republicanism: it seemed all fair liberty."

This visit to Paris in 1792 was for Lord Edward the dividing of the ways, the beginning of the end. Before it he had been a soldier forced into politics against his will; afterwards he was heart and soul a politician. Even before he went to France he had been strongly affected by the prevailing spirit of the times.

"In the first place," writes his mother, "Eddy dines with us every day, and is *quite* among us in his old way, and what is best of all in charming spirits; he has moments, one sees, but he struggles with it, and it is soon over. He is *mad* about the French affairs,—the levelling principle,—and, indeed, seems entirely engrossed by these subjects, upon which he converses in a charming, pleasant way, though I fear he has made out a system to himself too *perfect* for this world, and which to bring about would be the cause of much disorder, and much blood would be spilt. *This* he denies; but I fear it will but too soon show itself, for it



gains by his account great grounds—one must not say the *mob* before him, but *the people*. I think it charming to hear talked of, but I fear they will never realise it.”

From this letter, which was written, it may be observed in passing, more than a year before Lord Edward's meeting with his future wife, it is not a long step to the consideration of the love of his mother for her son. Among her seventy or eighty letters to his sisters and others, there is scarcely one in which she does not express to them her exceeding love for him above all the rest. “Dear, dear Eddy,” she writes, “how constantly he is in my thoughts.” “In Edward nothing surprises me, dear angel; he has always loved me in an uncommon degree from childhood.” Once she couples him with two of his brothers, “whose greatest happiness is to be with me; for, indeed, I may join sweet Henry and dear Robert even with our Angelick Eddy in this respect, for they have shown me on all occasions how much they prefer being with me to anything else. God bless them all, Dear Creatures; how I do envy you seeing sweet Eddy all day long and his pretty Pam. ! Are they as comical as ever? I hope he never makes her jealous, for you and I know the pain that gives. Real cause I am certain she will never have, unless she grew very different from what she is now: but that is not likely. . . . I do not pretend to say that Dearest angel Edward is not the first object: you have all been used to allow me that indulgence of partiality to Him, and none of you, I believe, blame me for it, or see my excessive attachment to that Dear Angel with a jealous eye.”

Nor was her motherly instinct at fault. Partly because of her very frankness, partly because her affection for all her children was so great, not one of them ever showed a trace of jealous feeling towards him,—although they belonged to the most jealous because most impulsively-loving people on earth.

It is easy to imagine the agony which his mother endured in the dark days that came in the last two years of his life, after he was fairly launched in the cause of the Rebellion—which to him was, of course, no Rebellion, but a desperate effort to put an end to the injustice and cruelty from which his country was suffering. To-day the injustice and cruelty, and the folly which inspired them, are admitted. Everyone knows that the cause in which he lost his life was the cause of right, however mistaken may have been the means which he was led to adopt. Other men saw the injustice, and after an unavailing attempt to reform it by constitutional means, gave up the unequal contest, some from cowardice and love of ease, some, no doubt, from a sense of the horrors and bloodshed which must result from open defiance of the law. But for a man of Lord Edward's temperament it was impossible to sit with folded hands while others suffered. More boldly than any of them, he made the constitutional effort. And when that failed, and he was driven to the other course, there is no doubt that his designs were far more moderate and humane than those of the men into whose hands the conduct of the matter fell after his death.

He had no personal ambition, and cherished no

resentment for his own wrongs. In the early days of his life, when he was heart and soul a soldier, and had already given proofs of courage and military skill, he refused not only promotion but high command against the enemies of England, offered to him by the Ministers of George III., because he conceived that honour and duty stood in the way. He declined to take a lieutenant-colonelcy, when he feared that by taking it he might seem to be condoning an act of political dishonesty :

“I am determined,” he wrote to his mother, “*not* to take anything, lieutenant-colonelcy or anything else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any such motive ; but that I may feel I am only acting in this manner because I think it right. Besides, by my taking nothing, Leinster can the more easily provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to make provision for. I have written to uncle Richmond to this same purpose, telling how I meant to act, and how I felt, and therefore trust he will not persist in trying to get me a lieutenant-colonelcy. I am content as I am—I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake, whether major, lieutenant-colonel, or general, it is the same to me. High rank in it I do not aspire to ; if I am found fit for command I shall get it ; if I am not, God knows, I am better without it. The sole ambition I have is to be deserving : to deserve a reward is to me far pleasanter than to obtain it. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this ; but as it is a folly that hurts nobody, it may have its fling. I will not, however, trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.”

He resigned the command of a secret expedition against Cadiz in 1790, which he had accepted from

Mr. Pitt, on finding that his brother the Duke had returned him as member for Kildare ; he considered that his first duty was to his constituents. These two actions not only support his statement that he was not ambitious to get on ; they show him to have been a man with high notions of honour and duty in days when bribery and corruption were a recognised feature of public life. As for the possibility of personal resentment having had anything to do with his subsequent actions—the question needs no discussion. Not even his arbitrary dismissal from the army, for the somewhat boyish folly of publicly renouncing his title in the heated atmosphere of revolutionary Paris, could provoke him to utter a word of reproach against those who, at the outset of his career, cut him off, without any form of trial, from the profession that he loved.

Not ambitious, not suffering himself from any of the disabilities which maddened the Roman Catholic Irish of his time, of a particularly domestic nature, never happier than when he was playing with his children, or digging in his garden, or writing loving letters, or making his family merry with his droleries,—there was nothing in his own life to induce him to give up the peaceful *métier* of a simple country gentleman. But the cry of the oppressed was too strong for him ; he plunged reluctantly but boldly into the stream, and perished without saving those for whom he gave his life.

The first result of his resolution was to cut him off from any real intercourse with his family. From the time when he joined the ranks of the



United Irishmen his actions necessarily became shrouded in secrecy. Of all his kith and kin two only shared his confidence to any extent. The letters of the whole family were liable to be opened and read by Government officials, and consequently contain, as a rule, only guarded allusions to Irish affairs. Indeed, it was part of his plan, and not the least part of his renunciation, to keep them in ignorance, so as not to involve them in the ruin which he always foresaw might be his fate. "How very odd!" writes his mother, in one of her frequent letters to Lady Lucy, the sister who, as I have said, most closely resembled him in her strong sense of the ludicrous and her passionate love for justice,— "How very odd! not to hear from any of you about what makes such a noise here." Lady Lucy was staying with Lord Edward when she received this letter, and wrote in the margin, against her mother's remark: "I had confidence reposed in me, and could not write on Politics." Poor Duchess! Far away from her two beloved children, torn with anxiety, yet unable to hear what was going on, she could only hide all these things in her heart, and silently bear the burden which his own hands had placed upon her. Like him she had a constant presentiment of the end in store, and like him she resolutely (but how pathetically) put it aside and faced the world with a brave and smiling face, nerving herself to tread the daily round with firm steps, and writing cheerfully and constantly to her other children of all the little trivial details of her everyday life. Before passing on to a more particular examination of the

various scenes in Lord Edward's career, I shall try in the next two chapters to picture the family life, first when they were still together in Ireland, and then during the period subsequent to his marriage, when the Duchess and her daughters made their headquarters in London.

## CHAPTER III

### THE FAMILY IN IRELAND

At the beginning of 1785, Lord Edward's sister Sophia began, like many people before and since, to keep a fitful diary, which she called "a Journal or Bubb of my own," after a celebrated wit of the day, called Bubb Dodington, whose name had caught her fancy. Of Lord Edward himself it says little; but it is interesting from the fact that it deals with a period when he was living quietly with the Duchess in Dublin (according to Mr. Ogilvie, one of the two happiest years of all their lives), and when very few letters passed between the different members of the family. Lady Sophia and her elder sister, Lady Charlotte, were staying at Castletown, just outside Dublin, with their aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, living the uneventful life which was the lot of our great-grandmothers. The Castletown ladies spent their time in stringing bugles, looking at prints of dresses, reading aloud the English newspapers, the psalms and chapters, and other improving literature; working at their carpet frames, and sewing trimmings on to their Castle petticoats for their occasional jaunts to town. For exercise they indulged in long walks,



*Lord Edward Fitz Gerald.*

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD 1904.





which, like their talks, they called "comfortable." Every now and then they were cheered by a visit from the "gentlemen" from Dublin, who went out hunting as soon as they arrived; and in the evenings, when they were not sleepy and stupid with their exertions, generally "entertained them exceedingly." One or other of the ladies was usually in the state known as taking to her bed, for the monotony told rather heavily on their poor bodies as well as their spirits. When they fell ill they took a powder; and some kind friend, usually Lady Sophia, was at hand to read them a "Blair"—in other words, a sermon by the popular divine of the day. When they were merely out of humour they took the "Blair" without the powder. But let the diary speak for itself.

"While we were at Tea we heard a great Rap at the Hall door, which made us all start and wonder who it could be. I thought it was Henry and Edward. Presently they both came into the room; we all worked and they chatted to us, and was as pleasant and as agreeable as possible, and kept us up till past twelve o'clock. Next day we all met very late at breakfast. Henry and Edward entertained us excessively with an account of a ridiculous Quarrel they had had in the morning, but were very good Friends again. Edward was very curious about a Letter I received to-day from Louisa Staples, and when we came up to bed he wanted me to show it to him, which I would not do. He put himself in a violent passion with me. I only laughed at him, and told him it would not be fare in me to show a letter that she desired me not to show to anybody; we had a long argument about it, and he said that if I really loved him I should have no secrets from him. I told him that

anything about myself I certainly wou'd tell him, but I did not think it was a right thing to tell my Friends' secrets. He said that was all nonsense. I said I never wanted to know his Friends' secrets, why was he so curious about mine? He then said he would tell me one that he was desired not to mention to anybody. My answer was he might do as he liked, and he did tell it me. However, I was determined to be faithful to Louisa, and did not show her letter, and I went to bed. When he heard me in my Room he call'd out to me and said he forgave me, for I had put him in a great passion."

A day or two after, her sister Charlotte, being confined to her bed, had desired her to write a letter to go to Dublin to the Duchess. As the object of the letter was to get an answer, and as there was no messenger who could bring the answer back, and as Lady Sophia did not wish to write, Lady Sophia did not write.

"When I told her all this she still wanted me to write, and I said, 'Very well, I will,' but at the same time I thought it quite unnecessary: at which she took huff, call'd for the pen and ink and wrote it herself: this vex'd me and I left her Room without saying a word, came to the Gallery, wrote the Journal, by which time I felt quite good-humoured, and went back to her, but did not stay as she was getting up, and did not want me. At half after three I dined with her: Louisa and Harriette (Lady Louisa's daughters) were longing to dine with us, but we said it was better for them to dine with my Aunt and Mr. Conolly at five o'clock; but Louisa said she wou'd eat the Guizard out of the chicken, and as she did not come for it immediately I put it between the two fowls to keep warm for her. When she came for it I told her what I had done, upon which she said she did not believe me. This huffed

me excessively for her supposing me to say a thing I did not mean; and she huffed me in the same manner at work, upon my proposing to have another table, as the one we were working upon was very inconvenient, its being so large, and I said I consider'd poor Harriette's chest, as it must hurt her to lean so much against it; and Louisa said, 'Oh, to be sure, you consider her chest.' I answer'd that really was my reason for wishing to change the Table, and tho' I said no more about it I felt very angry with Louisa; and at dinner as she gave me another cause to be huffed with her, I then did let my anger out and told her I was much obliged to her for taking everything I said in a different light to what I meant it. However, we went to dress, and we were very good friends, and worked at the Carpet all the Evening."

One day Lady Sophia was to go to a ball in Dublin, and like a dutiful daughter was anxious first to go round to her mother's house that she might see her after she was dressed. But her chaperon, the young Duchess of Leinster, arrived late, and carried her off at once *sans cérémonie*, saying that their hostess, Lady Bective, had particularly mentioned nine o'clock on her card; so poor Lady Sophia only danced one set, "being very much vexed at what had happened, and in no humour for dancing," and did not see her mother till next day.

"She received me very coolly, and I found by that I had displeased her by not going to her last night. I came to Frescati with her. As there was Long and Fowler in the coach she did not say anything to me, but when we arrived she then told me how very much displeased she was with my behaviour to her. I certainly was very much in the wrong, and shou'd have refused going with the



Duchess as it prevented me going to my Mother. I saw immediately how much to blame I was, and I am very sorry about it. I felt miserable at what had happened, but was afraid to let myself cry as company was to dine here. I was obliged to exert myself to hinder my tears as much as possible. When we went to bed Henry came to my dressing-room. We had a long conversation. He wanted to know what was the matter with me. I told him the whole affair. After he left me I went to bed as fast as possible to be at liberty to have my cry out. I cried most part of the night, shocked at the very idea of my seeming disrespectful to my Mother, tho' God knows I did not mean to do it, and it all proceeded from want of thought. Next day my Mother was as pleasant to me as if nothing had happened, but I have not forgiven myself as soon as my Dear Mother has. I still reproach myself, and cannot get it out of my mind."

Of course "the good family," as Lady Charlotte always called it, did not spend all its time in getting huffed or in pathetic self-reproach and reconciliation. Sometimes, sad to say, they drank more than was good for them. "I have no Dublin news to tell you," writes Lord Edward; "besides I am rather stupid, for I got *drunk* last night at a patriotick Dinner, which, as it seldom happens to me now, makes me very miserable the next day." One wonders just how miserable he was on the next day after a certain evening when in company with his uncle, Donny Napier, he robbed his aunt, Lady Sarah, of her well-earned sleep.

"I must now give you an account," she writes to Lady Sophia, "of my distresses since you went. On Thursday I went to Lady Lamison's and to Mrs. Meynell's, which, as

it was *hot*, certainly did fatigue me a little, but I was sure to make up for it on Friday by a quiet evening and early going to bed. Mr. Ogilvie sat and chatted with me till 10, and at 11, I was preparing to go to bed, when in walks Mr. Napier, *drunk as an owl*, with 2 Colonels, whom I had never seen, and Edward as *Drunk* as his good uncle. 'Sarah, I have brought these gentlemen to supper: give us some bread and cheese.' You have no idea of my *blank face*, for one of the Footmen was gone to bed very ill; I did not know what there was in the House, or if the Cook was up to dress it, and I *saw* that Donny was not in a way to understand reason on any subject. However, after I had recovered my surprise, I put the best face I could on it, and we managed *tant bien que mal*, and my only reason for conversation was worrying Eddy about his love of his wine, for the 2 Colonels would not utter for fear of exposing themselves. I gave them strong beer to make them more drunk that they might *go* the sooner; as for Eddy, he *stuffed* and he *drank comme quatre*, and was my only comfort, for Mr. N. was *wise* and *stupid*. At last Eddy went, and I retired at one o'clock to bed, being too much worried by this supper to sleep. At 3 Mr. Napier came up and showed me a Boat close to the shore, where he and MacDonald had discovered thieves in, and they had been lying out on the Terrace with Pistols in case the Thieves stirred. This pretty piece of intelligence kept me *en l'air* for 2 hours more: the Boat went off, and we were safe for that night. Well, on Saturday I *determined to have a good night's rest*, when behold at 12 o'clock Mr. N. was seized with the gout in his stomach worse than ever. The things he took added to the Pain, and by 2 o'clock he was convulsed, and could neither see or hear. I sent for Mr. Welch, and was happily relieved from my terror by his assuring me all danger was over, that it was not inflammation in the Bowells as I thought it, but a bilious cholick, which Castor Oil would remove: it did so at the end of

12 hours, and left him so weak and so yellow that he will not be himself this week, I fear. You may guess a night of horror and running up and down-stairs was not very likely to *rest* me; however, I have since made up all my fatigues by quiet and sleep, and am now quite well again."

I do not suppose that anyone will choose to think badly of Lord Edward or his uncle on account of Lady Sarah's whimsical account of her night's distresses, or shrug pharisaical shoulders over the depravity of our ancestors—of all our ancestors. The general standard on the subject was lower in their day: that we know. Possibly it may grow higher yet. But as for Lord Edward, his lapses were obviously slight: at his worst he was his aunt's only comfort, and could eat as well as drink *comme quatre*. And—by the mute testimony of the capital initial and italics of the incriminating word—he shows that he did not resemble most of his contemporaries in regarding the offence as no offence at all. In fact it may be said once for all, though it is hardly necessary to point the moral conveyed by the letters, that Lord Edward and the FitzGeralds generally were distinguished by a high sense of the duty and beauty of morality. Once Moore talks in connection with Lord Edward of his delight at one period of his life in "certain other less legitimate attractions on which it is unnecessary to dwell." But the fact that the frank and engaging letter on which these remarks were based was from Lord Edward to his mother, makes it very difficult to see why Moore should have placed this interpretation

upon it, especially as it is unsupported by any other evidence whatever.

On the other hand, there is evidence enough in these letters that drinking, or rather "getting *Drunk*," was commoner in the polite society of a hundred years ago than it is to-day. Lady Sarah, for instance, tells Lady Sophia that she is the last person in the world to apply to in her "panegerick" on a certain Duchess. "I *know*," she says, "that her heart is bad. At least it was so 22 years ago, and it seldom softens with age, impudence and drunkenness, and the cunning persevering passion of Interest, all of which *your* fine Duchess possessed early in life, all except the drinking, which is increased, I *hear*: the rest I *know*." Not even Royalty was exempt. "Bye the bye," says Lady Lucy, "have you heard of the piece of work at the opera the other night? It was this. The Prince found *Charles* and Mr. Lascelles in his box with Mrs. Fitz Herbert. They immediately withdrew, but he flew into the most dreadful passion, called them all sorts of names, and scolded Mrs. Fitz so loud, that all the House heard it. He was *Drunk* as you may suppose: the next day he begged her pardon."

To these I may add another trifle from Lady Lucy's pen, supplying, as was her wont, the "comical" side of the question: it need scarcely be said that the little aside at Lady Sophia's expense was quite unmerited.

"We long," she writes, "to get accounts of our dear travellers. Were you sick? Was Lady Edward nervous? Was Edward ridiculous? That I need not ask. Oh, how



we miss you. How we long'd for you Christmas Day. I am sure you eat your mince pyes *just* before you sail'd, or perhaps the Captain had provided some for the passage, in which case I'll be sworn you eat heartily of them. I hope you did not make too free with grog. We have been *stunned, stupefied, deafened* by the Bells that have never ceased ringing since you went, Day nor Night,—not for your going, but in honour of Christmas and a wedding, at which, with shame I speak it, the Bridegroom behaved very much as *you* would probably do on a similar occasion. He got *Drunk* after the ceremony and forgot the bride, and could not be brought to go home to her,—very different from Sir Charles; affairs go on swimmingly there bye the bye, for altho' Punctillio won't allow her to hear the ceremony *named* as yet, she and Sir Charles retire after breakfast and he kisses her from *ear* to *ear*. Uncle Selby is for a speedy celebration and *damns* Punctillio."

This slight picture of the naïve and rustic side of the FitzGeralds' family life may be completed in one or two touches by short extracts from three letters to Lady Sophia, at different times in her life. They are written by her sister, Lady Charlotte, by her grandmother, Lady Kildare,—these two she received when she was a girl of fifteen,—and from her niece, Lady Mary Coote. They deal with sufficiently homely subjects in a sufficiently homely way.

From LADY CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

"I hope, my dear Sophia, you will exert yourself to get a little forward in your learning: for believe me I shou'd not have half the regret to leave Dear Mama if I thought that you were advanced enough to be a pleasant companion for her, and it is quite a grievance to me to think that at present you are so little fit for it. Mama is very lucky, to

be sure, in having Mr. Ogilvie so fond of home, but he can't be with her every hour in the day. When the hunting season comes on she will be a good deal alone, and if you don't try to make yourself as agreeable as possible you will be of no sort of good to her; and the only way to make yourself agreeable is to try and apply yourself to your learning, and to get the better of that little obstinacy in your Temper that will make you so disagreeable and tiresome to Mama to be obliged to be always finding fault with you. You ought also to behave both honestly and prettily to Mrs. Simpson, to endeavour to make her stay with you, for you won't get any other to stay with you; for suppose Mama gets another, and tells her her daughter is fifteen years of age,—why that person will think that about a young Lady of fifteen she will have nothing to do but to hear her read, etc., without any plague; but when she finds that you are so childish, and that you ought to be treated like a child, she won't know what to do."

FROM LADY KILDARE.

"I am sensible your time may be employ'd more to yr. advantage than diverting yr. poor old Granny, which the account of the Vermin did that Tormented you on yr. journey from Paris to the venerable chateau you are now in. How poor Ireland wou'd be abus'd if the Inns were half so nasty, but am sorry to owne that many Houses in Dublin are infested with Buggs, that I believe the breed was imported hither by foreign goods from time to time, but hope will not increase by care of destroying them upon first appearance, as they are not yet so general as in London. They are filthy animals."

FROM LADY MARY COOTE.

"My dear Aunt Sophia. We hope that your Rheumatism is better than when you last wrote, now that the

weather is more dry; tho' an East wind and here smoky and foggy. The reason of my now writing to you is to caution you, and to beg that you will caution your servants, and all Persons that you can, against eating the blue or green parts of cheese, which some people prefer; for, only think of it, our Cook, Mrs. W., found last week nine or ten common brass Pins in the Blue or Green part of some Cheese, apparently Cheshire—some of the Pins were inside the Cheese and some of them stuck outside of it as in a Pin-cushion. You may judge of our horror, when Mrs. W. brought it upstairs to show It to us; how Shocking! to put such poisonous and dangerous articles in what is perhaps the Food of Thousands, or perhaps Millions, of poor Persons, who can seldom if ever afford meat; and we think it right to inform and caution as many Persons on the subject as we can; without naming the Person from whom it was bought, who denies being aware of it. One comfort we find, that some Persons to whom it has been mentioned had already heard of such things being done, but more Persons had not: we understand that it is done to give part of the Cheese an old appearance; but how shocking to insert such poisonous articles for that purpose, and we have also heard that they also for the same reason sometimes insert a brass wire in Stilton Cheese and sometimes put a Halfpenny in the saucepan with green vegetables, when they are boiling, to make them look green; so that the safest way is never to eat any if one ever dines out. We think it right to name all this, particularly about what we saw in the Cheeses, as a caution, after being informed of it, to as many Persons as we can."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FAMILY IN LONDON

DURING the last few years of Lord Edward's life, from shortly before his marriage till his death, his mother and sisters can scarcely be said to have lived in Ireland at all. Occasionally one or other of his sisters went to stay with him at Frescati or Kildare Lodge, occasionally he paid a flying visit to England ; but for the most part their lives were separate, and the Duchess and her daughters made their headquarters in London. Not quite the London that we know, *bien entendu*. A drive to Kensington Gardens from Harley Street in the chariot, or in Lord Henry's curricule, was for Lady Lucy a small expedition, and worth recording in her journal : a party on the water, that is to say, the Thames,—not of Maidenhead, but of London and London Bridge,—was one of the ordinary diversions of the day. Both the river and the air were purer than in these degenerate times. In their journals his sisters often make mention of the weather ; but there is never a word about a London fog, though it was just the sort of thing they would have noted. About large events they are curiously silent or indifferent ; and when there does occur a casual reference to some



affair of more than passing interest, it is generally ranked as of less importance than matters of the most trivial domestic character. For example, here are three consecutive entries in Lady Lucy's journal :

"At home all day: it is the Birthday" (the King's: it was afterwards the death-day of her brother). "They all went to the opera and to a great party at the Duchess of Gordon's: it is the general election, and there is nothing else thought of. Few contests.

There is nothing thought of but the Itch, which is in the House. Opera in the evening very pleasant. It was a new ballet, and very pretty indeed, Cupids flying in the air.

Not well. I saw Mosely, who ordered me medicines. All the men-servants have got the Itch: the child (little Eddy) first begun it. He brought it from Ireland: we play'd at commerce in the evening."

If, again, we go back a year or two and turn to Lady Sophia's journal, we shall find her much more interested about Lord Henry's acting than in the trial of Warren Hastings. From the point of view, however, of gaining an insight into the daily lives and thoughts of the good family, there is nothing to regret in the quite trivial character of the letters and journals which they wrote in the days of their happy quietness, and Lady Sophia's remarks on these two contemporaneous events will serve as well as any others to introduce us to their life in London. It will be seen that in this particular journal she had adopted a quaintly effective trick of alluding to herself in the third person :

"Very busy all morning making up things for the play, dined very early, and at Four o'clock we went to Richmond House Theatre to secure good places. Mother, Ciss and Mimie were in the Duke's Box, Sophia in the Pit in the first row in order to see Henry well. He really was more delightful and more charming than can be express'd. Everybody that had seen Garrick thought Henry equal to him, some parts beyond him ; but Henry looked much more the character of Don Felix, as he has one great advantage over Garrick, that of having a remarkable pretty figure and looking more like a gentleman, which I understand was not the case with Garrick. Mr. Walpole and all the great critics were charm'd with Henry, and as for the ladies they left the Theatre dying for love of him.

This is the first day of Mr. Hastings' Trial. A great many people went to it.

Sophia was obliged to get up very early, which she did not like much : breakfasted, then went to call upon Lady Talbot and they both went to the Trial, where they staid till four o'clock. Mr. Burke spoke, and they were delighted with him. It really was very fine. Sophia came home rather pitying poor Mr. Hastings, as the Trial struck her to be a most awful thing, and hearing himself accused of so many horrible crimes ; but he seemed very indifferent about them.

Sophia persuaded her mother to go to the Trial to-day, as she knew it would entertain her to hear Mr. Burke. He was charming again, and Mother very well pleased at having gone.

We went again to the Trial to hear Mr. Burke, who really made one's blood run cold with the account of all the tortures and cruelties in the East Indies. The Trial I understand is likely to be a party business, and of course no justice done. We all went in the Evening to see the play at Richmond House. Henry was charming. Mrs. Siddons was there. She rather disappointed us in her praises of

Henry, as she said much more about Lord Derby, who certainly is not to be named with Henry, At the same time he is a very good actor, but quite in a different stile: came home and went to bed.

Mother was taken very ill in the night, which vex'd us all very much; for besides her being ill, we were all to have gone to the Trial to hear Charles Fox speak.

Mother better but still weak. Sophia and Lucy got up early to go to the Trial. Sophia was to call for her ticket at R. House and when arrived Edward had taken the ticket, not knowing it was for Sophia, and so poor Sophia returned home ready to cry at her second disappointment, as Charles Fox is to speak to-day and not likely to speak any more upon the Trial. Edward came about six, so vexed at Sophia's not having heard Charles speak to-day: he had not the least Idea the ticket was for her."

As a "journalist" Lady Lucy is perhaps rather more exciting than her more staid and sober sister. In later days she was the only one of the family, except his wife, who had any real knowledge of Lord Edward's plans, and it is therefore of some interest to consider her character as reflected in her writings, before she became embroiled in politics. Of an excitable and emotional frame of mind, she had a continual craving for some vivid interest. The daily round and common task by no means furnished all her requirements. Sometimes she was in the depths of despair, at others she was what she would herself have called a regular Paddy. When in good spirits she found everyone and everything "human"; when she was in ill-health, and consequently out of humour, everything was "unhuman" and "wretched." I do not think I shall be likely to offend anyone's

susceptibilities by setting down here a few extracts showing her in one of her moods of wretchedness. She was quite young; she was, as I have said, emotional; she had had reason to think that she was loved,—she saw those hopes slowly fading, and it made her unhappy. That has happened times out of number to every young thing that has a heart. There is something so plaintive in the almost unconscious way in which she describes the gradual defacement of her idol, something so gentle and so maidenly in the way in which she refrains from any railings at the object of her affections (though, to do the gentleman justice, there is no reason to believe that he had deserved reproach), that no one could help pitying and sympathising with her as they read. Moreover, her wound was not so deep nor her sorrow so permanent as they seemed to her at the time likely to be; and consequently there is enough justification for using what she wrote, not only for its personal interest, but for the picture which it gives of the everyday life of the family in London.

“We had many men in our Box, one so like *him*!! The way of sitting, the look of the head,—and seeing him in the Pit I felt a sort of illusion of past happiness.

They all went to the Opera; not me. Mimi and I played together, Harp and Harpsichord. I am very fond of the harp: it amuses me when nothing else does. The music had its usual effect upon me, but as usual made me wretched.

We had a ball in the House. I danced with Tom Bligh and Charles: there was nobody else we knew, but a precious set of quizzers.

Mama took me to make visits, which I hate: it snow'd



for the first time this winter. My spirits worried from having been remonstrated with upon what I can't help.

Went to Lord Mount Edgecumbe's and Lord Salisbury's: did not see him at any of those odious places. In the evening to the Opera; *nobody* there. Where can he be? Alas, why should it concern me?

I went to the Opera with Ld. Henry. In the room while leaning on Ld. Robert's arm he spoke to me. Oh, God! I never thought I should have again heard his voice, and address'd to me: I did not seek it.

Lord Robert came and had a talk with me. How kind my friends are: this is a patience week for me.

We went to the Opera, and a miserable evening I spent. What I suffer'd seeing him in the Pitt, and for five minutes talking to some happy woman. While I—it did not last long however, and he *look'd* out of spirits. My angel mamma came and comforted me when we return'd home.

A Day of great agitation to me: it was arranged that he and the Family were to be ask'd to the assembly. They were: he came: I saw him, heard his voice and felt happier, tho' without much cause. He is going out of town for a few days. Still much agitated: it is my own fault, I believe. I often wish I were quiet in my grave.

We went to a concert: it was divine. Lord Henry had given him a ticket, which he return'd as he had been overturned in a carriage and is confin'd from it.

Opera in the Evening. His sister in the room: told me he had been ill: she was so pleasant to me.

I shall never forget if I live a hundred years. Mama had an assembly, but I went to a ball at Ld. N.'s to meet his sister. I had a conversation with her which will, I fear, throw a dark shade over my future life.

Did not go out all day, felt ill; it is not surprising; agitation, I believe, is not so destructive to the health as the cold stupor of despair.

In the morning Lord Robert brought me a letter from *his* sister in answer to one I had wrote her desiring her to ask her brother for a drawing he had of mine. She return'd it, and said he had *offer'd* to do it *himself*. Oh, God!

The Edwards arriv'd from Ireland: their little boy is lovely. Walk'd with my brothers a large family party in the Square. I met his sister and walk'd with her; it is a great weakness, but it gave me the only pleasure I have felt a long while. *She deserves* I should love her.

Play'd my harp in the evening alone. There is a ball at Almack's. I thought of it with tolerable composure.

Lady Edward and I went to the Opera: we had a number of men in the box. I felt more gay than I had done for a long time. I saw at a distance that *form* I have so loved, and it only contributed to my spirits. That is a remains of weakness: it is like the pleasure one takes in looking at a picture of what one loves: the *soul* was wanting, and it was the soul that so entirely attach'd mine.

We went to the Exhibition: we had company to dinner,—Mr. O'Connor, the man who made the famous speech. He is Edward's great friend, of course a great Democrat. There was a great dinner at our House. I dined with Ld. Henry, we went to the Opera, Ldy. Ed. and I, and the King and Queen had got our box.

Walk'd all morning with my brothers altho' it rained. Dined at Ld. Templetown's and to the Duchess of Gordon's in the evening: it was very pleasant, for an assembly. The Good Family all sat on a couch and were much attended to.

The Edwards set off for Hamburgh. They leave their child here.

I never see him of late. I wish I did not miss him. The Roberts have inoculated their boy, as they have the smallpox in their house.

I walk'd in Grosvenor Sq. with his sister, and had a

conversation with her that has quite upset my ideas. Adieu to tranquillity again. I had hardly attain'd it. Opera in the Evening: he was not there.

There was a ball at our neighbour Mr. Codrington's, where I supposed *he* was. I listened to the fiddles.

There was an Opera, but I did not go to it, but to an assembly at Ly. Spencer's, where I thought I should not see anything particular; but they were all there, the family, and the Miss. *He* had been there but was gone to a ball, where Mimi met him, and he asked a great deal about me. How strange!

Had one more conversation with his sister in the Square. She is going out of town. I don't make her out at all. She is *very* like her Brother.

New Opera beautiful: few men in town. We were unhuman altogether."

There are one or two little episodes of the same nature referred to in the letters—not, however, quite so painful in their results, at all events as far as Lady Lucy was concerned. To tell the truth, she was not altogether a novice in the gentle art of flirtation, as will be seen from the following letters. It will be as well to conceal the identity of the victims of her charms by initial letters, since she would have been the last person in the world to wish to hurt anyone's feelings of *malice prepense*. And, though history does not relate whether they so far recovered their spirits as to marry, it is not improbable that they did so, nor is it impossible that they may have become the ancestors of some who may read this book.

"You did right," she informs Lady Sophia, "to tell Tina about A., if you thought it would amuse her, but

don't talk of it to other people, as I don't think it right even by *him* to talk of those sort of things, and he begs I will not *wound his feelings* by divulging it: Edward will dye of it: I knew that day that he premeditated something, and I told Edward: however I never saw or heard anything of him till the day I left Malvern. Then came this letter from him: it is not ill-wrote,—he desires leave to mention his proposals to Mr. Ogilvie and Mama, and says he has it in his power to settle 1500 a year on any lady who honours him with her hand; then he says that beyond the powers of language to express he loves me—*grimy* wretch!! You begged that I would tell you all about it, so I have done as I would be done by, though I hate to think of him.”

“Oh, Sophy,” writes another sister, “you have never been told about that vile, that grimy A. having dared to *propose* for Lucy! He wrote her a fine romantic *Love Letter* throwing himself and *pelf* at her feet. He says he is no fortune hunter or adventurer but an *English Gentleman*, and as such he thinks himself (wretch!) not unworthy of her, great as she may be. Now did you *ever* hear such impudence? Eddy will I know die of it. *I* think she gave him great *decouragement* and I don't much wonder at the monster. Oh, it is too good!!! Papa was in a fury. Mama still thinks it a joke of Eddy's. We all scream and laugh as you may think. It was answered as it deserved, a *cold* and *decided* but *civil* refusal. A—! Oh!”

Lady Sophia was, as the reader knows, the Father Confessor and Confidante of them all. Within a month of the rout of A., sad to say, we find Lady Lucy writing to her about B., in rather different terms:

“So B. has been flirting with Miss G., and you, dear love, seem angry with him for it, which I love you so for, because it shows me you are interested about me; but if



you had known that odd creature better you would not have *expected* him to leave off *flirting*. You might as well bid him not eat or not drink. I don't much mind that, unless it was serious, and indeed if it *was*, why should I mind it? We made no *promises* to each other, and therefore both are free. He has often told me that he would wish me to amuse myself as much as I pleased while he was away, provided I would promise to be glad to see him when we met. So pray don't give him *angry* looks or cut him on account of his flirting. For I would not have him suppose one minded it. If he should come in your way and talk to you he would amuse you, I am sure."

Once more, at an even shorter interval, she sent to Lady Sophia the following not very flattering portrait of a third victim :

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am likely to get over that foolish antipathy I have had all my life for Rats, as C., one of my favourite Beaux, is so like that animal that it is impossible not to be struck with it, and yet I don't shudder at his approach, which gives me hopes that I may not faint away when *next* I see a mouse as I did at Malvern."

These few extracts will be enough to give an idea of Lady Lucy when she was in lighter vein. But in case anyone should be in danger of conceiving the false idea that there was any want of proper feeling in her amiable little indiscretions, I shall add one more to show that she held in proper detestation any appearance of serious trifling with the affections.

"Tell Edward," she writes, "that his Prophecy about poor Georgina had very near taken place, but I gave her much good advice and imparted to her some of my *indifference*,

so that she is getting over her love for that stupid shepherd, who was carrying on a perfidious plan of breaking 3 Women's hearts at a time, but I have saved poor George from him. As to Henriette she is *desperate* about him, and little Mrs. S. cries in public when he sits by Henriette at supper. I wish you could have seen the Duchess of Richmond's rage at Lady Milner's, when he was with Mrs. S.; she absolutely called me to an account *why* Mama was hand in glove with that very slippery sort of a little Body. 'I don't understand what sort of *footing* She is upon. Has she any husband?' 'Yes, Ma'am.' 'I don't believe it, I never saw him: why don't she go to him?' 'She is going, Ma'am.' 'How many guineas a day will you give me till she goes?' I thought I should have died of it; but don't you love her for being so good-natured as to be so interested for Henriette?"

The year which Lady Lucy made memorable to Messrs. A., B., and C. was for the Duchess and those of her children who were staying in London at her house in Harley Street a very gay one. The cloud which was to overshadow them was barely discernible to their eyes, though it was about this time that Lord Edward first began to incur the suspicions of the Government; and though he was not then involved in any sort of conspiracy, he was beginning to hear faint whispers of the call which he was to follow to the death, and was sufficiently alive to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen to find himself rather out of tune with the high spirits of his family.

"Everybody," says Lady Lucy, "seems gone wild for dancing; Cecilia and I have a very pleasant set of partners this year, most of them *young* things and in the Guards. It is so moving to have them setting off after a Ball to join

the Duke of York. I described the feel to Edward once: it puts Ned in such a rage our being so merry, for we are literally a laughing club that meet in our Box at the Opera. We are sometimes a little noisy, to be sure; he never speaks to us but to attack us, and he downright scolds Mama for being so young."

"Ned," writes another sister, "seldom makes his appearance in our Box. 'Lord God,' he says, 'what should I do among all those boys. You are much too young and too riotous for me!' He lives with the Essex's and Charles Greville, who is grown grave and not comical as he used to be."

At that time, when the French Revolution was hardly an accomplished fact, and our own little war made Lord Edward's sisters "*despise* those that are loitering about Bond Street in so critical a moment," there were few men of thoughtful minds who were not grown graver than they were. And although Lord Edward remained "comical" to the last, he was affected like his fellows by the prevailing unrest, and his growing distaste for the gaieties of London soon sent him back to Dublin and the realities of life.

There, having gained some idea of the sort of life which his mother and sisters were living in London, we will follow him, after a glance at the event which separated and linked the two main divisions of his life.

## CHAPTER V

### THE COMING OF PAMELA

IT was into this impulsive, warm-hearted family, with its clannishness, its Irish readiness to take offence, its keen eye for the ludicrous, that Lord Edward introduced the young French girl who was to be his wife for five short years. At the time when they arrived in Dublin he was in many respects a marked man, becoming every day more popular with the patriotic party, but in spite of his winning personality regarded by most of those of his own station as a firebrand and a nuisance. The fact of his having openly resigned his title and called himself *le Citoyen Edouard FitzGerald* in the first year of the Republic was notorious. All his sympathies in regard to France were believed to be with the *sans-culottes* and against his own class. Socially he was the born associate of the Castle party, politically he publicly declared that he considered the Lord Lieutenant and his followers to be the King's worst enemies. As for his bride, she was not only French, but reputed to be the daughter of the Duc d'Orleans, whom a turn of the wheel had just brought to the guillotine. Not a very amiable gentleman this. Skulked in the hold of his ship



during the battle of Ushant till the last shot had been fired : as Citoyen Philippe Egalité voted in the National Assembly for the death of his cousin Louis XVI., and generally failed to win or deserve respect. Whether the current belief as to Pamela's parentage was correct need not now be discussed ; that it was then as it is now the commonly received opinion, may be inferred from the fact that the informer who did most towards the capture of Lord Edward, talked of her in one of his letters of information as Lady *Egalité*.

She was, then, regarded in Dublin as the child of a man of royal blood who had shown more than ordinary hatred not only for his rank and all that it meant, but for his own kith and kin. These were not very promising credentials for the wife of one whose foes, outside his immediate family circle, were both numerous and powerful. Add to this that she was beautiful, that she was reckoned to be universally accomplished, that she never took much pains to disguise her dislikes, and what wonder that, from the first moment of her appearing in Dublin, she became with all but a few the object of spiteful calumny. For Dublin was no exception to the rule which makes any town where the society is small enough to be self-contained, a hotbed of gossip. As the world saw her she was gay and giddy and fond of dancing (which she did very well, the baggage, so that Lord Edward would leave his politics to stand against the walls of her maligners' drawing-rooms to see her dance). To add giddiness to her French parentage—that was the unpardonable sin.

Poor soul, she had little enough time given her in which to be guilty of it! Her very clothes were a cause of offence. "How provoking the Irish 'Lidies' must be," says Emily Ogilvie, "with their prudish ideas about that Dear Pamela's beauteous chemise. I reserve *mine* for some great occasion, and I expect it to cut a great dash." Lady Lucy, too, had no great respect for her traducers. She took their want of manners and of taste as a matter of course.

"Lady Henry," she says, "gave us an account of Ly. Edward going to a ball, not in mourning, but for fancy all in black, even black stockings with pink upon her head; you may imagine the surprise of the *Doblin Lidies*, indeed they stared her out of countenance, for she came home to Edward, who was in bed, quite in a rage, pulled open his curtains and told him, '*Edward, je ne veux plus aller au Bal: des gens d'une tel impolitesse!*' Dear little thing, can't you think you see her?"

But if Lady Edward was unpopular with these ladies, she found her way very quickly to the hearts of her husband's family. The Duchess loved her from the first, so did Lady Lucy, so did Lady Sophia,—in fact in all their letters there is no trace of anything but love for her. At first the idea of Lord Edward's being married appeared to them only funny, made them, in fact, "die of laughing." "How comical," says Lady Charlotte, "to see Eddy with a wife!" But when the first strangeness had worn off it was dear Pamela, sweet, pretty Pamela, to the end of the chapter. Of the actual story of her engagement to Lord Edward, and of the effect produced on the family by the "Doblin lidies'"

gossip, the diary of Lady Sophia will give a better and truer idea than anything that has yet been written.

"I then began to read Madame de Genlis's *Adèle et Théodore*," she wrote, "which I had a mind to read again, for I had almost forgot it, as it is eight or nine years since I read it. It is my intention to read all her works over again, for I am one of those that admire all her writings, and I feel still more anxious to be perfectly acquainted with them, since Edward has married Miss Pamela Seymour, who was brought up and educated by Madame de Genlis. Knowing too what a charming, engaging little creature Lady Edward is, I think I shall be more interested than ever, and give more attention to all she says upon Education.

Dear Edward first got acquainted with Pamela at Paris when he was last there, which was last October, but he fell in love with her on their journey to Tournay. An English Gentleman and him took that journey, on their way back to England, at the same time that Madame de Genlis did with the Duke of Orleans' family, who were exiled at Tournay by the National Convention out of some form that I do not understand. But in short it was on that journey (as I said before), and being a vast deal with them at Tournay, he was so in love, that when his fellow-traveller proposed to him for them to continue their journey on to England, Edward found he could not leave her, and he determined at once to propose for her, which he did, to Madame de Sillery, who made objections at first, but Edward assured her he was so much attached to Pamela he very soon brought her round, but she desired him still to continue his journey on to England and to ask my mother's consent; she said that she would tell Pamela of his proposal, and if she liked him enough to marry, and if my mother approved of the match, Madame de Sillery

would then give her consent most willingly. She begged of him too not to speak to Pamela of it before he set out, and most unwillingly did he obey. So he set out with his gentleman, I believe, as soon as matters were settled between Madame de Sillery and him, and they had not gone a day's journey before they were overtook by a courier sent after them by Madame de S. with a letter to Edward, acquainting him that she had told Pamela of his proposal and that she accepted of it, and that he might return from England *avec confiance*.

This put Edward into such spirits and made him so happy he continued his journey in much glee, and without loss of time arrived at Tunbridge, where my Mother was, asked her consent, which she very readily gave, for from his conversation she easily saw his heart was set upon it, and there was no use in making objections, and that it would be, whether she consented or not. Also she has long wished to have him married; and though at that time she was not personally acquainted with Pamela, she knew that she was well brought up and every attention given to her education and principles, so that on that ground there could be no objection, and by the account Edward gave my Mother of Pamela's disposition and character, besides her personal charms and accomplishments, she thought she was just the Girl in the World to suit Edward, and the only drawback to it was her having so small a fortune, as dear Edward is naturally of a very expensive turn, and has, with all his good and perfectly amiable qualities, no Idea of economy. Therefore my Mother remonstrated upon that subject, and I believe advised him to consider well whether he could live and be happy upon a little.

He staid a very short time at Tunbridge and came to London. I had been there some time, having left them all at Tunbridge to come to Town to consult Doctor Mosely, as I was extremely ill with a Rheumatick Scorbutic complaint. I was not a little happy at seeing Dear Edward,



for whom I had had many an uncomfortable feel, as that was just the time there were so many ill-natured stories in London about him, and a little before that was the time too he had been scratched out of the Army List. What a shameful piece of business that was too, and when one recollects that there is a *person*, in whose power it was to prevent their doing it, it makes the circumstance still more aggravating.

I am one of those that never can forget the abominable ill-usage poor Edward has met with from His Majesty and his detestable Ministers, one excepted, as he is my Relation, and one for whom I have naturally a great affection, and admire and esteem his many great and good qualities. Yet there has been occasions when he has put aside those good qualities, and they have lain dormant just at the moment when the Natural Ties of Affection should have brought them into action, and he ought never to have allow'd such unmerited proceedings towards a young man who bore so high a character in the Army, and who has both fought and bled for his Country in the last American War. And how has he been payed for his Services? First by being refused a Lt.-Coloneley, and secondly by being turned out of the Army. However it is all over now and cannot be helped, and I shall turn my thoughts to a much pleasanter subject, viz. Edward's arrival in London.

The Dear Fellow dined with me the day he came to town, but how great was my surprise when he told me he was going to be married; and when he named the person I was still more so, as there was something so very odd and extraordinary in the Idea of his Meeting with a young person that was educated by Madame de Sillery, whom he used to laugh at formerly, and thought her *Plans D'Education* all perfect nonsense, and delighted in worrying my mother (who admires all her writings to the greatest degree) by telling her, her charming Madame de Genlis tho' she wrote such pretty books, her own character was

not free from censure, and that she was imagined to have been the Duke of Orleans' Mistress. He was not the only person we have heard say so, as it has been pretty generally thought she was; whether true or not I can't say; circumstances make me have some doubts about it. But to return to his love. After my first surprise was over the Idea of his going to be married did divert me so, I did nothing but laugh every time I thought of it. At the same time I was delighted to hear it, and we spent a very comfortable Evening, he and I talking it all over. He staid but three days in London, and set off again immediately for Tournay. He was very soon married after his arrival there, and back again in London in the course of a fortnight with his Dear little wife, to whom we all took a prodigious fancy, and I do hope and trust Dearest Edward has met with a Woman that will fix him at last, and likely to make him happy the remainder of his life. Besides being very handsome she is uncommonly sensible and agreeable, very pretty, with the most engaging pleasing manner I ever saw, and very much accomplished. They spent a fortnight with us in London before they went to Ireland, where they are now.

There are sad ill-natured stories about Lady Edward in Ireland, which I am sorry to find, as by that I fear she is not very popular. However, as the stories are of a nature too horrid for people really to believe, I look upon it as of no real importance, for no person that has the warm feelings of a Christian can believe for a moment such vile reports, viz. that a Lady had seen her in the Streets of Dublin with a Handkerchief on her Neck spotted with Louis the xvi.'s blood, that some of her Friends had sent her from Paris. I suppose it is some of those amiable Ladies that are envious of Lady Edward's beauty and accomplishments that have invented these shocking reports. There are a set of those good-natured Ladies that are very capable of doing it, in Dublin especially, as Ly. Edward is very quick-sighted, and has great discernment

in knowing people's characters immediately, and I daresay she put on one of those dignified, proud looks which she can do when she wants to keep people at a distance, and that has been the cause of their saying such shameful things of her. I have settled, too, that some of the Ladies who have formerly been in love with Edward, thought, I daresay, whenever he married, he would marry a person of the same sort of stamp as themselves, and when they came to find they were mistaken their envy then began to work and made them fabricate whatever they thought was most ill-natured. Mrs. Pakenham says that from the little she saw of Ly. Edward she was quite delighted with her."

To this story of the handkerchief may be added another instance of Dublin gossip, taken from a letter of Miss H. Bowdler's addressed to Miss E. Ponsonby, one of the famous ladies of Llangollen.

"I am greatly shock'd," she wrote, "at the account which I hear from various quarters of M<sup>e</sup> de Genlis and Pamela. Can it be possible that that lovely form can really contain the mind of a Fiend? I hear that when everybody else put on mourning for the unfortunate Louis XVI., she wore red ribbons, which she said were '*couleur du sang des Aristocrats*,' with many other circumstances too shocking to repeat. I thought her heart had been all tenderness and benevolence, purity and innocence, but these infernal principles will root out humanity as well as religion from this wicked world. . . . I am much comforted by your account of Ireland, but I cannot help dreading the question of Parliamentary Reform. At such times as these I fear many will be found who will be satisfied with nothing short of French equality. My account of Pamela comes from so many different quarters that I fear there is too much truth in it, and I wish she would persuade her lord to take her to France, and leave this poor country to struggle through the

difficulties which these diabolical principles have brought upon it. . . . Keep a little ready money by you always. Do not think me impertinent in urging this again. I hope all will be well, but everybody should be in some degree prepared for the worst."

It will be seen at a later stage how unfounded was the prevalent idea that Lord Edward's republican principles were derived from his wife. For the present it is sufficient to observe how strong was the prejudice against her, when even simple kind-hearted people like the writer of this letter were ready to believe these foolish reports.



## CHAPTER VI

### HUSBAND, FATHER AND SON

BEHOLD them then, "that comedy, that buffoon, that dear ridiculous Eddy," with his "pale, pretty Pamela," established in Dublin—not yet come to the point when he will hide in petty tradesmen's houses, the easy prey of any informer who covets the price set upon his head, till he is dragged, stained with the life-blood of one of his captors, to die a lingering death in the common prison, while she is forced to fly the country, the broken-hearted and disgraced wife of a dangerous rebel. As yet they have before them two years, or say three, of quietly happy home-life. Put aside for the present any consideration of his public career—the background of Lord Lieutenant and Castle politicians, of Catholic Emancipation Acts and Reform Bills, of a minority driven to desperation by the stony indifference, or stern coercive measures, or wavering, half-hearted, spasmodic attempts at conciliation of a frightened and angry majority—and look only at the figure in the foreground of the picture—the devoted son, husband, brother, and father of the following letters :



*Lord Edward Fitz Gerald*  
*by Hamilton.*

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“DUBLIN, *April* 1793.

“DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife; but I hope you will forgive us,—she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, the sitting up so late had made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay—a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her; I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Everybody seems to like her, and behave civilly and kindly to her. There was a kind of something about visiting with Lady Leitrim, but it is all over now. We dined there on Sunday, and she was quite pleasant, and Pamela likes her very much.

Give my love to the dear Girls, and tell them how I love them and long to see you all, dear, dear Mother; indeed I do hate being so long from you dearest, dearest Mother.”

“FRESCATI,<sup>1</sup> *May* 6, 1793.

“Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoy-

<sup>1</sup> The following description of Frescati was given by Lady Campbell:

“Frescati was just bought as a bathing Lodge for delicate children. The Duchess liked it so much it was enlarged so as to have rooms for her when she came to see the children; the Bray road ran between the house and the sea, a rocky pretty coast with little bays. Blackrock was quite a small fishing village. They made a sort of tunnel or underground passage to the sea through which the sea-water for the children’s baths was brought up under the high road, of which I saw the remains, tho’ it has since been blocked up; a little stream ran from the mountains thro’ the place into the sea. I believe the little park extended as far as Mr. Mixon’s place beyond. It lay parallel to Merrion Avenue, but it had all been parcelled



ing the little book-room with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela had dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me,—with your last dear letter to my wife before me:—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there, or wherever you are. I dote on being with you anywhere, but particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me,—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down talking all the time. I won't go on in this way for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be, so I shall give you

and cut up and sold for building by Mr. Ogilvie, into whose possession it came on his marriage.

As years went on it was further enlarged, and had a large square House added, and was then looked upon as a future jointure House. Leinster told me that he had found the accounts of money spent on it £85,000. The stables were afterwards sold and turned into villas: the House was let for a boarding school for years, and then divided by partition walls, and let into three villas, one of which we lived in in 1850, and in '53 we lived in the next. It is now entirely in the possession of Mr. Plunkett, who has added another house which spoils it. There are still the fine ceilings and pillar room; it must have been a very beautiful house. The Duke and Duchess both had a great passion for building, planting, and gardening. Most of the handsome chimney-pieces had been taken down and sold when it was turned into a school. I have traced one or two in houses in Merriion Square."

some account of what we have been doing. We were here a fortnight with the Henries, and were very pleasant: we—

*May 8.*—My dearest, I was stopped in my letter by my dear wife being taken very ill; she is now much better, and is going on as well as possible. She has not kept her bed, by the doctor's advice, but lies on the couch in the book-room. I was frightened a good deal the first day at her great weakness, but she is much stronger to-day, and I feel quite comfortable about her. Emily says she will write to you, and tell you everything about her better than me. We have luckily had two of the finest days that ever were, so we have all the windows open. Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green full mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house, I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses, and lily of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen: close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lily of the valley. I have got the beds well dressed, and the whole thing looks beautiful, and I mean to keep it as neat as possible while here; in short, dearest mother, at this moment I only want you here, and little wife well; for, in the midst of the feelings of the fine weather, I want her to enjoy them with me.

Pray, when shall you be at Malvern? I shall wish to give her a month or three weeks' sea-bathing;—so I expect to be ready to meet you in the beginning or middle of June. Emily, who is here, says the Henries set out on Sunday: we shall miss them terribly. Lady H. has been kinder than I can say about my wife,—everything I could wish,—and that is saying a great deal.

Give my love to all the dear girls and Ogilvie; tell them I long to see them. I hope dear Ciss is quite well, and takes good long rides. I know she dotes on a fine

spring ride. I was in hopes Pamela would have been able to ride with her, when we met; but I am afraid we must give that up. Tell her we got the bracelets, and thank her very much. Pamela is as bad about writing as me,—but I will make one excuse,—she has, of late, had no time, for I kept her out all day, and took up her time to dissipate her, and prevent her thinking on, and vexing herself about, all these French affairs, which have distressed her very much. Good-bye, dearest mother, I have said all my say,—so bless you a thousand times. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you.—Your

EDWARD."

"FRESCATI, *June 11, 1793.*

"DEAREST MOTHER,—We returned here yesterday from Castletown, where we had been a week. We had promised to go there a long time, but could not prevail on ourselves to leave this sweet place, where we are so comfortable. However, we at last took a good resolution, and when once there, passed a very pleasant week; but were delighted to return here yesterday evening, and enjoy this place, which is now in perfection. All the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses, and lily of the valley in quantities, four pots full now in the book-room,—in short, the whole thing is heavenly. I believe there never was a person who understood planting and making a place as you do. The more one sees Carton and this place, the more one admires them; the mixture of plants and the succession of them are so well arranged. We went to the cottage from Castletown; it is in high beauty, in spite of neglect and contrivance to spoil it. The Leinsters are all in the country settled, and intend to enjoy it, they say. We shall pay them a visit after my wife has had a fortnight's bathing."

. . . . .

“DUBLIN, *Dec.* 27, 1793.

“We arrived here last night, after a good passage of thirty-nine hours, all well and not much tired. We intend to go to Carton to-morrow, stay a day there, and go from thence to Castletown. Our Journey was pleasant enough, the weather favourable. We eat your pie on board ship,—it was excellent. I am not yet accustomed to be away from you, and think of dear Malvern with great regret,—so cheerful and so pleasant. After I got into the carriage, I recollected I had not bid Ogilvie good-bye. I hope he saw that it was from my hurry to get the parting over, and not from being careless about leaving him; for really I was very sorry, and must have been very ungrateful if I had not, for he was as pleasant and kind as possible to me and my wife the whole time; but I was vexed with myself that my hurry should have given me an appearance of neglect, where my heart spoke directly contrary. God bless you, dear, dear mother, and believe me,—Your affectionate, &c.”

“DUBLIN, *Jan.* 23, 1794.

“I beg pardon for putting off answering your two dear letters so long, but the hurry of Castletown (what with balls, and hunting, and sitting after dinner) took up all one's time. We left Castletown last Monday, to make our Carton visit, where we stay till next week, and then go to Frescati, the quiet of which I long for. I assure you I often regret our dear quiet Malvern, and no party will ever be so pleasant to me. My dear little wife has, upon the whole, been cheerful and amused, which of course pleases me, so that Pamela is still ignorant of what has happened.”

(“What had happened” was the execution of the Duc d'Orléans in Paris.)



“I don’t know whether aunt Louisa wrote you word that Conolly wants to give me his lodge at Kildare, all furnished and ready. However, I don’t think I shall take it: indeed I am determined *not*;—it is *too much* to accept as a present; but I have some thoughts of borrowing it for next summer, trying if I like it, and if it will suit me, I will then take it off his hands, and pay him what it is worth. I understand it is worth about £300 as it stands, furniture and all. The situation certainly is advantageous for me:—six miles from Kilrush, across the Curragh; not too large, and the country round pleasant. If I want a farm I can have one on my own estate: if I don’t choose to undertake a farm, and wish to leave the country for any time, the place is so small it can be taken care of by one person, at little expense. I think I may try it for some time.

I own that though I feel so much inclination to settle quietly and turn farmer, I dread anything that would oblige me to stay long from my dearest mother, which a great farm might do,—unless I had somebody whom I could depend on to look after it while I am away. If one pays attention to it, I understand by all I hear, that a grass farm is certainly a profitable thing. Now I think by taking Conolly’s place for a year or so, and my farm on my own estate, which only pays me £14 a year, I may try my hand safely, and not risk much when I leave it; and perhaps, in the course of carrying it on, find somebody I could trust to manage my business while away. I am constantly turning all this over and over in my head, and have time to consider, as Leinster Lodge cannot be had till November, and I shall in the meantime enjoy dear Frescati. I shall take a turn from there in April, and show my wife the two places. She at present inclines to the small house, as I do myself. I do like a small place so much better than a large one.”

"FRESCATI, *Feb.* 6, 1794.

"I have got an under-gardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers, and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day and part of yesterday (by the by, weather so hot, I go without coat, and the birds singing like spring), cleaning the little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground, and planting thirteen two-year old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling;—I am now putting them inside, and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery, and then to the little new planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissuses, &c., in little beds before the house, and in the rosery. Some parts of the long round require a great deal of pruning, and trees to be cut; if you trust me, I think I could do it prudently, and have the wood laid by. There are numbers of trees quite spoiling one another.

God bless you, dear mother, I am now going to make my gardener work, for he does nothing if I am not with him. Pamela sends you her love; hers and mine to all the rest. Bless you all: this is too fine a day to stay longer writing. I wish to God you were here. If you want anything done, tell me; if you like what I am doing, tell me; if you like the part of the house we have taken, tell me.

Give my love to the dear girls. Are they in beauty? Has dear Ciss thrown off her country prudishness, as Lucy says. I think I see dear Lucia's eyes rejoicing at the rattling pavements, and hear all her funny jokes on coming to London. When I let myself go to think of you all I do long so to be with you and be of your party. You are so much pleasanter than other people, besides one's Love for you."

*" March 4.*

"I received your dear letter on my road to Town the other day, and was delighted with it. I do not think you are just in thinking me such a Blab. I really think I am quite the contrary. However, if I was I am certainly not now, for I don't see people enough to make me Blab. One only Blabs to people one lives a great deal with, and about people who live a great deal together. So write away without any fear and comfortably. Except to Sophy and my wife nothing shall go farther. I agree with you quite about trifles. Nothing is a trifle, particularly in such a large Family as ours, and if everything is told and repeated it takes off all comfort in writing or talking, for, as each person may be supposed to have their Friend, the smallest trifle by the time it has gone thro' the Family and its Friends may be highly magnified. Pam went to a ball the night before last and liked it very much. She looked very pretty. She goes again this week to the play or to some party. We mean to go for the future always to the Leinster Hotel, where there are very good rooms, and we like it better than Leinster House, as we thought they were not pleasant the last time we were there, and being at dear Mother's house spoiled us from liking other people's. I was at first angry with Leinster, but it is gone off; and now I am glad of it, as I feel more comfortable in not depending on anybody. We are as comfortable as possible here, and Pam is grown fat and well. Sophy in high spirits, and seems comfortable. I saw your letter with all enquiries, dearest of Mothers. How I love you. I can assure you I am just as you would wish me to be.

Ogilvie will have glorious weather for his journey: I shall be delighted to see him: he does quite right to come. I believe Lord W. only wants to see him to settle about Frescati. Mrs. S., whom I saw yesterday, told me he was now determined on taking it. This makes me at

last look about me. We go to Newbridge, twenty-six miles from this, and mean to stay three days there to look about us.

I have heard a beautiful description of that part of the county of Wicklow, and everything sets cheaper than about the parts we know. I think I shall like anything in the county of Wicklow better than Leinster Lodge or Kildare, the country is so much more beautiful; and when one is to settle, why not choose a pretty spot and pretty country? I think it is worth while paying a little more rent, and, if necessary, curtailing in other things, as in servants or houses. I own also I like *not* to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 'the county of Kildare member,' &c.—to be bored with 'this one is your brother's friend,'—'that man voted against him,' &c. In short, by what I hear of this place, I shall be very quiet,—not a gentleman nearer me than six miles, except a young Mr. Tighe, whom I like.

I am a little ashamed when I reason and say to myself 'Leinster Lodge would be the most profitable. Ninety persons of one hundred would chose it, and be delighted to get it.' It is, to be sure, in a good county; plentiful, affords everything a person wants, but it has not mountains and rocks, and *I do* like mountains and rocks, and pretty views, and pretty hedges, and pretty cabins,—ay, and a pleasanter people. In short, I shall certainly, I think, fix on the Wicklow place;—that is, if I like it. If not, I shall take some place that is to be let for the summer, or by the month, to go to from here.

Poor Frescati! I shall be sorry to leave it. I look at all the trees and places with regret. I hope, however, to see everything blossom before I go; for two or three days more will bring all the lilacs completely. My dear little wife is very well—goes on delightfully. I never saw her look so well; she is grown both broad and long. Indeed, she has quite taken a fit of growing."



I think I see dear Lucia in high London go, which I suppose she is in at present; I think I see her dear face full of Kensington Gardens, opera, warm spring, notes, funn, and a little love I daresay. Somehow or other she is always the striking feature of the Family when one turns one's eyes to your London time. I wish I could put under your dear eyes three flower-pots stuffed with jonquils picked, and four pots with them growing in them, the least having eight bells, a pot of purple stock and fern pots of gencinella all dumped together. You would enjoy it, and I should like them better if I saw them with my dearest, dearest Mother. God bless you, dear Mother."

"KILDARE, *June 23, '94.*

"I write to you in the middle of settling and arranging my little family here. But the day is fine,—the spot looks pretty, quiet, and comfortable;—I feel pleasant, contented, and happy, and all these feelings and sights never come across me without bringing dearest, dearest mother to my heart's recollection. I am sure you understand these feelings, dear mother. How you would like this little spot! it is the smallest thing imaginable, and to numbers would have no beauty; but there is a comfort and moderation in it that delights me. I don't know how I can describe it to you, but I will try.

After going up a little lane, and in at a close gate, you come on a little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large ash; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages, in which there are at this moment two thrushes, singing *à gorge déployée*. In coming into the house, you find a small passage-hall, very clean, the floor tiled; upon your left, a small room; on the right, the staircase. In front, you

come into the parlour, a good room, with a bay window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day ; the bay window covered with honeysuckle, and up to the window some roses.

Going upstairs you find another bay-room, the honeysuckle almost up to it, and a little room the same size as that below ; this, with a kitchen or servants' hall below, is the whole house. There is, on the left, in the courtyard, another building which makes a kitchen ; it is covered by trees, so as to look pretty ; at the back of it there is a yard, &c., which looks into a lane. On the side of the house opposite the grass plot, there is ground enough for a flower-garden, communicating with the front garden by a little walk.

The whole place is situated on a kind of rampart, of a circular form, surrounded by a wall ; which wall, towards the village and lane, is high, but covered with trees and shrubs ;—the trees old and large, giving a great deal of shade. Towards the country the wall is not higher than your knee, and this covered with bushes ; from these open parts you have a view of a pretty cultivated country, till your eye is stopped by the Curragh. From our place there is a back way to these fields, so as to go out and walk, without having to do with the town.

This, dearest mother, is the spot as well as I can give it you, but it don't describe well ; one must see it and feel it ; it is all the little peeps and ideas that go with it that make the beauty of it to me. My dear wife dotes on it, and becomes it. She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one's caps, are on the table. I wish my dearest mother was here, and the scene to me would be complete.

I will now answer some of your dear letters.

Pam is as well as possible, better than ever; the only inconvenience she finds is great fulness, for which she was bled this morning, and it has done her a great deal of good. I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage*; it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I give to have you here drinking tea out of it! Ogilvie flattered us with the prospect the last day we dined with him. If you do not come, we will go to you, when you think Pamela will bear it. I don't know how nursing and travelling do, but I should think, if the child should prove strong, it won't mind it.

Parting with poor Frescati did make me melancholy, as well as the idea of your settling away from us; but, certainly, there are good reasons for it. If you can once recover your money for Frescati, it will be a great object, and not be missed; and then, after parting with it, I don't think you would like Ireland, besides perhaps the marrying of your girls in England, and then, a very great reason, Ogilvie liking England so much better, and disliking this country so much that I really think he could not be happy here; and tho' I am sure he would try to make up his mind, yet I think he could not do it so as to make you comfortable; and tho' he may have good sense, my dearest mother has, I think, better sense and more reason, and more what I call philosophy, and can bring her mind better to be happy in any situation than he can. If you saw him not happy and vexed, which I am sure would be the case, you could not be easy, whereas I know whatever little yearnings you may have, if you see him pleased and the girls happy, you will be contented. The idea of having considered others and not yourself will always be pleasant to your dear heart, and your true good sense, in reflecting how much you have to make you happy, tho' you may not have it exactly

in the place or the way you like, will always make you happy and content. Poor dear Ogilvie, with all his sense, has not this turn of mind. I have tired you by this long scrawl. I have not said half I feel, for it is one of those delightful days when one thinks and feels more than one can say or write. I won't read over my letter, for fear of not sending it. I *have* read it over, and find it rather full of sentiment, feels and feeling, but it slipt out a little Sarahish, but if I do not send it you will get no letter, and I know you like hearing from me. Burn it though, without showing it.

Pray tell Sophy I am breeding a young Hercules for her, a little boy I found here without Father or Mother. Sophy must not be impatient tho', for she will have some time to wait, for he is only four years old."

"1794.—DEAREST MOTHER,—I ought to thank you for your kind thoughts about us at this moment,—for your present of the requisites, which really helped us a great deal, and which you were quite right in supposing we had not thought of. Pam is going on as well as possible, strong, healthy, and in good spirits. We drive and walk every day: she never thinks of what is to come, I believe, or if she does, it is with great courage; in short, I never saw her, I think, in such good spirits. Seeing her thus makes me so, and I feel happy, and look forward with good hope. Thank God! I generally see all things in the best light.

I had a delightful letter from the girls at Hastings, one of the best letters I ever read,—so full of fun, wit, and humour, and everything so well told. I have not answered it yet, and am almost afraid,—mine must be so stupid! for I confess Leinster House does not inspire the brightest ideas. By the by, what a melancholy house it is; you can't conceive how much it appeared so, when first we came from Kildare; but it is going off a little. A poor country house-maid I brought with me cried for two days, and said she



thought she was in a prison. Pam and I amuse ourselves a good deal by walking about the streets, which, I believe, shocks poor Emily a little. Poor soul! she is sometimes very low.

My little place will be charming next year; this last month and the present would require my being there; but I must take care of the little young plant that is coming, which will give me great pleasure, I hope. Believe me, dearest, best mother, your affectionate  
EDWARD."

"DUBLIN, *October 20, 1794.*

"The dear wife and baby go on as well as possible. I think I need not tell you how happy I am; it is a dear little thing, and very pretty now, though at first it was quite the contrary. I did not write to you the first night, as Emily had done so. I wrote to Me. Sillery that night and to-day, and shall write her an account every day till Pam is able to write herself. I wish I could show the baby to you all—dear mother, how you would love it! Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty looks she gives it.

By the by, dearest mother, I suppose you won't have any objection to be its godmother, though I own I feel scrupulous, as you were so kind to her about her lying-in clothes; and I do hate taking your poor guineas for such foolish nonsense; but still I like, as there are such things, that it should be you. Charles Fox and Leinster are to be the godfathers. Pray ask Charles Fox if he has any objection? Good-bye, dear mother. I am going to play a game of chess: there is a Sir George Shee here that plays very well: he and I play a good deal. Bless you, dear Mammy. Love to the dear girls.—Your, &c."

"DUBLIN, *Nov. 4, 1794.*

"Thank God! you are relieved from your anxiety for our dear Lucy. She has had a bad attack, dear soul; but I hope now she will soon recover, and be better than ever, which was the case after that fever she had once before at Boyle Farm. You have had a severe time of it, dear mother, but I hope now you will be repaid by seeing her recover.

I am sure it will be some comfort to you to hear that my dear wife goes on charmingly; a most excellent nurse, and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to anybody: he has Pam's chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours. However, at present one cannot say much, as he does not open them much. Pamela is to drive out the first fine day, and in two or three days after that we go to Carton. Little St. George and Edward are to be christened at the same time. Thank you for standing god-mother. How I long to show you the little fellow! and how I should like to be with you now, my dear mother, to comfort you and keep up your spirits, and occupy you a little by making you nurse my little boy!

There is no news here about our Lord-lieutenant, with which people were occupied for so long a while. For one, I was very indifferent about it; and, if anything, am glad Lord Fitzwilliam does not come, as perhaps it may make some of our Opposition act with more spirit and determination. I think any people coming into the government of this country at present will have a hard task of it.—Your affectionate, &c."

"DUBLIN, *Nov. 17, 1794.*

"Our accounts of our dear Lucy to-day are very uncomfortable and distressing; though I think not alarming, as it is all the regular progress of that kind of fever of which the danger is over, though her re-establishment will

be tedious. But if the accounts are distressing to us, how much must you suffer, who are a constant attendant on her, the dear soul ! and who see all her sufferings, and all the changes of this tedious illness ! I do feel for you, my dearest mother, from my heart, and for Ogilvie, and the dear girls.

I have been these few last days preparing to go to the country. I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day, and follow to-morrow : they are both well—have been both out walking. Pam gets strong, and the little fellow fat and saucy : he has taken such a fancy for the candle, that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at night. A cradle he don't like, and wants always to have his cheek on his mamma's breast. He every day grows, I think, like me in his mouth and nose ; but the eyes I don't yet make out. Dearest mother, I try to give you details of things that will interest you ; and if our dear Lucy is better, I know they will. It is terrible to have her thus : to have all that good-nature, softness, and gaiety subdued by sickness goes to one's heart ; but I hope, while I write this, she is better. My dear mother, I should like to be with you, to comfort you and keep up your spirits.—Your affectionate, &c."

" CARTON, *Nov.* 25, 1794.

" A thousand times I wish you joy of the great amendment in our dearest Lucy's health. Your letter took quite a load off my heart ; for though I was not frightened after Mosely and Warren said she was out of danger, yet the having her still so ill and suffering made me very melancholy. Thank God ! she is so much better, and of course, my dear mother, so much easier. Pray thank my dear Ciss for her letters. I will write in a day or two to her.

We have been here a week. Pamela was not well for a day, but it was only a little bilious attack, and a ride or two on the pony quite put her right ; she is now going on

perfectly well, walks every day, gains her strength and good looks. The little fellow is delightful, improving every day, takes his walks, and, in short, is everything we could wish; he must be taken great notice of, spoken to, and danced, or otherwise he is not at all pleased. We are to stay here another week, then go to Castletown for a week, and return here for the christening, which is to be the 8th of next month. This keeps us ten days longer from home than we intended, which I am sorry for; but I did not like bringing the little fellow down to Kildare, and then having to change him again so soon as bringing him here on the 8th would have obliged me to do. So I make up the time between Castletown and this place; though, to tell you the truth, longing to get home.

My little place is much improved by a few things I have done, and by all my *planting*;—by the by, I doubt if I told you of my flower-garden,—I got a great deal from Frescati. I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which looked both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my Hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweet briar, honey-suckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be there to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire and a pleasant book, coming in, after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flower-beds and plants covered for fear of frost,—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party. It is, indeed, a drawback and a great one, our not being more



together. Dear Malvern! how pleasant we were there: you can't think how this time of year puts me in mind of it.

You will have a comfortable winter, or at least part of one, at Boyle Farm, and our dear Lucy will be well and enjoy it, and keep up your spirits with her dear jokes. Give my love to them all, dear souls; and love to O., who has been (Mosely tells me) Lucy's Nurse night and day, dear fellow. Adieu, dearest of mothers. Love always your affectionate son, E. F. Pam always joins in all I say and feel for you all."

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WHIRL OF POLITICS

IN the arrangement and selection of the letters I have so far avoided as far as possible any direct reference to politics, trying only to use those which illustrate the home life of Lord Edward and the other Fitz-Geralds. The time has come when it is no longer possible to follow this course, when it is necessary to view at close quarters the influences which determined his later actions, in order to arrive at a just estimate of his personal thoughts and feelings. To do this it will be better to follow as closely as the letters will allow the actual order of events. The first division of time corresponds exactly with the period covered by his Frescati and Kildare letters to his mother, which have been already quoted, that is to say the years '93 and '94, during which, though actively hostile to the Government, he never went beyond the limits ordinarily allowed to members of Parliament in opposition, and in spite of far greater provocation stopped short of the point reached by many an Irish member of the House of Commons in our own time.

At the beginning of '93, two days before Lord Edward's first appearance in Dublin with his wife,

a letter to Lady Lucy gives an idea of the light in which he was regarded by the English Ministers, in consequence of the action which had lost him his commission in the army. The writer is the same sister who in other times had so marked a genius for huffing Lady Sophia, now become Lady Charlotte Strutt.

“*Jan. 22, '93.*—I like particularly to get letters under existing circumstances. That expression is, I think, as well adapted to the good Family at present as it might be to the Realm, for events crowded upon events, and though there were no alarms there were dangers attending some of them which made me more than usually anxious to hear of the good family. I understand your feel about not going to Court; I think it's a pity Cecelia was not there, tho' I should not be surprised if my Mother never went there again for their treatment of Eddy. Not that it is *them*, but Mr. Pitt, who delights in trying to humble such *Noble Families*, and that is the way of showing when people are displeased: 'tis not like Party Business; 'tis an insult in my Eyes, which, unless Eddy was in actual Rebellion, the good Family must resent. At least I should, were I in question; but we *married Women* ought to divest ourselves of these Family prejudices and see and hear only with the Eyes of our husbands' Families. There is an old saying that Women should have no Religion till they are married. It should be the same with regard to Politics in England, and I fancy it implied that, as Politics and Religion were very much mixed in those days. For my part I am too *old* to change my creed, and I admire what they are doing in Ireland. I like Mr. Conolly's speech, and think he made a very good distinction between 1782 and the present. . . . How delighted they will all be in Ireland with Pamela. I reckon she will be made a *great Fuss* with in Dublin, where

they have *Taste*. I think I see them all in their different ways so curious to see her and hear her. The Wall-Flowers and that sort will, I think, be afraid of her at first, and be so surprised at Eddy's getting her of all people. I can see Bishop Marley—eying her and then coming out with some commical remark or other, in a half mutter and then looking again and saying he is convinced *now*—in his way."

Lord Edward had hardly been a week in Dublin when the action of the Government in proclaiming a public meeting of the then disbanded Old Volunteers (intended to celebrate the recent French victory at Brabant), caused him to forget himself so far as to utter a certain often quoted remark about the Lord Lieutenant and his followers. The account of this episode which Lady Sophia committed to her journal agrees substantially with Mr. Moore's report, but may be quoted as giving the family view of the first event of importance in his political career.

"Edward," she says, "was in a great hurry to go over to attend the Irish Parliament, and not a great while after he was there an unpleasant piece of Business happened to him. In the course of one of the Debates he got up and spoke rather in too warm a manner; saying that he looked upon the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of the House of Commons as Enemies to Ireland, and they were the cause of the present situation of the Country. This made a great noise in the House, but Edward repeated the same words, and they were ordered to be taken down by the Clerk. Edward withdrew with some of his Friends, to whom he said, having spoken his clear opinion, and having heard the very same opinion delivered in the House by other Members, although perhaps in other words, he would not retract it. Being informed that the terms and the manner



in which he expressed himself were unparliamentary, he said he was not much accustomed to Parliamentary speaking, and was ready to make an acknowledgement to that effect, in a paper to be read to the House. Lord Hillesborough very good-naturedly undertook to read the apology. The paper being read, it was objected that it did not express his being sorry for what he had said, and Edward refusing to make any further concession (he was perfectly right), he was ordered to attend next day at the Bar. He attended accordingly and said 'I am sorry to find that certain expressions I used last night were unparliamentary and have given this House offence. I hope this apology will suffice. I shall be sorry to be obliged to leave the House at a moment when there are questions of great importance coming on.' The latter part of this was objected to, and the House divided. For accepting it as a sufficient apology, 133. Against accepting it, 53. Majority for accepting it, 80.

We were all delighted to see the Majority. At the same time we were pretty sure that had he been expelled the House, the County of Kildare would most undoubtedly have chosen him again. It has been an unpleasant affair altogether, but I am so glad he did not retract what he had said, as I am sure many others have said the same with impunity; but unfortunately he is, at this critical moment, a marked man. I wish he was not quite so warm and violent. It is so impolitic, I think, to set out with such violence, for by so doing he may do the Cause more harm than good. I hope his Friends will advise him to keep quiet a little; I think he is right about many things, and the end he wants to bring about should be done in moderation."

Not long afterwards Lady Sophia was reminded in a way which she found particularly disagreeable of the pains and penalties attached to her relationship to this man of mark.

"*March 1.*—When I came home,"<sup>1</sup> says the journal, "I found some letters, one from my mother saying she wished me to go to town for a few days, for that people were beginning to inquire what I was doing in the Country by myself, and thought it very odd. I do think it is very hard that I can't stay peaceably in the Country without people asking questions, and who one knows don't care two pence about one, and only ask them for the sake of talk and to gratify curiosity. This letter put me in a little fuss and fidgett, for the thoughts of going to town quite discomposed me, for I hate to think I must interrupt the pleasant quiet course of life I lead here, and which agrees so well with my health and spirits. I do hope they will let me return to my dear retirement which I do enjoy so much."

In the letter to which she refers, the Duchess, after urging her to come to town and show herself in order to allay people's curiosity, makes the following remarks about her son :

"The Dungannon proceedings are, as you will see, all in the Papers, and Edward's name not mentioned. He had, in truth, nothing to say to them in any way whatever, and was only led to go there from mere curiosity ; but it was an imprudent one at this time, as anything he does is so misrepresented, and it is plain to see nobody believes one word one says in his defence."

The sting of the letter, however, lies in its post-script, which was added by Mr. Ogilvie :

"I hate to unsettle you, but at this moment the Family is so conspicuous and so much talked of from the very false and malicious reports that have gone about of poor Edward's being in Rebellion, that it is absolutely necessary for you to

<sup>1</sup> Thames Ditton.

appear, to show the world that you are as usual. For from the busy enquiries made after you, we see and all agree, that the World thinks your Retreat very odd, and I dare say if not prevented by your appearance soon will good-naturedly conclude that you are retired like Miss Keppel formerly, and will soon add that you have had Twins, like the lady in the *School for Scandal*. So, my dear Sophia, you must come up for a few days and show your dear little *Chien de Visage*, at the Opera, etc., and then you may go back in perfect security. But come you must, dear Sophia, so pray make up your mind about it. I beg of you to be ruled by me in this little matter, and do it, however disagreeable it may be to you in other respects. There are *Devoirs* and *Egards* that the World imperiously exacts of us: at this moment I see a disposition to misrepresent anything belonging to the FitzGeralds—from their Politicks and the Envy they excite. This I see even among those the nearest connected with them, and you must sacrifice your Comfort and Ease for a few days to destroy the Machinations of calumny and Malice. We never should bear such a thing, but we see that the Curiosity about you is excessive and that nobody believes a word we tell them of the Reasons and motives of your being at this time in the country and alone.”

The remaining letters of this period—comparatively speaking, the calm before the storm—are, with one exception, from Lord Edward to his mother, written from among the flower-beds of Frescati and Kildare Lodge. They show only too clearly his gradually waning hope, his growing despair of any real reform by constitutional means.

“*April '93*.—There is nothing going on in the House, and I believe *our Reform* will not take us long, so that I suppose Dublin will soon be empty. I find by your letter

that people are as violent about politics in London as they are here, which is pretty well. My differing so very much in opinion with the people that one is unavoidably obliged to live with here, does not add much, you may guess, to the agreeableness of Dublin society. But I have followed my dear mother's advice, and do not talk much on the subject, and when I do, am very cool. It certainly is the best way ; but all my prudence does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about both my wife and me, some of which, I am afraid, have frightened you, dearest mother. It is rather hard that when, with a wish to avoid disputing, one sees and talks only to a few people, of one's own way of thinking, we are, at once, all set down as a nest of traitors. From what you know of me, you may guess all this has not much changed my opinions ; but I keep very quiet, do not go out much, except to see my wife dance, and—in short keep my breath to cool my porridge."

"*May '93.*—Our Parliament did business yesterday. What is to be done was partly told us,—a new arrangement of the revenues, a pension bill, and a place bill,—but the sums not mentioned. I am afraid we shall have only *form*, not *substance* ; no saving of expense, no abolition of places, and a great increase of taxes. Ogilvie will explain it all to you, if you wish to know it. What is to be done, though, will, I believe, take a good deal of time. I do not think we shall be up these six weeks, which I am vex'd at, as it will delay us seeing you, dear, dear mother ; but we shall enjoy Frescati. I wish Ogilvie was here now, and in Parliament ; he would be of use. I think we shall be bamboozled or deceived in this arrangement. I do not think our people understand well what they are about."

"*Jan. '94.*—Politics do not go on well, I think. The leaders of opposition are all afraid of the people, and distrusted by them of course. Leinster really is the only man



who seems fair and honest, and not frightened; but as he sees himself not supported by the rest of the party, and does not approve of their ways of thinking, he means to keep quiet, and entirely out of the business. Conolly is the same as usual—both ways; but determined not to support Government. His Militia has frightened him: he swears they are all republicans, as well as every man in the Work. He concludes all his speeches by cursing presbyterians: he means well and honestly, dear fellow, but his line of proceeding is wrong. Grattan I can make nothing of. His speech last night on the Address was very bad, and the worst doctrine ever laid down, viz. that this country is bound, right or wrong, without inquiry, to support England in any war she may undertake. There was no division on the Address, but, I believe, there will be something done to-night. If there is not, I shall not go to Parliament again during the session. It is in vain to look to that quarter for anything; and if the people don't help themselves, why, they must suffer. There is not a person that doesn't abuse this war, yet no man will take measures to stop it. It will stop itself at last, but I am afraid with very bad consequences.

I won't bore you any more about our politics; you may see I am not in great good humour about them. If we do anything to-night to support Charles Fox and his friends against the war, I shall be in better humour. I own altogether I am greatly provoked at them all, when I see every man acting in the very manner calculated to bring on those ills they say they are so afraid of;—but no more on this subject.”

“*July '94.*—I have not stirred from this place since we came. I intend paying a visit for a day to Castletown or Carton next week. We have been busy here about the militia; the people do not like it much,—that is, the common people and farmers,—and even though Leinster has it, they

do not thoroughly come into it, which I am glad of, as it shows they begin not to be entirely led by names. I am sure, if any person else had taken it, it could not have been raised at all. It has required all his exertion to bring the people into it, in any manner, and they are not at all cordial to it. We are by no means so eager in this vile war as the people in England; and if it is not soon put a stop to in England, I am in hopes we shall take some strong measures against it here. Besides its wickedness and injustice, it is the very height of folly and madness, and at present there is more likelihood of the French getting to Amsterdam than the combined armies to Paris.

I hear there is a talk of a change here in the Ministry; but I do not know anything for certain. Leinster comes here to-day. He will perhaps know something. It is said Ponsonby is to come in, and that there is to be a total removal of all the old set, with an offer to all the opposition. When I see Leinster, I shall soon find how the wind sets in his quarter. I trust, though, that he will be stout, and have nothing to say to any of them. I know if he goes over, I shall *not* go with him, for my obstinacy or perseverance grows stronger every day, and all the events that have passed, and are passing, but convince me more and more, that these two countries must see very strong changes, and cannot come to good, unless they do. I won't bore you any more with politics, dear mother, as I know you don't like them."

"*Nov. 4.*—There is no news here about our Lord-lieutenant, with which people were occupied for so long a while. For one, I was very indifferent about it; and, if anything, am glad Lord Fitz William does not come, as perhaps it may make some of our Opposition act with more spirit and determination. I think any people coming into the Government of this country at present will have a hard task of it."

This last extract was probably written during a fit of temporary depression. In spite of its tone with reference to the anticipated arrival of Lord Fitzwilliam, whom the Irish as a body were ready to hail as their expected Deliverer, there is no doubt that Lord Edward had even then a lingering hope that things might take a turn for the better if Lord Fitzwilliam were appointed Lord Lieutenant, instead of "that vile W."

"As to Politics," says a letter of Lady Sarah Napier's to Lady Sophia, "I think Mr. Conolly less black than usual, though equally croaking, and I made him confess that he saw things better, when in better health. However, he still adheres to the following plan in which your brother Edward joins him most steadily. If Lord Fitz William comes to execute *new* measures, and that they *really* tend to the good of Ireland, they both love him so much they *long* to support him ; but if it is the *same measures*, they will not. Nobody guesses at the future form of government here, for it is all so much in the balance who is to govern, and what is to be done, nobody can form an opinion. Dear Louisa still expects the French and to be guillotined, because Paddy, and Larry and Derby will tell the French, 'Kilt dat man for he's rich, kilt dat woman for she has lands—destroy all dat family for they are no good and they are quality,'—and so she thinks the French will implicitly destroy all they are bid to do. Conolly assures me he has proofs (and I own they are frightful) of the common people above the mere mob trying to seduce the Soldiers to teach them the use of arms and to join them, and all longing for the French to come. He is (with reason) very anxious to support the Militia, and form it into a useful body for internal defence as all regulars are taken away."

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE EVE OF REBELLION

ON January 4, 1795, after a protracted Party-struggle between the Whig Ministers and Pitt (who "like most English statesmen," says Mr. Lecky, "had a very slight and imperfect knowledge of Irish affairs, could give them but a small share of his attention"), Lord Fitzwilliam arrived in Ireland, hailed by almost the whole country as the long-expected deliverer, the Cæsar Augustus who was to restore the Golden Age, to disinter it perhaps from the peat bogs where it lay buried along with the elk and other prehistoric remains. He came, determined to put an end to injustice—and the Beresfords: he saw on all hands a popular disaffection expressed by daily acts of violence; he saw "a shameful want of protection for the lower orders, a partial and harsh measure of law," a Roman Catholic populace suffering under cruel and absurd disabilities, an open system of Parliamentary corruption, an army of place-seeking permanent officials,—and the Beresfords. He came, and he saw, and he was conquered—by the Beresfords,—a family "whose dependants and connections held at least a fourth of the places in the island," and were left, even after the dismissal



by Lord Fitzwilliam of their chief (commonly called the King of Ireland), "in full enjoyment of more emoluments than ever were accumulated in any country upon any one family."

As it seems to me clear that Lord Fitzwilliam's recall was the immediate cause of Lord Edward's revolt, I must give a short account of the business, —the spark which the English Government set to the train of rebellion which, as they were assured on all hands, was laid ready for the explosion. As far as possible I shall use the words of Mr. Lecky, whose impartiality and knowledge and research make him the final authority on the subject.

Almost at the moment of his arrival in Ireland, Lord Fitzwilliam wrote to the Ministers in England and told them "that the Catholic question had in his opinion become one of the most urgent and vital importance, that it was impossible to defer its solution without extreme danger to the country, and that if he did not receive peremptory instructions to the contrary within a week he would acquiesce in the Catholic Claims." He received no instructions to the contrary, peremptory or otherwise, for more than three weeks, and arguing that ministerial silence implied ministerial consent, he allowed a Bill to be brought in "for a general repeal of all restrictive and disqualifying laws," so that "the hopes of the Catholics were excited to the highest point." He had "little doubt that the Catholic business would be carried easily, and that there was no serious obstacle to be encountered in the Irish Parliament, or from the Irish Protestants." On February the

18th he received orders to prevent any further proceedings being taken on the Bill till the King's pleasure was signified, and on February the 23rd, when he had been fifty days Lord Lieutenant, John Beresford had his revenge, and Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. "Let my friends no longer suffer the Catholic question to be mentioned," he wrote, "as entering in the most distant degree into the question of my recall. Had Mr. Beresford never been dismissed, I should have remained." "Never," says Mr. Lecky, "at any other period of Irish history had the recall of a Lord Lieutenant struck such consternation through the country . . . the twenty-fifth of March, when he sailed for England, was one of the saddest days ever known in Ireland. The shops of Dublin were shut. All business was suspended. Signs of mourning were exhibited on every side. The coach of the Lord Lieutenant was drawn by some of the most respectable citizens to the water side, and the shadow of coming calamity cast its gloom upon every countenance. It was indeed but too well justified. From that time the spirit of sullen and violent disloyalty overspread the land, 'creeping,' in the words of Grattan, 'like the mist at the heels of the countryman.'"

One or two further extracts from Mr. Lecky's history must suffice to complete this brief picture of the final causes of the Rebellion.

"On the day," he writes, "when the English Government disavowed the acts of its Irish representatives, recalled Lord Fitzwilliam and again brought to the helm the most virulent opponents of the

Catholics, a cloud seemed to fall on the spirit of the nation which has never been removed."

"Henceforward the Government speakers never attempted to deny the assertion of their opponents that the Government were steering their bark through corruption, through revived religious animosities, through almost certain rebellion, towards a legislative union."

"The faults of Irish Government during the few years before the rebellion of 1798 appear to me to have been enormously great, and a weight of tremendous responsibility rests upon those who conducted it."

"No candid man can, I think, deny that acts of illegal, criminal, shameful, and exasperating violence were at this time committed in Ireland with the full sanction of the Government; but it seems to me equally impossible to deny that a conspiracy existed with which ordinary law was utterly unable to cope. . . . Grattan, however, made no allowance for the enormous difficulties of the situation, and massed together the whole system of 'Coercion' in an equal and indiscriminating condemnation. He was not content with denouncing the imprisonment of the middle orders without law, the detaining them in prison without bringing them to trial, the transporting them without law, burning their houses, burning their villages, murdering them . . . preventing the legal meeting of Counties to petition His Majesty . . . and, finally, the introduction of practices not only unknown to law, but unknown to civilised and Christian countries. The Conven-

tion Act, the Gunpowder Act, the Insurrection Act, the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the proclamation of General Lake for disarming the people, were all equally condemned."

I have quoted this last paragraph here, although it refers mainly to events which took place at a later period in Lord Edward's life, partly because of the idea it gives of the dreadful sequel to the previous acts of Government, and partly because it shows how even Grattan (and still more Lord Edward), once the Rubicon was crossed, did no doubt fail to realise the difficulties of the position in which Government had placed themselves. They did confound acts which were absolutely necessary for the preservation of order, and the retention of Ireland, with acts of "illegal, criminal, shameful, and exasperating violence." But the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam had brought Lord Edward to the point of despair. "All Justice, such he was for his country," wrote Lady Lucy. Who shall blame him if he was forced by that most discreditable and heartless trick of Party Politics to believe that it was impossible to have any further hope of justice—for his country—at the hands of the men who had preferred Beresford to Fitzwilliam?

For the rest of the year 1795 he does not appear to have taken any active part in politics: it was perhaps a final period of reflection during which he counted the cost of the terrible future. Whose was the responsibility, if after nine months of consideration of what it would all mean,—the inevitable horrors and bloodshed of a civil war, the separation



between himself and those he loved, the pain that he must cause to the aching heart of his mother,— he finally resolved to join the ranks of the United Irishmen, and throw himself heart and soul into their cause? Was it Lord Edward the Rebel or Lord Camden the Lord Lieutenant, and all that he represented, who was weighed in the balance and found wanting?

## CHAPTER IX

### THE REAL PAMELA

EVENTS have brought us to the point when Lord Edward was about to enter upon the wild and stormy close of his short career. On the threshold we may pause for a moment to consider her who, during those dark days, stood closer to him than anyone in all the world. It is a pathetic little figure. It was not enough that her husband should be taken from her before he had reached the prime of life, when she was still a mere girl,—it remained that she should be branded as the chief cause of his ruin. It was not enough that she was prevented at the last from going down with him to the gates of death,—rumour had still to declare that, of her own free will, she left him in his hour of need. The second of these calumnies will be dealt with in its proper place. As regards the first, the strongest refutation that I know of is contained in a letter from Lady Louisa Conolly to the Duke of Richmond, which, however, as it refers mainly to later events, need not be taken from its proper context. For the present, the following contradiction from the pen of Lady Campbell will be sufficient :

"My Grandmother and Aunts and the Leitrimms all told me that my mother was most unfairly thought to have led my Father into the Rebellion, which confirms my own opinion. She had seen too much of the French Revolution. She was married just as they were emigrating, flying in fear, and leaving their friends in danger of being guillotined, all their property gone. She had a perfect horror of the Revolution and of republican ideas. She constantly argued against them with Aunt Lucy, and entreated her not to excite my father. She begg'd Arthur O'Connor not to drive him on. All this Uncle Richmond and the family knew; but there was a prejudice against her as a Frenchwoman and a pupil of Me. de Genlis, and my Father was so generally popular, people preferred laying the blame on her,—whereas my Father had got his republican ideas in America, and on his return they were fostered by Charles Fox and Mr. Sheridan, Whom he lived with in great intimacy at that time."

"There was a prejudice against her." That expression is a fair statement of the situation. Lord Edward was universally beloved and respected. Someone had to be made a scapegoat for his uncompromising defiance of the beneficent rule of England, and, naturally enough, the wiseacres pitched upon his wife. Who but she could have instilled these pernicious French doctrines into his loyal Irish heart? Yet, witness his daughter and his aunt, the very opposite was the case. She begged and entreated the two people who had most influence with him not to drive him on: she went on her knees to Lord Edward himself to ask him to give it all up and go abroad. But he broke away from her, saying that it was too late, that he

had led others into danger and must share it with them.

Her own letters, though they are of necessity negative evidence, entirely support this account of her conduct. For example, they contain at one time frequent references to the expected invasion of Ireland by the French. She herself was French *au fond de l'âme*, and the wife of the man who was largely responsible for their attempted interference in Irish affairs. And yet to all appearance she was as much alarmed as any Castle lady at the prospect of their arrival, and as much relieved at their departure. This tone of apprehension, or at least of indifference, was probably due partly to a real dread of the consequences of their landing (a feeling which, in later days, Lord Edward shared), partly to a fear of putting on paper anything that might seem to implicate her husband in the promotion of the threatened invasion. The idea that she was kept in ignorance of Lord Edward's designs is not tenable. She could not have lived at Frescati and Kildare Lodge with him, when they were the almost daily rendezvous of his political associates, without being acquainted with the purpose of his life. It was possible and proper for Lord Edward to leave his mother in the dark. It was impossible, and, in any case, would have been unkind and perilous to their domestic happiness, to have treated his wife in the same way. Moreover, Lady Edward was too true and too loving a wife to have consented to the pitiful travesty of mutual confidence which such an arrangement would have implied. She was discreet



enough to hide from the world her knowledge of his schemes, loyal enough to refrain from putting on paper a single syllable of criticism, however much she may have argued on the subject with himself and the two other members of their *partie-carrée*. But through all her letters there runs a tone of sadness, of premonitions that they were hurrying to the edge of a dreadful abyss, which clearly shows that she knew what was being done, and dreaded the consequences. Afterwards, when the blow had fallen, when he was being day by day tracked by his pursuers, she was to outward appearance calm, collected, brave, confident, even after he had been captured, of his eventual triumph. Now, in the period of suspense, she was fearful, timid, awed by the shadow of the future, torn by the conflicting feelings of anxiety for the fate and sympathy with the aspirations of the man she loved.

Of mere facts the letters which she wrote at this time are barren, being mostly variations on one unchanging theme, her love for her husband, for her children, for the dear family, particularly Lady Lucy, and for Arthur O'Connor. But, though politically unimportant, they are quaint, pretty letters, and no language could express so truly as the old-style French in which they are written the tender, melancholy, loving heart of the writer. The occasional characteristic scraps of broken English, with which she as it were emphasises her affection, are rendered here by italics when the originals are translated.

Just before the first baby was born, her aunt,

Lady Sarah Napier, gives a pretty account of the young wife.

"Pamela," she says, "is like a ball, and she wears an Indian bed-gown, Eddy calls it, which is no more than a Maid's night bed-gown, and makes her look so large, so loose, so odd, that I think a man would laugh at the immense size, and a Cloak would not be amiss. But her looks are excellent. She has made with her own fingers, the most perfect pretty set of Child's linen you ever saw. So my sister must never accuse her of not finishing work, for it is *parfait*—she intends to have no maid to attend the child, in fact the *passion* with which she becomes a mother and Nurse is an excellent passion for a young wife to take, and if carried to extremes can never do harm; it's better than a gaming table or driving or hunting. Edward is as fat as a pig, and so contented and pleased it would do my sister's heart good to see him."

A few days afterwards Lady Edward writes herself to Lady Sophia, and indignantly repudiates the idea that her coming child should be called by names belonging to her supposed mother's family.

"Il veaux mieux tard que jamais, n'est ce pas, Chère Sophy? mais je vous dirais, avec vérité et non pour m'excuser, que dans le tems où j'ai reçue votre Bonne Aimable lettre, j'avois de si violants meaux de tête que je ne pouvois même voir pour travailler à la laiette de mon cher petit Enfant, mais une saigné m'a Absolument gairie, et je me porte aussi bien qu'il est possible. La chère petite Créature remue quelquefois si fort qu'il me fait Mal. Je vous pris de dire aux *dear Gerls* que je suis tout à fait affronté qu'elles appellent mon Petit *St. Fav* et Ducrest.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The first of these two names I have not been able to identify; the second was one of the many names of Me. de Genlis.

J'ai peur que cela ne lui porte Malheur ; mais elles seront bien attrapées lorsque je leurs présenterai un Cher Petit Eddy, avec de grands yeux Bleus. Oh ! Sophie quel Doux moment pour moi, lorsque je présenterai à la *Chère Adorable Grande Maman* L'Enfant de son Cher Edward. Les larmes m'en vient aux yeux d'avance. Et mes Chères Sœurs, comme je les embrasserai. Pauvre Paméla oubliera pour un tems les Malheurs—Je suis sûre que vous êtes bien heureuse d'être à Jolie Boyle Farm avec la chère Maman ; nous Parlons, Eddy et moi, sans cesse de cette chère famille : nous sommes sans cesse avec elle. Nous voyons la chère Maman toujours si Acharnée à son livre, et nous disons, *God bless her*. Les larmes nous vient aux yeux. Vous pouvez bien comprendre cela, chère Sophy, vous qui avéz quitté la chère Mère. J'aime beaucoup Kildare ; nous sommes heureux depuis le Matin jusqu'aux soir. Nous nous promenons beaucoup, et les Promenades et les Routes sont Charmants. Eddy me lis beaucoup tout haut pendant que je travaille à la laiette que vous donnez à votre petit neveux, ou nièce. Je vous aime trop pour vous l'avoir refusé, mais en vérité, chère bonne Sophy, cela est trop. Ecrivez moi toujours, car j'aime à savoir des nouvelles des habitans de cher Boyle Farm, et même de Londres. *Loves* à la chère Mère et à Mr. O. : et aux chères Sœurs. Adieu, chère Sophie, Ne doutez jamais de ma tendresse. Eddy vous embrasse et me charge de vous dire qu'il vous *élève un hèreule*."

In due time the baby was born, and was, as his mother had hoped, a little Eddy. To judge from the following scrap taken from a letter to Lady Lucy (to whom all the others of this period and this chapter are addressed), he was a hardy youngster from the first, taking his cold tub of a morning like a man ; and Lady Edward must have been rather

more advanced than most mothers of her time in her ideas of what was good for little children.

“*Dear little boy* se porte à merveille: il est le plus aimable petit Enfant que je connoisse; je suis sur que vous l’aimerez, car il ressemble à notre Edward, mais pas autant que je le voudrois; il est toute la journée à l’air et se bégne tous les matins dans de l’eau froide: aussi il a un santé parfaite. Aimez-moi toujours, et croyez que si ma main est une vilaine paresseuse, mon Cœur ne l’est pas.

Report says that the French have landed, but we think it is a *bêtise*, but we see to-day by the strong measures which Government is taking that there is some truth in it. Kildare is filled with troops (800 men), who are on their way to Cork. I should much like to know the truth. As for what Mr. Fox has said, we are not astonished at it, and I almost believe that the Government think the same. If the French have not come we hope to make our little journey in the North. Edward is going to Carton to-morrow for the news. He will see you; how I envy him! We love you more than ever. Dear Edward says that *you are a fine minded girl*.

Nous sommes *in warm water*. Nous n’avons aucunes nouvelles: La poste n’est pas venu à Kildare aujourd’hui, ce qui est *fort singulier*.

Vous me feriez un bien grand Plaisir de me faire copier l’air Ça ira, le Reveille du Peuple, la Carmagnole et l’Imne des Marceillois. Je suppose que si Mr. Trench voyait ma lettre et mes demandes, il fremiroit d’horreur *for our big Trieson*.”

Not, as it seems, very big treason for the wife of a rebel leader; disappointing stuff for any post-office official whose duty it might be to examine this sup-



posed dangerous correspondence. But the fact is that during these years Lady Edward was too busy with her duties as a mother to have much to do with treason. The second child was a girl, a little Pamela.

"Oh my angel, I must write and tell you that I and my darling Pammy are well, and Edward too: at this moment he is asleep on the big sofa. You see he doesn't lose his 'good habits.' I want to wake him to frank this letter, but I haven't the heart to do it."

At the beginning of 1797 there is another casual reference to the French invaders:

"My Edward is always the same, that is to say adorable. How I long to have you altogether; Eddy and I say, Oh, mon Dieu, if Lucia were here. Edward has gone to see his picture. He and I are in *assez good sperits*. I saw dear sister Bellamont, who is very *fidgetty* because her girls have left school and come to Dublin. Poor woman, I pity her.

There is nothing new except that 9 French ships have come into Bantry Bay and that there are several very much damaged in the Shannon. But there is so much news, and so many false reports one don't know what to believe.

Je vais vous donner les nouvelles, qui sont: *The French have sailed off, both from Bantry and the Shannon. They had taken provisions from the latter place and paid for it. It is generally thought here that they have sailed for Brest.*<sup>1</sup> Ainsi nous voilà tranquilles pour le moment.

<sup>1</sup> As I have already said, Lady Edward's letters are all written in French, though I have thought it advisable to translate some of the extracts which I have given here. This particular sentence is, so far as I know, the longest that she ever wrote in her husband's language; a circumstance which, taken in connection with the fact that it is

With great regret I must give you an account of my day yesterday, and I will give you a hundred guesses as to what effect my despair had upon me. I blush, but still I must admit it. It is not at all *Romantick*. I vomited all my dinner, and I was as sick as an animal. Then I fainted, which was rather more correct, and consoles me for the burlesque turn which my chagrin took. I was going to write to you when my swoon and my sickness prevented me. It is true that directly after my dinner I began to read with my feet and head right in the fire, and Sophie pretends that it was the peat, and says 'that wretched fire is so pungent.' I am quite well to day, but sadly vexed not to have our beloved Quoituor any more. I have not had any letters from Hamburg. However, I must be sensible and resigned. The yeomen always gave me perfect joy. I laugh, but soon I long for Lucy, and cannot find her, and I say, Oh innocent pleasures, why have you forsaken us? but it is in vain to recall them: as quickly as time they fly, and leave us nothing but regret. I need not tell you how happy your letter made me, for if you are sad I am sad too, and you know that when one is sad the heart feels pains and pleasures more keenly. Friendship is the only human thing now to which I attach any value. All the rest appears to me to be folly. But the tender Friendship which my Lucy seems to bear me makes me very happy, and all the more because I never thought that she would love me. But now I count on her, and she will always be in my heart. My Lucy, do not think that you will ever get rid of me. No, no, I love you so much that you will henceforth be part of my Being, and everything that you feel, happiness or misfortune, will be shared by me. How happy I shall be when I see you: we shall go to Dublin to be to-

expressed in good and properly spelt English, suggests the idea that it may have been actually dictated by Lord Edward, with the object of giving an appearance of non-complicity if it fell into the wrong hands.

gether; but you must come here when you do come, for you know that here is your home. What a pity you didn't see dear Edward. He meant to speak to you about our party in the North. I still hope that we shall manage it: he wants it too, and so does Arthur. I love to distract myself, for to tell you the truth I fear to look at the future. The present is our only possession. It is happy, so let us take advantage of it. But, alas! how short the present is, and I see the future, the heavy future, but covered with a thick veil. Kind nature has thus veiled it, to help us to endure life. For if we had not hope, how wretched our existence would be. You see, my dear friend, how sure I feel of your love, since I let my pen write all that my heart feels. I know all that passes in your heart: I know that you feel these troubles as I do. But sensible souls always think *en noir*. Let us put our trust in Providence, which is wiser than men. I am not sad oftener than others, but when sadness comes I feel it far more. Give my love to the dear sisters. *I all love them in my heart*. Come, and joy will come with you."

The "party in the North," planned over and over again by the four friends, was postponed over and over again owing to Lady Lucy's ill-health, which took the form of what was then known as the bile. At last, as there seemed no prospect of its being realised, Lord Edward went to Belfast by himself, having addressed a final invocation to Lady Lucy in one of his wife's letters.

"Lucia, when the Bile is gone, you and Pam are to set off, I will not take any excuse: no wisdom, no prudence, no reflection, no reason, no what will be said, in short no nonsense. Your wise Brother, E. F. High for the Giant's Causeway in all the horrors of Winter!"

While he was away, Lady Edward wrote once

more to her sister, happy in the prospect of soon seeing her and their friend Arthur O'Connor :

"My tender friend. Here I am in dear, quiet, little, comfortable Kildare, very happy, for I have had a letter from Edward, from Belfast. He only wrote me 8 lines, but 8 lines are much when he wanted to pay court to *Beddon*; he was keenly inspired by his quite divine spirit. Arthur is very well, and so happy to see dear Eddy.—Your tender P. O. C. S. N. F. G.<sup>1</sup> (*tous mes noms*).

Edward is still enchanted with Belfast; and don't tell me the day when he will come back, but it will be soon, for he is longing to see me. He says that our friend has promised to come with him. So, my angel, we shall have our dear, beloved, amiable Quoituor once more. Altho' I make a part of the Quoituor, I don't want to scratch out the word amiable. I only say it for my three friends. We shall have once more our *Démocratique turf et Wisk*, but we shall be very happy. I will tell you when he comes some days before he does, for, Milady, I shall be enchanted to have the honour of your Company."

Eventually the meeting so long looked forward to did come off, but not till Lord Edward had delayed his coming for a short time more—which called forth a pathetic little lament from his wife :

"Two days since that wretch E. has written to me. I am almost tempted to be very angry with him—I am more than tempted, I *am* angry. Oh, if one knew the pleasure that the poor hermit feels when she gets letters. She reads them, and re-reads them, folds them, opens them again, and would like to forget them, so as to taste again the pleasure she felt on opening them."

<sup>1</sup> Presumably these names were Pamela Orleans Caroline Stephanie Nancy FitzGerald



## CHAPTER X

### “THE BELOVED QUOITUOR”

LET us now return to the beginning of 1796, the time when Lord Edward joined the United Irishmen, which society had been lately remodelled on large lines for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the English Government. His opposition to the Insurrection Act in February of this year may be looked upon as his last constitutional protest against the rule of injustice. “Nothing,” he said, “will tranquillise the country but the sincere endeavour of the Government to redress the grievances of the people. If that is done, the people will return to their allegiance; if not, I fear that neither resolutions nor Bills will be of any avail.” The Act was, of course, passed, and in May, Lord Edward, with his wife and Arthur O'Connor, went to Hamburgh (where they left Lady Edward) and thence to Basle, to arrange with the Directory for the assistance of a French fleet and army.

On their way through London, Lady Edward made an effort to persuade her husband to give up the intended expedition. “My Mother told me,” writes Lady Campbell, “that when they were going to Hamburgh in 1796 she supped at Devonshire

House, and the Duke of York took her in to supper, and, speaking kindly about my father and regretting the course of politics, he at last said :

'Allow me to advise you as a friend most seriously, use your influence, your whole influence, to deter Lord Edward from going abroad. More is known of the plans of those he thinks his Friends than you can imagine, in short,' he added, 'all is known.'

She tried on returning home to persuade him to give up Hamburgh, but she did not succeed, and early in May they sailed, *ostensibly* that my Mother might visit Me. de Genlis and her niece Henriette de Sersey, who had married Mr. Matthiessen, a Hamburgh merchant, but *in reality*, I fear, to meet Hoche or Pichegru, the French Republican Generals."

As the result of these negotiations (which were afterwards completed by Wolfe Tone), the French fleet sailed for Ireland in December, though even at the beginning of September apprehensions were entertained in England as to its arrival. The references of Lady Lucy to these alarms are evidence that she followed the same non-committal policy as Lady Edward, and carefully avoided betraying any knowledge of her brother's plans. But a letter which Lord Edward wrote to his mother from Hamburgh, dated July 29, on his return from his apparently innocent journey to Basle, shows that he still preserved his policy of keeping her at all events in ignorance of his plans :

"MY DEAREST MOTHER," he writes, "I returned here two days ago and found my little wife and child delightfully

both improved in their looks, and my sweet Pam overjoy'd to see me. I was as happy as possible. I have been this morning reading over all your dear letters: how kind, my dearest Mother. What a piece of work my poor little itchy Edward has made. What a Debut: as for him I am not very uneasy, for I don't consider it dangerous, but am vex'd at all the trouble it has given you; but by your last I see it is now all over. I had a very pleasant Tour, am in raptures with Switzerland. I left my Friend O'Connor in Switzerland taking another Tour. There never were two persons who more thoroughly admired Switzerland than we did. We saw it with the true Rousseau enthusiasm: He is as fond of Rousseau as I am, so you may conceive how we enjoyed our journey. He entered completely into my way of travelling, which was walking most of the way, getting into a Boat when we could, taking our dinner in some pretty spot, and swimming when we could. In fact we agreed in everything, and if it had not been to come home I should have been very sorry to leave him. I returned in a Dilligence, by way of Schaffhouse, Ausbourg, Nuremburg, Brunswick, and the journey was troublesome enough as to the Body, but that you know I don't mind. I was ten days going, night and day, but the days being long it was not so tiresome, besides I was an outside passenger the whole way, which, tho' I got a little wet now and then, made the journey pleasant enough. I will tell you more when we meet. My sweet Pam wants me to walk so, and the post goes out soon, so bless my sweet Mother. Love to all. I shall see you now in 3 weeks. God, how happy I shall be. Kiss my dear Boy. How I miss its dear Face.—Ever yr. aff.  
E. F."

On August 29 he wrote again from Hamburgh:

"MY DRST. MOTHER,—We leave this on Thursday next the 1st of September, and I hope by the 6th to be with you. We go straight to London. You will be kind enough if

not inconvenient to let us sleep at Harley St. the night of the day we land, as perhaps it will be too late to go to you: or if you can not, perhaps we can go to Stratford Place—anyhow we will go to your house for directions. I need not say how happy I shall be. I got your letter of the 15th yesterday. What a pleasant account you give of my Eddy. The little dog: how I long to see it. I like your account of Ealing, and look forward with pleasure to the time we shall spend together. I shall enjoy leading the Malvern life, and I shall have double satisfaction, as my Pam has had also her share of pleasure with her friends here. She is quite reasonable (as she always is), and will bear the parting very well; and so is Me. Genlis, who, as she knows we must go, wants us to go directly, before the weather changes. My little girl will bear the journey well for it is always sleeping and never cries. . . . Pam joins in love to all. She will take care of your commissions. God bless dearest Mother. Soon I shall see you. E. F.”

The following month he spent in England, and then sailed for Ireland; taking with him the two Pamelas, but leaving little Eddy behind with his mother. He wrote a short note from Chester on his way to Parkgate:

“DEAREST MOTHER,—We got here yesterday all well: The Wind is not yet fair but promises to be better tomorrow when we go to Parkgate. I need not tell you my journey was a little melancholy, but I endeavour’d to drive all distressing thoughts from me; how I like your account of Norbury and enjoy my little Edward’s present. I think I see his delight. It will save your mechanical genius at cutting out horses, and give you some rest. Pray tell Dear Ciss I was sorry it was not in my power to see her, sweet love. . . . I don’t repent leaving Eddy as I am sure it is a comfort to my beloved Mother, and I hate to think that



by my own absence I have given her so much distress, but no more of this; believe me, dearest Mother, you are truly lov'd and respected by me."

On the back of the letter is a note in Lady Edward's handwriting:

"Comme notre Etourdi Edouard a oublié de *give you my beth loves*, et mille baisers a mon cher Enfant, je prends la plume de ses grosses Pattes pour vous dire encore combien je vous aime, et que je suis sur que maintenant vous n'en doutez pas, car mon cher Petit *Dood Poy* est le gage le plus sur que je puisse vous donner de tendresse et d'estime. Je ne puis voir un enfant de l'age de mon Eddy sans un battement de cœur, mais *bien vite* je pense à votre Bonheur, et je suis consolée."

About a fortnight later Lady Lucy followed them to Ireland, intending to stay with the Conollys at Castletown and with her brother the Duke at Carton. She also paid one or two visits to Dublin, and stayed some time with Lord and Lady Edward at Kildare and Frescati, and the following extracts from her journal, during the last three months of '96 and the first five of '97, give an insight into their life at this time, when Lord Edward's companions ranged from Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare to The Apothecary and the Butcher's daughters and Democrats from the North.

LADY LUCY'S JOURNAL, *Oct. 1796 to May 1797.*

"*Castletown, Oct. 23.*—I feel so happy to be at dear Castletown. It so reminds me of the Days of my Childhood. The Edwards came, and the Castlereaghs and Papa. He

and I made it up. Aunt Louisa and I went to Carton in the morning.

*Oct. 29.*—Edward and I walked to Carton, and saw Lord Clare. We had an amazing snug chat as we went on our way.

*Carton, Nov. 20.*—We were a delightful party. Ly. Edward was there the whole time and Ed. backwards and forwards: we had beautiful dancing, and such a Ballet call'd Didone. Ly. Ed. composed it mostly, I selected the music.

*Nov. 21.*—I went to town. Mr. Ogilvie gave us a snack at Leinster House. Ly. Ed. came to town too. Mr. O'Connor came to see her, but we did not see him, as Mr. Ogilvie would not invite him in.

*Nov. 27.*—Ly. Ed. and I left Carton and came to Kildare, where we found Mr. O'Connor and Edward. Nothing can be more comfortable than this little habitation. Mr. O'Connor read us the play of *Julius Caesar*.

*Nov. 28.*—We walk'd upon the Curragh, a walk of ten miles to see Mr. Daly's Lodge. There came a piper in the evening and we danced jigs.

*Nov. 29.*—We rode: Edward and I kept together, and Pamela and Mr. O'Connor. They talk together for hours, mostly about Mrs. Mathiessen.<sup>1</sup>

*Nov. 30.*—The Apothecary dined with us, as he is a great democrat. We danced in the evening and had quite a ball; we made up 7 couple calling in servants and maids.

*Dec. 1.*—A very bad day; we staid at home almost all the morning. Mr. O'Connor, Pamela, and I had such fun making me a pocket-book in which they stuck emblems.

*Dec. 2.*—Two men came from town, both great Democrats and very agreeable men. We spent a delightful afternoon, divided between dancing and singing patriotic

<sup>1</sup> A niece of Me. de Genlis with whom Lady Edward afterwards lived at Hamburgh.

songs and the most interesting conversation ; we sat up till two o'clock. We had the Apothecary Cummins, who we delight in.

*Dec. 3.*—We rode : Edward went to bed early in the dancing-room where we sat, and Arthur, Pamela, and I had a conversation I *never* shall forget. I never heard anything of the kind before. I was very much amused and interested, lost in admiration of such superior talents, but not *convinced*, and grieved to Tears at *such* a mind supposing itself *perishable*.

*Dec. 4.*—Ed. very angry with us for sitting up ; he and Mr. O'Connor set off on a Tour. Pamela and I very sorry. How I love this place. *Il y a des lieux qu'on admire : il y en a d'autres qui touchent.*

*Dec. 11.*—At 3 o'clock they came home to our great joy : gave us an account of their reception at the King of Connaught's. His name is O'Connor also, so he address'd them : ' Arthur O'Connor, you are welcome. House of Leinster, I am proud to see you within my doors.'

*Dec. 13.*—We had a dance in the evening. Our Company was Cummins and the Butcher's daughters. I danced with Arthur. We danced a great many Irish jigs. Ed. is a famous hand at them.

*Dec. 14.*—We read Volny's *Ruins*. Arthur shock'd me by a thing he said ; he is so odd one must not judge him by other people.

*Dec. 15.*—We had a Visit from Lord and Lady Castle-reagh that disturb'd our comfort. They told us Henriette was ill, and that I was expected to return with the horses that brought them. Ed. and Arthur then settled to go to Town. Ed. was going before to take leave of Mr. Ogilvie, but the other would have staid with us.

*Christmas Day.*—Alarm of the French being off the coast of Ireland. Troops marching, all in consternation about the French. They have been trying to work into Bantry Bay.

*Dec. 28.*—Dear Eddy came over from Kildare. I never saw him with such pleasure. Heaven protect him.

*Dec. 29.*—Eddy went to Town. Account of a French prisoner brought from Bantry. He was thrown on the coast by the storm.

*Dec. 30.*—Account of the French having left Bantry Bay.

*Dec. 31.*—An account received in the evening of the French fleet being compleatly destroyed by Admiral Colpoys and Ld. Bradford. All in wild transports.

*Castletown, Jan. 1, 1797.*—The news of the defeat of the French fleet was perfectly unfounded. I did not believe it at the time.

*Jan. 2.*—I was not well and spent most of the day upstairs. Still in alarms about the Family. Aunt Sarah and Donny came from town. He has quarrell'd with Lord Carhampton, who was going to employ him. Aunt Sarah took me apart to talk of very unpleasant subjects: made me low, indeed I am wretchedly so.

*Jan. 3.*—I hear every day from Dear Pamela, who is in Town with Edward. I wish I could have been with them at this moment, but besides wishing to fulfil my promise of being with Henrietta I have been too unwell to move, from a billious attack.

*Jan. 4.*—They think the French are leaving Bantry Bay and the mouth of the Shannon. Admiral Colpoys is off Ushant instead of the coast of Ireland. The alarm of the French seems over for the present.

*Jan. 6.*—Had a letter from Eddy. He is going to Belfast to Arthur, who is ill. He desires me to be ready for the Giant's Causeway in all the horrors of *Winter*. Pamela is for prudence and no Giant's Causeway, I don't exactly make out why.

*Jan. 10.*—Pamela with me; talk'd over many things; both exceedingly provoked at some gossip that has prevented a charming scheme we had in view.



*Jan. 15.*—Came to town. I was surpris'd tho' prepared for it at the martial appearance of Dublin. Nothing but troops moving.

*Jan. 19.*—Charles came to see me, and frighten'd me about Edward, saying that Lord Camden had information against him, and that he must leave the country. I am constantly agitated with these kind of things, which quite distract me. Edward is at Belfast, which is the cause of all this.

*Jan. 21.*—I got a letter from Edward saying that he is gone to Kildare, where I am to meet him to-morrow.

*Jan. 28.*—All this week very ill.

*Jan. 31.*—Eddy came to see me and cheer'd me by his presence. I meant to have gone out airing, but could not get horses. We read Arthur O'Connor's address to the County of Antrim. It is glorious, but I think Government won't let it pass.

*Feb. 1.*—Eddy and I very snug in the evening as I cannot go down, and Brother Leinster and him don't meet, so he comes *incog.* to see me upstairs.

*Feb. 3.*—Eddy came to me before I was up, and told me that Arthur was just taken up that night. They had spent the evening together, and were going to-day to Kildare. It is for his Address, which they say is Treasonable. Eddy and I lamented together all Day. I never saw Eddy so unhappy. It is really too shocking.

*Feb. 12.*—Saw poor Dear Arthur at the window of his Prison. He look'd very melancholy. We kiss'd our hands to each other. Mary was with me. After we went to the Frederick St. Hotel. Pamela was just come to Town. I staid and dined with them. We talk'd over our Friend: very sad."

(At this time the following communication from Arthur O'Connor to Lady Lucy and Lady Edward was scribbled in pencil on the fly-leaves and margins

of a copy of Thomson's *Seasons*, and passed out of his prison into their hands; apparently his servant was allowed to carry books but not letters to and fro:

“Feb. 14, 1797.—Ten thousand thanks to my ever dearest Pa for her little purse and to the dear good-hearted Lucy for her Royal Unction. I saw my dear beloved friend from my grated prison: alas! she looked pale, she grieves for her friend. Do not then, dear friends, add to his misery by letting it prey upon your warm generous hearts. I can bear my own sufferings without a sigh, but the sight of you, my ever dear, dear friends, brings torrents from my eyes. Against oppression's galling hand my heart is adamant, but to you, my friends, it melts, softer than the softest. Let persecution do its worst, we yet will meet, and cruel absence shall but enhance the joys of meeting. Oh, dear friends, what pleasure would it be to have you even here. How would it change this monotonous, lonesome, ever-reigning solitude into mere mist. The dear song, and the old dance, the conversation, the humble meal and the jug of native punch, accompanied with social friendship—shall we ever pass those days again? I am becoming weaker and weaker every day from want of exercise,<sup>1</sup> and am now busy inventing some way of taking much exercise in a small space. My poor faithful dog is in want of exercise: it watches every stir I take and sympathises with its master. What a work I shall have to get Lucy's ointment (according to directions) to the root of my thick hair.

Dear sweet friends, adieu. God knows when I'll hear from you, but you shall be always with me. I send you my torn heart.

<sup>1</sup> When Arthur O'Connor was afterwards confined in 1801 in Fort George, he found the same difficulty about taking exercise, and Lady Lucy, who used frequently to write to him, advised him to try a skipping-rope. “I don't know what a skipping-rope is,” he said in his answer, “but it must be good exercise!”

*Feb.* 16.—I cannot describe to you, my ever dear Friend, the sensations of my heart at seeing you go by in silent sorrow. In vain I search for the same wanton vigor in the accounts Mr. Williams gives of the Dungeons of Robespierre. Brisot and his glorious fellow-sufferers were not immured in separate prisons. They were not shut in from *every friend, every social* intercourse. They had society to beguile the tedious hours of the prisoner, day after day. I envy them, but all vanishes when I look towards my ever dear friends. Then I feel sympathy with them. I rise, and a conscious honesty makes me laugh at the acrimony with which I am persecuted. I turn from these envenomed tyrants and bigots, and excluding every unkind thought I fill my soul with milk of human kindness and look for better days. Adieu.

Remember me, dear, dear, kind friends. I wish you would pay for the little wooden box and keep it for me safe. There is 11 guineas and 4/8 to pay: it is in Capel Street.

*Feb.* 17.—You may tell me how you all are in the book you send. Is calumny as virulent as I have supposed it is? Tell R. not to let his resentment for his brother's sufferings lead him to use any expression that can be taken advantage of. They would do it most gladly. He can't be too guarded in his conduct, tho' I know he will never do anything that could incur punishment if the laws were in force that protect, but, alas! these have been repealed, and it would be grievous to me to think that any of my dear friends should be drag'd from their homes to the solitude of a dungeon. Caution my servant against talking, as otherwise this innocent intercourse will be stopp'd. When do you leave town? Are you good economists? Have you heard from any of our dear friends in England? Ask Conoly, the Catholic priest, to give you or get you an estimate of the salaries paid at an average to the Catholic priests, and ask Dixon for a like calculation of the Presbyterians. Ask

Conoly if the Catholics have the same parishes as the Protestants, or whether the Protestants have not united many Parishes the Catholics have left separate.

In reading over these scribbled pages I have no inclination to send them. They have the appearance of despondency, and that would not be giving you, my ever dear friends, a just idea of the state of my mind. That uninterrupted solitude is irksome is certain, but I feel no difficulty in enduring not only that, but the worst that Tyranny dare offer. Be cheerful then, my beloved Friends.”)

LADY LUCY'S JOURNAL.

“Feb. 28.—Account of the French having landed 2 thousand men in Wales without arms, who of course were taken prisoners. They appear to be Chouans that the French wanted to get rid of.

Mar. 6.—Account of the English fleet having beat the Spanish, tho' the latter was greatly superior in number.

Mar. 8.—Went to Frescati.

Mar. 9.—Two Northern Gentlemen dined with us.

Mar. 12.—Mr. Mansell dined with us. He is sent by Mr. Burdett to enquire about Arthur. There never was such a Friend as Mr. Burdett seems in all his conduct towards Arthur. We get letters every Day. Edward is called *Faithful* in them, Pamela *Violette*, and I *Good Heart*, Lady C. F. *the Saint*, which name particularly amuses Edward. She comes often to Frescati to see Edward and Pamela: but it is in *secret* so that I who don't love *secrets* don't appear, as I don't wish to *me meler dans tout ça*. She seems by all I hear to be a little of an Intriguante.

Mar. 15.—Pamela and I walk'd a great deal. I *clean'd* the House.

Mar. 17.—St. Patrick's Day. Edward dined in town with some citizens.

Mar. 23.—We had a visit from Mr. Henry and Mr.



Leeson. They are both Democrats. I gave Mr. Henry a *green* cravat, and Pamela Mr. Leeson, and we made them ride home in them: a green cravat is a sign of *good* principles.

*Mar. 24.*<sup>1</sup>—Edward went to town, did not return till the middle of the night.

*Mar. 30.*—I was not well, took a Bath.

*Apl. 10.*—We had a large patriotic dinner. McNevin, Conolly, Mr. Hughes (a Northern, and Edward says a very sensible man), a Mr. Jackson, an Iron Manufacturer, a Mr. Bond, a great merchant, one of the handsomest and most delightful men to all appearance that ever was, and a Presbyterian Clergyman called Barber, a venerable old man who had been forced by persecution to fly his Diocese where he had lived 30 years.

*Apl. 12.*—We went to Castletown. We are a delightful family party.

*Apl. 18.*—Went to town for a Ball at Lady Clare's. I had my hair turn'd close up, was reckon'd Democratic, and was not danced with.

*Apl. 28.*—We talk'd over the news of the Day, which is Brother Leinster being turn'd out of his place and having given up his Regiment.

*Apl. 30.*—Came to town in the Evening. There was a funeral attended by 6 thousand United Irishmen which gave great alarm.

<sup>1</sup> On March 28, Lady Lucy received this letter from her half sister Cecilia Ogilvie :

"MY DARLING LUCIA,—I enclose you a letter for Eddie which pray give him, and do, my love, write to me and let me know your private opinion about him. Brother L. has alarmed Mama most dreadfully, and I own I am not easy, but trust in his affection for the tenderest and best of Mothers, for his being prudent. For God's sake do all you can to make him aware how miserable he makes one whose life he ought in gratitude and duty to make happy. Pray, *pray* write to me honestly. Mama shan't see your letter.—Ever yours,

Ciss."



*Lady Edward Fitz Gerald as Diana.*

LONDON-EDWARD ARNOLD-1904.



*May 2.*—The alarm excessive. The numbers of United Irishmen increasing every day.

*May 7.*—Brother Leinster gone to the county Kildare to oppose the Proclaiming a part of it. Edward came to us late in the evening.

*May 10.*—We had an alarm in the evening that Brother Leinster and Edward were both to be taken up. Brother Leinster had yesterday a most curious scene with Lord Carhampton, who is a wicked Madman. He scolded and stormed, said Brother Leinster was at the head of that gang of assassins the United Irish. He did him too much honour, for he is not one.

*May 21.*—Came to town: saw Edward who proposed to me to take me over to England immediately. I consented, but with a heavy heart. I long to see Mama, but don't like leaving Ireland just now.

*May 22.*—I sat for my picture. Return'd to Somerset with Edward and Pamela on a Gingle. Duignan dined with us. He was very sorry at my going, and we took a sorry farewell. We embraced. Poor fellow, there is not a better heart nor a better Patriot. He was taken up that very night.

*May 23.*—We went down to the Pigeon-House too late. Edward and I went in a boat in hopes of catching the Packet, and after being out in the Bay half the night came home to Pamela, at Leinster House, whom we found in bed.

*May 24.*—My picture was finished. We sail'd in the evening, parted with dear Pam on the Quay. I was miserably low as I looked on this Dear but as yet unfortunate little Island. I felt a degree of painful anxiety as to its fate, as it will comprehend that of what I hold most dear. I sat on the Deck with Edward till 4 in the morning: it was a beautiful night.”



## CHAPTER XI

### NEARING THE CRISIS

IN this chapter I shall supplement Lady Lucy's account of the last two months of '96 and the first five of '97, with a selection from the correspondence of the same period, beginning with some extracts from the Duchess of Leinster's letters to Lady Lucy (mainly of a domestic nature), and going on to others which are more political in their interest. Amongst these is a letter of Lord Edward's to his mother, which in a few lines illustrates the most prominent feature of his character,—his love for the associations and natural features of his home, the affection which bound him to those of his own blood, the importance which he always attached to effort as compared with mere success, and finally his attitude towards those whom he regarded as the oppressors of his country. This last is at this juncture of particular importance. The position of these poor Irish patriots was so desperate, they felt so keenly the misery of their fellow-countrymen, that they were little likely to remember the difficulties with which its rulers had to contend, or to contemplate the possibility of their being otherwise than wilfully unjust and oppressive. Their general attitude is

not unfairly illustrated by the somewhat emotional lines scribbled by O'Connor in his prison-cell. But this letter of Lord Edward's shows that he, on the very eve of the conflict, was ready to believe that the motives of the Castle party might after all be right in their own eyes.

The first letter of the Duchess once more takes up the thread of the story at the point when Lord Edward, fresh from his Hamburgh expedition, had left his son, little Eddy, with his mother, and returned to Ireland, followed shortly afterwards by Lady Lucy and Mr. Ogilvie.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER TO LADY LUCY FITZGERALD.

"Oct. 13, 1796.—We finish this week here, and return to Ealing; Sad and dismal it will appear after having had the Dear Edwards. Our time was short, but we enjoy'd it; I don't know how I could have borne all this but for their kindness in leaving their precious Babe with me: was it not so good in them? They adore it and delight in all its pretty ways, and yet to leave it behind out of downright good nature and affection to me was a sacrifice indeed. It looks so pretty upon the Green Hill among the sheep under my window.

His Papa and Mamma will describe him to you, for they delighted in him, and I do think that their consideration for my comfort, their kindness and good nature on this occasion, is really beyond what the most *Exigéante* friendship cou'd ever have expected or look'd for. In Edward nothing surprises me, Dear Angel; he has always loved me in an uncommon degree from childhood, but in Pamela, Dear thing, it is really a proof of the most amiable disposition to make such a sacrifice, and she has made me love her more than I can say. Pray make them sensible

that it was well bestow'd, for I do doat on it and it wou'd have broke my heart to have parted with it just at this time. The only drawback to my pleasure is the feel of having been selfish, which I hate, but I have moments of weakness and self-indulgence, and have suffer'd a good deal from disappointments and anxieties before I gave way to this temptation, which was thrown in my way with so good a grace that I cou'd not resist it, for they have persuaded me it gives them pleasure."

"Oct. 20.—Your dear Papa (Mr. Ogilvie), for I will call him so, as I know how truly he deserves the appellation from his heart and feelings for you, says, 'I have a room ready for the Edwards, and shou'd have had one for *Lady* Lucy, but that I suppose she will chuse to go to Mrs. Trench's. I shall receive her very kindly when we meet, tho' I am certain it is very indifferent to her whether I do or not.' Is not this, Dear Lucy, more like a person hurt at imagined unkindness than like an angry one? I hope you, my love, will have gone up kindly to him and will attend to him, and that I may hope for the very great happiness it will be to me to see you again on a comfortable footing. He mentions in another letter that if your intention was only to make a short visit he would wait a fortnight beyond his own time to see you safe home again, if you wish'd it, but I think they will not be easily prevail'd upon in Ireland to give you up so soon. If he proposes it and you refuse, I hope you will do it in the kindest manner, for manner, my love, is everything with him, and indeed with almost every Body; don't be short and positive and decisive and refuse it *plump*, but enter into your inducements for staying longer in a little friendly tone. Do, Love, try these little ways; suppose they don't succeed you will still have the satisfaction of self-approbation and of having obliged *me*."

"Oct. 27.—No words, my sweet Lucy, can give you an

Idea of the Heart-felt satisfaction I received yesterday Evening in reading these lines in Dear Papa's letter. 'Dear Lucy and I have had an explanation which was followed by a reconciliation. It was impossible to see her with indifference! The Situation was too painful! I could not stand it and gave her an opening which I must do her the Justice to say she readily seiz'd, and all was made up!' Never, my Dear Angel, did I feel more truly delighted: it left a pleasant, happy feel that I cannot describe, and I carried it to my pillow praying to God to bless you both and thanking him for this happy change. It is a Cloud removed, which I feel truly grateful for. How I do love you, my Angel, for conquering any little feel that might have kept you back from showing your real affection to Dear Papa! By giving him a proof you loved him, all was done away, for it all originated in his thinking you had no affection for him: when I look back to this time two years and see him, Dear Soul, breaking his Heart about you, it is so comfortable to me to think you return it and that your two Dear Hearts are again united. I am quite sure now they will never be otherwise, which is such a satisfaction! One that will help to soothe my last moments when they arrive."

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"Oct. 29.—Another letter from dear Papa full of such tender and kind expressions about you as quite delighted me. You have no Idea how his Dear Heart is relieved by this reconciliation. Keep it up, my Angel. He is an invaluable friend, believe me, and one who will stick to you thro' life, and in whose protection I shall feel so satisfied to leave you. Never let little ways dishearten you. Believe in his Heart! There you will ever find strong and warm affection. Ask Dear Eddy if he has not ever found it so, and yet there is nobody that I have known him half so angry with at times as with that Dearest of creatures. I hear of nothing in my letters but your good



looks and your pretty looks. They all admire your Auburn hair so much, and think it such an improvement, which it certainly is. Your person and manner, Sarah tells me, is also thought delightful, and she says you will give all the young ones better *ton* than they had before.

I am delighted that they are sensible of your value and want to keep you, for I see your Dear Company is not thrown away on them. I hope Dear Papa will see it as I do. I have written to him on the subject, and have repeated it in all my letters since. It wou'd indeed be vexatious to have any coolness now and I hope and trust this will not occasion it. Let me know his answer to you as soon as you can. If you have any conversation about it, my Love, let me recommend it to you always to hear *all* he has to say before you answer, and not to interrupt him, as I know that manner is particularly disagreeable to him, and indeed to every Body. One likes to have one's say *out* before it is answer'd. It is a fault I am conscious of having myself, and I warn you against it, for I have always found that anything one says in that way never does good, but ruffles the temper and indisposes the Person towards any conviction, so that I take great pains to break myself of it, and if not taken by surprise and off my guard I never do fall into this fault. I am just the same myself when I have anything to say, as you must often have experienced, and have often said dryly and angrily, *Lucy, will you be so good as to hear me out*, so that I know how to make allowance for others. And now, my sweet Girl, I have sermonised long enough, but I know you will take it as it is meant, and arising from the great desire of your continuing comfortable with this Dear Papa."

"Nov. 12.—And so my sweet Lucy, you have had conversations with that Angel Edward! I can easily believe you might say many things that might have effect and do good, as it is a subject you have read a good deal about,

consider'd well, and your own good strong judgement wou'd assist you, but it is difficult to combat enthusiasm. I too have seen the Dear precious drops fall down that Dear cheek, but that is when the Heart feels the distress of others. To work upon those feelings only makes him wretched but does not remove the prejudice! Oh, 'tis sad, sad! But my trust is in the Almighty hand who can avert all Evils, and who, if He permits them, has some gracious good end in view, tho' hidden from our eyes.

Mrs. Pakenham will I think return in Spring, for we have no prospect of Peace I fear. As to Mr. Trench, I think he is too young a chaperon for so young a woman. All the world does not know he is your friend's husband, and a young man and woman seen on the road together is quite enough for a Malicious story. What would Mr. Fielding say? 'My sweet Lady Lucy,—she is young, and of course very innocent and unsuspecting, but I *do* wonder the Dear Duchess, who *ought* at her years to have more discretion, wou'd allow of it: it really is a shocking thing.' Well, but dear dearest Eddy you say will escort you. Is not that so like him?

I am sure you will write to me from Kildare. How I envy your being there. Pam is in such joy about it. She does delight in you, and says you are more comical and more agreeable than ever. You know what to say to them all, for you know what I feel—Little Eddy never sees me write but he thinks it is to Papa and Mama, and always says, 'Eddy dood Boy, Eddy happy Boy. Papa ride horseback, Mama dance,' which shows he remembers them."

"Jan. 4, 1797.—Cecilia and Minnie talk of writing every Day, but I won't leave it to them to tell you my Love that I am quite stout about this Business; thank God no horrors have as yet seiz'd my mind about it, and the *little things you say* contribute much to put it at ease. God send

it may all blow over soon, for at best it is an anxious moment. Dear Louisa has never been the least alarm'd : She helps too to give me spirits on the subject."

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 "Jan. 9.—It is very shocking to think that so many lives have been lost in this attempt. God send it may discourage any future one of the same nature. Be as easy as you can make yourself about me, for indeed I am wonderfully well and am even surprised at myself. I don't listen to any of the stories, and your Dear Papa contrives, I see, to have it as little talk'd about as possible before me. I see his kind intention and am grateful for it. If there is anything good I am sure to hear it."

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 "Jan. 31.—Your dear letter was a Balm to my Heart in Every way, not only as it assured me you felt better; but from what you say on a certain Subject. I had been very wretched some days in consequence of some letters, Charles's, the Duchess's and Mary's, all to the same purpose. Nothing could be kinder than their intention, nor more friendly than their hints, but they alarm'd me dreadfully. However a dear letter I got from the Dear Person themselves, and what you say, have remov'd it for the present, and takes a great load off my mind, thank God : Too sure I am, my dear Love, that it is anxiety that has affected you in this sad way : it is ever the case. Your dear Body participates the Distress of your Mind, and my Beloved Child has had not only her own but mine to bear up against: this has been too much for you, my Angel. But I hope you will soon cheer up, and with a heart more at ease enjoy the comfort and pleasure of being among so many dear friends, which had done you so much good till these two Events interrupted it, but like all others they were directed by the hand of providence, and our entire and thorough dependance on the Goodness of Heaven must make us submit, trust, and adore.

Don't venture to Leinster House till they have aired the room thoroughly for you. Desire the Housekeeper to sleep in your bed a week before you go, and even then send Betty Hale a Day before to bring you word how it feels. I had written very pressingy to Dear Edward to come at the time of my alarm about him, and still wish he wou'd. But now that my mind is so much easier, I can wait a little longer, if it is very inconvenient to him to come now, but I still hope he and dear Pam will come in Spring and bring you, my Dear Angel.

Yes, that dear Lock so lately growing on Eddy's precious head is a very acceptable present. I have it in my Bosom, after dear little Eddy had kissed it a thousand times, 'Papa's Hair, Eddy's own Papa's Hair!' I really believe he understands it all, pretty Love."

"Feb. 15.—Spring to my mind is never so sweet anywhere as at Frescati: The Spring flowers peeping out every Day, the Birds and the little green Buds swelling in the Hedges, I used to think quite heavenly in the Season now coming on, which I hope you will enjoy with satisfaction in the Company of those Dear two Dear Creatures, Eddy and Pam, who doat on you and who are themselves such pleasant Company. As to *him* you know what my feels are and I believe yours resemble them. When with him it is next to impossible not to feel happy. Dear, Dear Angel. The *little bit* of him I enjoy here is my delight, charms away uneasy thoughts, raises my spirits, and is truly the comfort and joy of my Old Age.

Your Sister Bellamont told me you were lovely when dress'd for the Ball. I am glad your *nakedness* extended no further than your pretty white Pole, as it might have given you cold to have bared your Dr. Bosom: the idea of the indecency of showing the back of one's neck is beyond me.

Think of that tiresome P. of W. inviting himself to dine



here with Louisa to talk over Irish Politics: what a fuss and trouble it will make in the good family: he professes himself most warmly interested about Ireland, which he says has been mismanaged. He blames the conduct of Ministers in this particular, and I see is very anxious to have these sentiments known in that Country, for which purpose he *butters* Louisa up finely."

"*Mar. 17.*—Pray send another fresh Lock from Dear Eddy's Head, for I have dropt it out of my Bosom somehow and lost it. Little Eddy missed it first, for he used to kiss it every morning. 'Where is Papa's hair?' says he to me; 'Eddy wants to kiss it,' and behold it was gone. I was silly enough to feel vexed about it, so pray replace it for me as soon as you can. Dear Creatures, I see you walking about talking to Dear Mother. Happy Mother, to have two such precious children, such warm and tender friends too as I have ever found in you both. Angels, it makes me miserable not to be with you! but the time will come when I shall embrace you both.—Don't tell Eddy, for Henry begg'd he might not know, but our pretty little Love, quite in play, bit poor little Arthur's cheek most shockingly. It is well now as ever, but it vexed me sadly, you may believe, at the time.

Georgina said she should write you a long letter. 'Full of *fun* and *nonsense* and *follies*, I hope' (say'd I) 'to divert her, for she has been ill, dear thing, and it is better not to write about interesting subjects at present.'"

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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

"FRESCATI, *Feb. 1797.*

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We came here the day before yesterday. I can't tell you how pleased I was to see this place again. I have always a thousand delightful feels

about it: they are not to be express'd, yet affect one sensibly. In a moment one goes over years; every shrub, every turn, every peep of the house has a little History with it. The Weather is delightful and the place looks beautiful. The Trees are all so grown that there are a thousand pretty sheltered spots which near the sea, and at this Season is very pleasant. The Birds sing, the flowers blow, and the whole scene gives me very very pleasant moments and make me for moments *forget the world* and all the villany and Tyranny going on in it. Every day the violent measures of our Irish Tyrants increase, and every day thro' out the Country they loose strength and make Enemies, while they in the true spirit and ignorance of Despots revenge on Individuals, as if the movements or indignation of a whole people depended on men and not causes,—foolish mad men. I don't know whether to impute their conduct to Blindness and folly or wickedness. I rather think it is the first for there are certainly good men among them and well-meaning. They themselves see what must be the issue, yet on they rush perhaps from an Idea they are right. There is One who must judge, for I am sure among ourselves now, heated as we are by anger and jealousies and prejudices, there is no tribunal to refer to.

But I hate talking on these unpleasant subjects. Let me talk of little Edward. I hear he is charming, *the dog*; think of its liking to play Cards and win. What idea has it of winning, that can give it pleasure? Pray don't let it win often. Teach it not to mind success. Has it any idea of what it is about when it plays? Does it know Numbers at all? Aunt Sarah says it is not so obstinate as its Papa: so much the better. Little Pam improves every day. It grows like Edward in its actions and ways, knocks its head on the ground, tears its Cap, cries *Ah! ah*, looking at one in the Face and watching one's Countenance. My big Pam is not well, has got a heavy cold and a sore Eye. She is now sweating for it. I hope that will do her good. Dear

Lucy I saw yesterday. She is better and is soon to come here. Give my Love to all with you. I shall now go walk with you in the Garden. I shall go to Dunn's, to the Wilderness, &c., &c. God bless you best and dearest Mother.—Ever your

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Pam sends a thousand Loves to all."

LADY SARAH NAPIER to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"Feb. 8, '97.

"Being confined for some time, I am out of the way of hearing News, but even here the public talk is so great about O'Connor's letter and confinement that one hears of nothing else—and to amuse you I will repeat it as Woman's gossip. In the Ministerial Circles I believe it would be almost dangerous even to name such a wicked treasonable rebell's name, but out of that Circle people venture to think and speak from reason. B. is with us and being an admirer of O'Connor's, and a man of great sense and Judgment, I listen with great respect to his opinions, being very candid. He says that the letter is a very fine composition. Donny argues that matter with him and denies it. My own opinion is that being so plain, forcible and within the commonest understanding, it must be well written, for what is good writing meant for but to be well understood and to make impression?—The next opinion of B., of Donny, and of many prudent and knowing persons, is that they defy any English lawyer of the Highest Authority to be able to prove one single word in it that comes within the law of High Treason. They allow it to be seditious in the Extreme and that no Government *can* let it pass unnoticed, unless the Government are wise enough to see that by winking at it they make it lose its influence, in *that* Case Government may with wisdom pass it over, but not otherwise. It is with B., a question whether Govt. have or have not any-

thing beside this letter to confine him. He is almost sure that they have nothing else to accuse O'Connor of, and if so, then B. says that O'Connor, according to his own principles, ought to rejoice at being taken up, as it will support the cause he espouses to the greatest degree; but if they have other causes one must wait till they are known to form a judgment; but, he says, how could O'Connor act so foolish a part, if he had done anything to deserve punishment, as to publish a letter that must put him into the hands of the very Government he tries to overturn—besides, B. says—a single man's treason is scarce to be called treason; for treason implies a plot and a plot must have numbers, and nobody else is taken up—so he ventures to think that they have rashly taken him up on this letter only, and will burn their own fingers.

So much for the law part of the Story; but now for the *Intentions* of the letter. The moment you read it you must be struck by the many truths told in it, and the very bad use to which those truths are turned,—for granting we have no advantages from the English Government (which is *not* granted, because not true), the overturning it and becoming an Independent people is not practicable without horrors worse a million times than the English Government: nor can it be done without the French whose *alliance* is sure to be usurpation, despotism and compleat poverty, if *they succeeded*,—but who can believe the English would let Ireland go without fighting for her? And the consequences must be that poor Ireland would remain the Stage of War, for years to come. England also would *quake* for her own safety; but that you will say is not the business of Ireland, and I only keep to Irish Patriotism. I really do think that to try to promote our shaking off the yoke of England, by means of the French, and at this moment of danger, is Cruel to poor Ireland, in the most barbarous degree—for it is egging on the poor deluded people of Ireland to dash into certain misery and destruction during the lives of the



present race—and upon all these considerations, I do most sincerely from my heart condemn O'Connor, who is vain and arrogant enough to think his judgement ought to lead his country into a revolution; for you will see the whole bent of the Letter is to preach one for all Ireland—and to *hint* at the means—His friends say he is an honest man—I own I doubt it.”

*Note by Pamela Lady Campbell.*

“Great doubts of Arthur O'Connor's patriotism have in after years been entertained. It was supposed he was bought by the Government, as he retired in good circumstances, that were not easily accounted for, to France.

I once saw Arthur O'Connor at Hamburgh, when I was a child, and just remember a very handsome man patting my head and crying over me.”

LADY CHARLOTTE STRUTT to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

“*April '97.*—The worst of these times are that when people think differently, and yet think their Lives and property and the security of their children are at stake, they grow warm with those who think differently, and Lord Carhampton is a very passionate Man, and had a great regard for my Brother and in his eyes (as in the eyes of many, Everybody indeed that are not Party people) our dear Brother is giving every encouragement to Rebels. Tho' one knows he thinks very loyally, he certainly is not acting so, in taking so warm a part against the Government at the present, for if things are come to such a pass, the Friends of England must endeavour now to crush it *by force*, or give Ireland up at once. Concession is too late. It would not now satisfy the really Rebellious, which, I am afraid, are numerous. The report of the Committee upon the Papers seized at Belfast show plainly that their object has been to Copy France since the year 1791, and that Reform and the

Roman Catholick Cause is only a pretence. I am a little provoked at your saying I am a *staunch friend* to the present Administration. It is not true, and there it is that none of my family understand me or Mr. Strutt, but because we are not wishing that *unguarded*, violent Man, Mr. Fox, to be the head of things we must be of course great admirers of the present Administration. The Misery and Misfortune of the Country is that if these men are changed, there is nobody to replace them that is so to be depended on, better than them, for the Country in general have no confidence in Mr. Fox, on account of the very unguarded and unconstitutional sentiments he lets out continually in the House, and likewise on account of his connection with Sheridan and other *Bad Characters*: for he has supporters in the House of Commons that are too bad to be acknowledged as gentlemen, and whom it is a shame to see in the House of Commons."

LADY CHARLOTTE STRUTT to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"*April* 28, 1797.—The news and talk of England and Ireland is my Brother Leinster's Conduct. My Brother wrote to the Lord Lieutenant to acquaint him with his intention of calling a meeting of the County of Kildare, for the purpose of petitioning the King to dismiss his present Ministers as the only means to save the kingdom, etc. The Ld. Lt. in answer begged to see him. My brother went to him to the Castle, repeated what he had said in his letter, with a declaration that he had taken his resolution, and that nothing could alter his determination. The Ld. Lt. then said, he supposed he meant then to give up his office. My brother said 'yes, but since you think me unworthy of a Civil Employment, I am equally so of a Military One,' and therefore desired to resign the Kildare militia, and to have his name struck out of the Privy Council. These are the *Facts*. It was reported that he had resigned the ribbon

and order of St. Patrick, but that I believe is not so. As to the facts, the light in which they appeared to quiet people in England, is as follows: If after trying and consulting with five or six other great men like himself, and having remonstrated upon the measures of the administration in Ireland, he had found that he nor they could make no impression upon the Ld. Lt. etc., and that they were really pursuing measures that in his opinion would be the ruin of the country, then he ought to have resign'd his Civil Employment, which as long as he held (tho' he did not attend the House of Lords, nor his friends the Commons) yet he was looked upon in this Country as supporting Government. After resigning his employment he was free to call a meeting, to address his Majesty, to change the Ministers, etc., but it would have been an odd thing for Tommy Wynne, etc., to petition the King to turn out whoever is at the head of the office of which Tommy Wynne makes a part, and it is just the same thing; for whoever holds an office under the Government is *sensée* to form part of the Government. His Wishing with *his* ideas and the light in which he sees things to petition for a change, nobody can wonder at."

LADY LUCY FITZGERALD to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"May 19, '97.—I came here yesterday with Henriette Trench. I rode. Dearest Edward took me thro' the Town and the Park, and then he returned to Somerset. I came on here. I found this place in a most uncomfortable situation, for Mr. Conolly and dear Aunt's fright at the Defenders, and the Times in general, makes them and all who are with them quite miserable. She is extremely hurt at finding so many of the people about here to be in this *Defendering* business, but *why* will she for that reason suppose them *her* Enemys. I am afraid they will indeed from this time become such from the means Mr. Conolly pursues, taking them up by dozens on *suspicion*, and hunting

the Houses for arms, in short, going on the same plan that has been followed in the North, you see with what success. Lord Castlereagh is his adviser, and a worse he cannot have. Brother Leinster, *entre nous*, is not very steady. He won't join Government I trust, but I much fear that he will be harried perhaps into taking measures against these Defenders that I would wish him not. You may tell Charlotte in the meantime that she may make herself *easy*, for that he is not in Rebellion. She wrote Aunt Louisa a letter, which threw her into fits, talking of a separation of England and Ireland. Here is a *dish* of politicks, Dear Sophy, but one must talk a little of the subjects one hears so much of."

The following letter from the Duchess is interesting as giving a picturesque account of a rather well-known incident in Lord Edward's career. According to the ordinary version of the story, the scarf which he was wearing was a green one.

THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER TO LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"Our dearest Eddy met, as he was riding out on the Curragh, with a troop of impertinent young Officers, who bid him pull off his handkerchief (*not* a Green one). He refused, as you may believe, and said though the wearing of it was a matter of indifference before, such behaviour would confirm his wearing it for ever. Upon their insisting on it, he told them that if they would send him separate challenges he would fight them individually, if they chose it, but that nothing shou'd make him take off his Handkerchief. In the midst of this Col. Taylor happening to ride by enquired what was the matter, and was shock'd at the impertinence of these Boys, who disgrace the Army, and begg'd Edward wou'd not deign to answer them, but come with him to Genl. Dundass who express'd himself indignant at them, and desired Edward wou'd send for the



Civil Magistrate and have them severely punish'd, but upon Edward's declining it he gave out a severe reprimand in publick orders the next day. Now perhaps you have heard all this, but I think you may also know nothing about it, and in that case nothing that relates to our Beloved can come amiss: it was very disagreeable, but the Angel told Louisa that when he look'd round on all their Boyish faces, their Youth (all imagining they were doing a fine thing by stopping him) moved him, and he could not help forgiving them in his Heart; is not this so like him?"

. . . . .

The DUCHESS OF LEINSTER to LADY LUCY FITZGERALD.

"*May 1797.*—Alas I see I must not expect my Eddy! he wou'd not feel comfortable in leaving Ireland at this moment, tho' for ever so short a time. We have been reading the address from Armagh and think it finely wrote, and all the truths it contains strongly and properly express'd. Good God, how is it possible People will not attend to such obvious reasoning, the truth of which strikes one so forcibly? It is infatuation in the highest degree! But nothing can happen without the permission of God, and we must trust in His providence which will avert the Evil if best for us, or support us under it if it is to happen. I find my mind much less weak than I thought it would be. Tell my Eddy so and press him to your Heart for me. His pretty Babe is well, merry and happy. I told him something he was eating was *enough* and that more was *too much*. 'But Eddy don't like *enough*, Eddy like *too much*.' Was not that so like Papa's comical answers? It diverted Charles Fox and Lord Holland of all things! They heard him.

I think I hear my Angel Eddy so funny about it. Oh that I could hear him!"

Fortunately for the Duchess her fears that Lord

Edward would not be able to come to England proved unfounded. He came over, as we have seen, with Lady Lucy on the 24th of May. His visit, however, was a very short one, and the only person of importance whom he saw whilst he was in London was Charles James Fox. After his return the Duchess and her daughters moved about from place to place,—they walked on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, and the Barge-path at Thames Ditton, they drank the waters at Cheltenham and bathed at Bath till the month of October, when Lord Edward paid another flying visit to London, and saw his mother and sisters, for the last time. On his return journey to Ireland “he was to have gone half way with me to Cheltenham,” wrote Lady Lucy, “but he was hurried away by an Idea he had. I don’t know when I felt so miserable. Dear Mama so kind, I won’t give way to low spirits as Eddy begg’d me not.” Probably the reason for his sudden departure was the expectation of the near approach of the crisis, but subsequently it seems as if he thought that matters had quieted down sufficiently to make it safe for Lady Lucy to pay another visit to Ireland,—a visit which, as the following letter will show, was fated never to take place.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

“IRELAND, *Dec.* 19, ’97.

“MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have to thank you for two or three letters: it was lazy not to write sooner. I am now going to give you a scolding for preventing Lucia from paying me a visit: it was not fair: when she was so near

she might easily have taken the Trip, and I can not think your reasons for preventing her were good (tho' well intended). We might have had a very comfortable pleasant month, and there was not the reasons for her being so uneasy as when I was in London. However, as the thing is over, I must forgive you, and the punishment you shall have is the thoughts of having spoilt our pleasant party, for pleasant and comfortable it would have been. I am glad my Boy is so well and such a Comfort to you, dear thing. I should like to see its face listening to the Stories. Pam is recovered from the Hooping Cough, but is all broke out in Scabs and Rash: otherwise well in health. Her strength and flesh are return'd, her appetite good. I think it is something of the same humour Edward had at her age, when I left him in London with you. . . . I do think if Ogilvie could contrive to come over for a month it would do no harm. I have nothing new to tell my dear Mother from this place. The papers show you the state we are in. Wretched bad it is. Things take such a violent Turn. I have sometimes thought of sending my Pam to her Mother to have her out of the way. Do not mention this to anybody as it is yet only a Cursory thought and anyhow it would not be in the course of a couple of months. How are you going on in England? I do not think there will be peace. What does O. think? For one I should not be surprised if the French attempt an Invasion in England. I do not see how they can be prevented if the War goes on. The Country has got into a critical situation, and by all I hear is likely to remain so, for I see no sign of a change of those men who have brought it to this state. But I won't talk of Politicks for they only torment one. One sees the Mischief, but not the remedy. . . . Bless my Darling Mother. Love your affectionate and loving son Edward."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE LAST DAYS

Two months after that last letter to his mother, Lord Edward was in hiding, the proclaimed enemy of his country. Reynolds the informer, sworn a United Irishman by Lord Edward himself, had given the Government notice of the intended meeting at Bond's house, and all the leaders of the United Irish, with the exception of Lord Edward, had been arrested. On him alone centred the remaining hopes of the revolutionary party, and knowing this, he continued to hide in Dublin, being hunted day by day from house to house, although he had been informed by Mr. Ogilvie that the one wish of the Government was that he should escape from the country, and that no steps would be taken to prevent his departure. His own course and that of the Government were equally obvious. His departure would have saved them an enormous amount of anxiety, and would have put a stop to any idea of an immediate rising. On the other hand, it would have been a poor act on his part, and at variance with his whole character, to desert the cause at the eleventh hour—solely to secure his own safety,—even though forebodings of its



failure, perhaps even some idea that it was a mistake, may have exercised his mind. Nor was his determination to carry the affair through likely to be weakened by the proclamation of martial law on March the 20th. The horrors and barbaric cruelties which resulted from this last act of the frightened Government are too well known to need recalling. They have been described over and over again by partisan writers and impartial historians. All tell the same tale, that the immediate result of this proclamation was to make the rebellion inevitable. The arrest of Lord Edward on May the 19th, far from damping the ardour of his party, only added fresh fuel to the fire which was already kindled, and four days afterwards the insurrection broke out, and flamed through the country with a savage ferocity and barbarity on both sides which have never been equalled even in the annals of civil wars.

Without attempting to follow Lord Edward to his various hiding-places during the dreary period that followed, I shall return once more to Lady Lucy's journal, leaving her to tell the story of the remaining months of his life as it reached her day by day in London and at Boyle Farm. It will be convenient to resume it at the time of Arthur O'Connor's second arrest, prior to which he had had several interviews with Lady Lucy in company with his friend Burdett, "a gentleman from the North."

"*March* 2, 1798.—This morning heard of Arthur O'Connor's being taken up with three others. They were taken at Margate endeavouring to go to France. There

never was anything so grievous because it was so foolish of him not to manage it better.

*March 4.*—Nothing is known about the Prisoners, as the Privy Council are quite silent: they sit every day.

*March 8.*—They all went to Court but me. We had a nice dance in the evening, only my heart was sad for our Friend. I took pains, however, not to let it *appear*, because it is of importance not to betray fear.

*March 16.*—Heard this day that O'Connor's tryal is to come on in April. Erskine is engaged for him. I am not comfortable about the thing altogether.

*April 4.*—We went to Boyle Farm: the weather is lovely. The assurances Pamela gives me of Edward's safety help to calm my mind, yet I wish she would let me go over. She desires I won't. She says she has a reason.

*April 6.*—I had a letter from Pamela about O'Connor business. I appointed Mr. Fergusson and went to town alone to meet him in Harley Street. He was detain'd beyond the time he had fix'd. However, I saw him. I had never spoke to him before, but had no idea of any wretchedness preventing my doing *any good*, and as it happen'd it was of great consequence for me to speak with him. I returned to Boyle Farm in the evening.

*April 13.* — Henry had a letter from Aunt Louisa saying that she had had a conversation with a person high in Office (Lord Castlereagh), and that the result was that she wish'd Edward's family to use their influence with him to persuade him to go to America. This I well knew would be in vain had we had it in our power, but, alas! we had not, as we did not know where he was conceal'd: after some deliberation we agreed that Mr. Ogilvie who was going to Ireland should speak to Lady Edward to desire her to *inform* him, as she alone knew where to find him. We well know that if reason did not incline him to adopt the measure, persuasion would be useless.

*April 4.* — Mr. O. left Boyle Farm. I gave him a

letter for Pamela *intreating* her to let me go over unless she *really* had, as she said, strong motives for wishing me to stay.

*May 9.* — Heard that Mr. Ogilvie had arrived at 5 o'clock from Ireland in the Stage. He brought us assurances from Pamela of Edward's *safety*, said she seemed perfectly satisfied and in excellent spirits, that she did not wish me to go to her by any means. He brought me two lines with nothing in them in answer to the intreaties I made her to place confidence in me, at least to tell me if really she wanted me here. Mr. O. told us he was himself ignorant of Edward's place of concealment,—that seeing Lady Edward so cautious and prudent and so secure he did not press her to anything, but left all to herself.<sup>1</sup>

*May 20.*—I received a letter from Pamela telling me she was to be sent away out of Ireland.

*May 21.*—The Tryal at Maidstone (Arthur O'Connor's) came on this day. Mimi went to a masquerade as *Night*. I was gone to bed, and as she came to show herself to me in her sable garments, a kind of melancholy feel came over me which I never had before experienced anything like: it communicated itself to her. She hug'd me and cried. She hated going out she said. She look'd very pale and more lovely than ever I saw her.

*May 22.*—I sat all the evening in painful anxiety. I thought the fate of poor O'C. was then at the point of being decided. I did not know my own was seal'd!

*May 23.*—Slept little, got up very early and received a note from Burdett from Maidstone with the words "Quigley condemn'd: O'Connor acquitted." This was at 8 o'clock. Before I had recover'd the pleasure this news gave me, Mr. O. received a letter from the Duke of Portland with the account of Ed. being taken on the 20th. Mr. O. rushed out of the House and left me in uncertainty as

<sup>1</sup> On May 19, Lord Edward was captured, though the news did not reach England till the 23rd.

to the particulars, which I did not hear till I dragg'd myself to Henry's. Lady Henry told me! I was carried home, and there after some more preparation Charlotte told me he was slightly wounded in the arm. I insisted on seeing the Duke of Portland's letter: it said no more than 'Slight wound.' Ryan was the only thing that seemed to give anybody any uneasiness.

*May 24.*—Henry determined to go to Ireland. I intreated him to take me, which he refused. Mary came to see me and we went out into the fields and wept together. Still they say they *swear* his wound is not dangerous.

*May 25.*—Mary came in with a letter to her Papa from Ireland, and from expressions she used I first caught the idea, the certainty rather, of Ed.'s wound being dangerous. I fainted and was very ill. When I got home I found them still talking of his wound being slight, and they were in spirits from the accounts of Ryan being better.

*May 26.*—Nobody writes: the case is nobody dares to write from that Country: people here hardly dare to speak. The moment is awful: a universal dread and horror is on all faces.

*May 27.*—Henry set out for Ireland; he had staid for lawyers' advice. I was reconciled to his not taking me, as I see I might bring suspicion upon him, which at present don't exist, and so prevent his doing so much good. Mr. O. assures me that from the conversation he had with the Chancellor I should be sent away, which I the easier believe from Pamela being sent away: but I trust to going with Mama in a few days.

*May 28.*—Mama was at last told of his being wounded. Why was it kept so long from her? She declares positively she will go, but they persuade her she must do a great deal here first, in consequence of which she sees everybody, and our house is crowded from morning till night with friends of all descriptions. The object is to get his Tryal put off, which is fixed for the 11th. The Duke of Richmond,



Charles Fox, Lord Holland, Mr. Sheridan, G. Byng, Mr. Gray, and numberless others gave their advice, and promised to go over to Ireland at the time.

*May 30.*—Pamela arrived with her two little girls. She was accompanied by a Mr. Murphy,<sup>1</sup> a Parson, whom Lord Moira sent with her. Her spirits surprised us. The first thing was to assure us there was nothing against him, and that she was easy. The United men have risen, and in their success she sees His salvation, and so do I, but all are of a contrary opinion, and see it as fatal to Him from making Government desperate, whereas I think their *fears* will contain them; they will not dare! His wound is my only dread, and yet Pamela is easy.

*May 31.*—Mr. O. brought Pamela a passport from the Duke of Portland and a week's leave to stay in London. She is determined to stay. What monster could ask her to go? She employ'd friends (Mr. Sheridan) to get her leave to stay; this made violent altercation between her and Mr. Ogilvie, who behaves sadly to us both. The Duke of Richmond has taken Pamela under his protection and she is to stay.

*June 2.*—Two letters to Mr. O. from Mrs. Pakenham, and one at last from Aunt Louisa to Pamela, saying that he *had* been very bad and had made his will, but was better. Mama still patient and waiting instead of flying.

<sup>1</sup> *Extract from Note by Mr. Murphy's Niece.*—"When my uncle arrived with Lady E. at Lord Moira's house in London, George the IVth, then Prince of Wales, was most desirous to hear of the state of Irish affairs and to talk to the gentleman who had accompanied Lady E. to London. There was a large party invited to meet my uncle at dinner. The Prince drove up in the course of the evening, and Lord M. presented my uncle to H.R.H., who talked to him the whole evening, listening to his account of Irish affairs with great interest, and thanking my uncle over and over again for the trouble he had taken, and for his care of Lady E., for after the arrest of Ld. Edward the Privy Council ordered that his wife should go to England, and my uncle had promised to escort Lady E. there."

I miserably felt my dependant state, and the being tied down to wait the will of others when I *felt* that we were losing in deliberation the precious few remaining days. I felt obliged to them all for their efforts, but I felt they would be ineffectual. All that Human foresight could point out they are doing, but alas, Ed. was dying and alone ! My senses nearly forsook me, distrusting all, watching the motions of the insurrection, trying to recollect his injunctions, my promises to Him to be stout when *the time came*, still catching at the Hope of Mama's departure of getting at last to Ireland, to the Prison, of once more beholding my soul's treasure, perhaps dying with Him. I had recollections and thoughts enough to settle everything with Pamela to get from her all necessary information.

*June 6.*<sup>1</sup>—Mama saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The former sent a letter for the Chancellor in Ireland. The latter promised to speak to the King to have the trial put off. Both show'd much good nature. Mr. B., a cousin of ours, was with Mama all day. He is a friend of Mr. Pitt's. The fuss of this Day was beyond all conception ; at last at 6 o'clock Mama and Mimi set out ; we were to overtake them next day.

*June 7.*—Mr. O., Sophia and I set out. At Towcester a messenger overtook us. On seeing him I guess'd my misfortune.

*June 8.*—We overtook Mama at Coles Hill at 5 o'clock in the morning."

Here Lady Lucy's journal ceases abruptly, and no further entry was made for many days ; the story of her brother's life is completed by the correspondence in the next chapter,—the saddest of all these sad letters.

<sup>1</sup> Two days after Lord Edward's death, the news of which had not reached England.

## CHAPTER XIII

### IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER  
(endorsed "on a painful subject").

"OUR dear Lady Edward has commissioned me to tell you that she entreats you will rest satisfied that your beloved Son has never put pen to paper that could injure him. She hopes that his escape is effected, and she means to remain in Dublin to take care of his affairs, and to let her conduct be known to whoever pleases to enquire about her. She has already met with all the good nature that she is so well entitled to, for anything more lovely or becoming to her situation than her manner is I never saw. It is natural, sensible, resign'd, and religious, and of course moving to the last degree. . . . I therefore trust in God her health has not materially suffered. She charg'd me to give her love to you and to tell you how happy she is that her dear Boy is with you, and that she would write to you as soon as she was able, as there is nothing but reports, and that no authentic account whatever can be obtained for some time. We must, my dearest, my beloved sister, submit to a most painful anxiety, hoping the best, and thankful for one blessing that attends few others in Dearest Edward's situation,—his natural charming Excellent character, that has gained him so many friends, that those who differ most in sentiment with him lament more than blame. Oh, what dreadful times do we live in. But I will not let myself go to the feelings that my heart is bursting with."

Mrs. PAKENHAM to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

*"March 20, 1798.*

"MY DEAREST SOPHIA,—I feel very much at a loss how to write to you, and yet when events have happened that must give you so much concern I cannot be silent; the arrest of a number of Persons in Dublin last week, and the sudden departure of Lord Edward, has been too Publick a thing for you not to have heard of it, and too unpleasant a circumstance to your family not to have given me the very greatest concern. I know not, my dearest Sophia, what may be your way of thinking about Politicks; unfortunately for these countries few people are at this moment free and impartial on that Subject; Mr. Pakenham's situation and opinions attaches him strongly (and of course me) to the existing Government here, but we do not, and I hope we never shall let any opinions alter our private Friendship, and though I may disagree in opinion with many, I do not love, regard, esteem or feel in any possible way for them one bit the less for their not seeing things in the same light that I do. Government have found the Act of Power necessary, and altho' we are not among those who blame them for it, and as the Country fear it was necessary, we lament it as much in general as any people can do, and in particular most sincerely deplore the distress it has occasioned to our Friends, and would do anything in our power to alleviate it. Lady Edward, I believe, does us the justice to believe this fully, as she has conversed with me since with a degree of kindness that shows her good sense can distinguish between publick necessity and private regard. She seems to have kept up her spirits, and to speak and act with a degree of coolness and good sense that does her infinite credit, and that may be of essential service to Lord Edward's affairs; her health, I am also happy to find, is mending, and I imagine and hope, for her sake, she has means of corresponding with Lord Edward."



LADY SARAH NAPIER to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

" April 24.

"Donny was strongly affected by the news I was at last forced to communicate to him about Dear Edward—the Warrant, &c. In five minutes after he said, 'Sit down, write to Pamela to come here the moment she is able, and to rest assured she shall never find a heart here not ready to receive her and her child.' So said so done, and Pamela *was* to come, when behold the dear little soul lay ill, as I should not have known but for Dear, Dear Lady Moira, who has acted like a Mother, a tender Mother, by her. She was to have dined there the very day, and Lady Moira laments she did not, as she then could have kept her to lie in at Moira's house. But she sat with her till the Doctor came, and when Mrs. Farrel began to be grand and to want to go back to Lady Powerscourt, Lady Moira gave her a good scold, and said if she stirred from the bedside she would get Lady Grannard's nurse-tender instantly; so kept her in good order. The Doctor is our old Dr. Melly, a famous good surgeon and midwife in a second line of life, and showed the greatest skill and attention (Clark having displeased Edward long ago) in that poor little Pamela was not *délaissée*, though from her giving no notice she might have been so, dear soul; upon Lady Moira's first letter I was going, but Lady Castlereagh had told my sister of it, and she went, and I believe wrote to your Mother. I reserved my visit till the third day, and found her feverish, low and weak, but having no fears of difficulty with the milk, which ran in plenty, and the infant quite well. Her house is very quiet and comfortable; her family too large for her purse I fear, but for the moment very necessary. The Nurse-tender and Sophia for her, Mrs. Small and a little girl for Pamela, and the young Lucy, Mr. Small and two boys for errands, who, I suppose, are some of dear Edward's bits of poor children he is so generous about. She

was strongly affected on seeing me, and, in spite of my avoiding the subject, gave me renewed and repeated proofs that *nothing* could be done to him, even if he was in Government hands. Indeed I wanted not such assurances, but they are always pleasant, and she explained about the *Map* so talked of. It was an anonymous *essay* on the possibility of the Citizens of Dublin defending themselves against any attack, whether military or other, if they chose it. Edward seemed to treat it as of no sort of consequence to Lady Edward, who had asked him about it, and he had even laughed at the Idea of its being taken in his Papers, and of the *Importance* Government would attach to what *he* thought so un-important, and it seems that the Author no sooner heard of it than he went to Government to *avow* it. Lady Edward never saw the man, so there is the *mouse brought forth by the mountain*.

I hope you can read cross writing."

From LORD EDWARD'S NIECE, LADY MARY FITZGERALD.

"The Prince said so many kind things to Dear Papa about the darling Edward that he was quite affected. Kildare and Bill are gone to see the Prince. You see by the papers that the *Devils* have offered £1000 reward for the precious creature. William heard one of the strange servants speaking of the Proclamation down stairs, and the little Fellow immediately said, 'I'll be damn'd if they take him now'; was it not so spirited? The rigours and *horrors* practised out of spite on Papa's tenants is dreadful beyond conception."

The DUCHESS OF LEINSTER to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"May 21.

"Lucy had a letter from Pamela desiring her not to write any more to Ireland, as she had determined upon

going to Hamburgh with her two girls, as she thought she should be easier there among her friends, and mentions Mme. de Genlis being in a bad state of health, and the comfort it would be to her to see her. She gives no other reason for leaving Ireland, but it is reported that she has been desired to do so: this may or may *not* be true, but we don't believe it." (As a matter of fact Lady Edward *had* been ordered by the Government to leave the country.)

"Mr. Ogilvie had a letter this morning from Emily Bellamont, who tells him that her house and Papers have been searched. The messenger brought her a most polite letter from the Duke of Portland, full of excuses for the trouble it must give her, but informing her it was a Duty he ow'd the Publick, as he had received information that her brother Lord Edward had been there and left Boxes that were supposed to contain Papers in her hands. This mistake arose from Mr. Ogilvie's Visit, and his having brought her from Ireland a small Box with Irish snuff and Tooth powder. She says she did not feel the least alarmed, being so perfectly satisfied they would find nothing in her House, poor dear quiet soul."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to WILLIAM OGILVIE, Esq.<sup>1</sup>

"CASTLETOWN, *May* 21, 1798.

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—I was too ill yesterday to write, but as there sailed no packet, I have an opportunity of letting my letter go now among the first, with the sad narrative of Saturday night's proceedings. Which of poor Edward's bad friends betrayed him, or whether, through the vigilance of the town magistrates, he was apprehended at nine o'clock that night, I know not, but, at a house in Thomas Street, Mr. Sirr, the town-major, Mr. Ryan (printer of Faulkener's *Journal*), and Mr. Swan (a magistrate), got information of him, and had a small party of soldiers to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ogilvie was at this time in London.



*Lady Edward Fitz Gerald & her daughter Pamela.*





surround the house. Mr. Sirr was settling the party, and advised Ryan and Swan not to be in haste; but they hastily ran up stairs, and forced open the door where he was asleep. He instantly fired a pistol at Mr. Ryan, who we have this day hopes will recover. Upon Mr. Swan's approaching him, he stabbed Mr. Swan with a dagger, but that wound is not considered dangerous.

Mr. Sirr, upon hearing the resistance, ran up stairs, and thinking that Edward was going to attack him, fired a pistol at him, which wounded Edward in the shoulder, but not dangerously. He was then carried prisoner to the Castle, where Mr. Stewart (the surgeon-general) was ordered to attend him. He dressed his wound, and pronounces it not to be dangerous. Lord Camden had ordered an apartment for him, but the magistrates claimed him, on account of his having wounded their people. He was therefore carried to Newgate, and, after the first burst of feeling was over, I hear that he was quite composed.

Mr. Pakenham has promised to inquire if he wants any comfort or convenience that can be sent him in prison; and I am going to town this evening, meaning to see Mr. Stewart, the surgeon, to know from him what may be wanted. I am also going for the purpose of hearing whether this event makes any alteration in the determinations respecting Lady Edward's leaving the country. If it is necessary that she should still go, I shall wish to hurry her off, and will in another letter write you more particulars about her. In the mean time, I have had the satisfaction of hearing, that she bore the shock yesterday better than one could expect, and she had some sleep last night.

As soon as Edward's wound was dressed, he desired the private secretary at the Castle (Mr. Watson, I believe, is the name) to write for him to Lady Edward, and to tell her what had happened. The secretary carried the note himself. Lady Edward was at Moira House, and a servant of Lady Mountcashell's came soon after, to forbid Lady

Edward's servants saying anything to her that night. Poor Miss Napier, with my Emily, were at the play that night, with Lady Castlereagh and Mrs. Pakenham, in the next box to the Lord Lieutenant's, where the news was brought to him, and of course the two poor girls heard it all. Miss Napier was so overcome that Lady Castlereagh went out with her, and Miss Napier went instantly to Moira House, knowing Lady Edward to be there. Lady Moira forbid her telling her that night, so that Miss Napier made some foolish pretence to go home with her, and she has never left Lady Edward since. Mr. Pakenham made Louisa Pakenham keep Emily in the box, as they feared that all running out of the box might have the appearance of some riot; and I believe it might be better, but the poor little soul was wretched, as you may imagine. The next morning (being yesterday), Miss Napier told Lady Edward, and she bore it better than she expected; but Mr. Napier, who went to town, brought us word that her head seemed still deranged, and that no judgement could yet be formed about her. He and Sarah are gone again this morning. I wait for the evening, as I wish to go a little better prepared with advice than I could hitherto have been.

It is my intention to entreat for leave to see him (nobody has been permitted to go since he was carried to Newgate), but I will wait to see surgeon Stewart, and know first the state of his health, and if he would like to see me. The trial, it is thought, will not come on immediately, but as reports are the only information I have upon that head, I shall postpone saying more until I am better informed. My astonishment at finding that Edward was in Dublin can only be equalled by his imprudence in being in it. I had felt such security, at being sure of his having left Dublin Bay, added to the belief, from the Duke of Portland's office, that he had left the English coast in a boat, that I scarcely felt startled when the Proclamation came out, though I began to wonder why it took place.

I received yours of the 15th yesterday morning, with the bad account of the poor Duchess of Leinster's state of health. It affected me, certainly, but under the impression of Edward's misfortune, I could feel no other equal to what *that* has brought upon us. I am very sorry that the poor Duke still deceives himself about her.

This last week has been a most painful one to us. Maynooth, Kilcock, Leixlip, and Celbridge, have had part of a Scotch regiment quartered at each place, living upon free quarters, and every day threatening to burn the towns. I have spent days in entreaties and threats, to give up the horrid pikes. Some houses burnt at Kilcock yesterday produced the effect. Maynooth held out yesterday, though some houses were burnt and some people punished. This morning, the people of Leixlip are bringing in their arms. Celbridge as yet holds out, though five houses are now burning. Whether obstinacy, or that they have them not, I cannot say, but you may imagine what Mr. Conolly and I suffer. He goes about entreating to the last,—spent all yesterday out among them, and to-day is gone again. He goes from Maynooth to Leixlip and Celbridge, and begins again and again to go round them.

We have fortunately two most humane officers, that do not do more than is absolutely necessary from their orders. At present I feel most prodigiously sunk with all the surrounding distress, but I am determined to exert myself, for the little use I may be of. It would grieve you to see Mr. Conolly's good heart so wounded as it is.—Yours affectionately,  
L. C."

The following graphic account of Lord Edward's arrest, which was contributed by Lord Frederick FitzGerald to the *Journal of the Kildare County Archæological Society*, is of special value inasmuch as it is the statement of an actual eye-witness of the events :—



"This extract," writes Lord Frederick, "is taken from the original narrative written by Mr. Nicholas Murphy, at whose house (now No. 151 Thomas Street) Lord Edward FitzGerald was arrested. The narrative is dated November 29, 1831, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Leinster, at Carton.

Murphy was confined in Newgate as a State prisoner, without being brought to trial, for fifty-five weeks. During this time his house was occupied as a barrack, and all his goods were looted or destroyed."

#### "ARREST OF THE LATE LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

On the night of Friday, the 18th of May, 1798, Lord Edward FitzGerald came to my house, No. 153 Thomas Street, in company with a lady,<sup>1</sup> about the hour of ten or eleven o'clock at night. I did expect him the previous evening, and the reason I state this is, that a friend of his came to me, and requested that I would receive him, as he wished to move from where he was at present. I was getting the house cleaned down and scoured, and I brought his friend in, and he saw the persons employed as I told him; he mentioned that it was not intended to remove him immediately, but said, 'I think a week or ten days would answer.' I assented, and indeed with reluctance. However, I made no mention of that. In a few days previous to Lord Edward's coming the Government had offered One Thousand Pounds Reward for his apprehension. I certainly felt very uneasy at this circumstance, and I wished very much to see Lord Edward's friend, and where to see him I did not know. As a man of honour I wished to keep my word, and I could not think of refusing him admittance

<sup>1</sup> A Mrs. Moore, in whose husband's house, No. 119 Thomas Street, Lord Edward had been previously concealed.

when he came. Unfortunately for him and myself, I did so. I expected him on Thursday, but he did not come till Friday, 18th May, '98. I perceived he looked very bad from what he appeared when I saw him before. The lady that came with him did not stay long, and I made a tender of my services to go home with her as she lived in the neighbourhood. There was a person we met on our way that I believe was waiting for her. I had some knowledge of him myself, so I returned to the house with a troubled mind.

Lord Edward told me he was very bad with a cold, and it was easy to perceive it. I had procured for him some whey, and put some sherry wine in it. At this time he appeared quite tranquil, and went up to the room intended for him; the back room in the attic story. In the morning he came down to breakfast, and appeared better than the night before. The friend that spoke to me concerning him came, I believe, about eleven o'clock; then it came out for the first time an account of the *rencontre* that took place the night before between Lord Edward's party and Major Sirr's.<sup>1</sup> It's perfectly clear in my humble judgment that Major Sirr had known of his removal and the direction that he intended to take; for his party and Lord Edward's party came in contact in a place called Island Street, the lower end of Watling Street; they there met, and a skirmish took place, and in the confusion Lord Edward got off. However, one of the party<sup>2</sup> was taken, but could not, I believe, be identified. I found my situation now very painful, but nothing to what it was afterwards.

In the course of the day (Saturday, 19th) a guard of soldiers, and I believe Major Swan, Major Sirr, a Mr. Medicot, and another, were making a search at a Mr. Moore, Yellow Lion, in Thomas Street. A friend came and mentioned the circumstance to me. I immediately mentioned it to Lord E., and had him conveyed out of the house in a valley of one of the warehouses. While I was doing this,

<sup>1</sup> The Town Major.

<sup>2</sup> William M'Cabe.

Mr. N.<sup>1</sup> came and inquired of the girl if I was at home. I believe she said not. 'Bid him be cautious,' I think, was what she told me he said. I considered that conduct very ill-timed; however, I am led to believe it was well-intended. On Saturday morning, the day of the arrest, there came a single rap of the door. I opened it myself, and a woman with a bundle appeared, and inquired if that was Mr. M.<sup>2</sup> I said it was; she informed me she came from Mrs. M.,<sup>3</sup> and was desired to leave that bundle there. I knew not what it contained, but to my surprise, when I opened it, I found it to be a uniform of a very beautiful green colour, gimpt or braided down the front, with crimson or rose-colour cuffs, and a cape. There were two dresses—one a long-skirted coat, vest and pantaloons; the other a short jacket that came round quite close, and braided in front; there was also a pair of overalls that buttoned from the hip to the ankle, with, I think, black Spanish leather inside; I suppose they were intended for riding. The bundle contained a cap of a very fanciful description, extremely attractive, formed exactly like a sugar-loaf, or, as Mr. Moore says, conically; that part that went round the forehead green, the upper part crimson, with a large silk tassel, and would incline one side or the other occasionally when on the head. After placing Lord E. in the valley of the warehouse, I came down in a little time, and stood at the gate; the soldiers still at Mr. M.<sup>4</sup> I perceived four persons walking in the middle of the street, some of them in uniform; I believe Yeomen. I believe Major Swan, Captain Medlicot,<sup>5</sup> &c., was of the party. Toward four o'clock Lord E. came down to dinner. Everything was supposed to be still now at this time. S. N.<sup>6</sup> came to see us; dinner nearly ready; I asked S. N. to stay and dine, which he accepted. Nothing particular occurred

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Samuel Neilson.<sup>2</sup> Murphy.<sup>3</sup> Moore.<sup>4</sup> Moore's.<sup>5</sup> Of the City of Dublin Militia.<sup>6</sup> Samuel Neilson.

except speaking on a variety of subjects, when Mr. N., as if something struck him, went out leaving us together. There was very little wine taken; Lord E. was very abstemious; in a short time I went out. Now the tragedy commenced. I wished to leave Lord E. to himself. I was absent, I suppose, about an hour; I came to the room where we dined, being the back drawing-room. He was not there. I went to the sleeping-room. He was in bed. It was at this time about seven o'clock. I asked him to come down to tea. I was not in the room three minutes when in came Major Swan and a person following him with a soldier's jacket, and a sword in his hand; he wore a round cap. When I saw Major Swan, I was thunderstruck. I put myself before him, and asked his business. He looked over me and saw Lord E. in the bed. He pushed by me quickly, and Lord E., seeing him, sprang up instantly, and drew a dagger which he carried about him, and wounded Major Swan slightly, I believe. Major Swan had a pistol which he fired without effect; he immediately turned to me and gave me a severe thrust of the pistol under the left eye, at the same time desiring the person that came in with him to take me into custody. I was immediately taken away to the yard; there I saw Major Sirr and about six soldiers of the Dumbarton Fencibles. Major Swan thought proper to run as fast as he could to the street, and I think he never looked behind him till he got out of danger, and he was then parading the flags, exhibiting his linen, which was stained with blood. Mr. Ryan supplied Major Swan's place, and came in contact with Lord E., and was wounded seriously. Major Sirr at that time came upstairs, and, keeping a respectful distance, fired a pistol shot at Lord E. in a very deliberate manner, and wounded him in the upper part of the shoulder. Reinforcements coming in, Lord E. surrendered after a very hard struggle. Lord Edward was imprisoned in Newgate.

. . . . .



Two surgeons<sup>1</sup> attended daily on Lord E. FitzGerald. It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice cry out, 'Come on! come on! damn you! come on!' He spoke so loud that the people in the street gathered to listen to him. He died the next day early in the morning, on the 3rd of June. The surgeon attended and opened the body. Then he was seen for the first time by the prisoners. He had about his neck a gold chain suspending a locket with hair in it. Thus died one of the bravest of men, from a conviction, I believe, that he wished to ameliorate the condition of his country. I shall endeavour to describe his person. I believe he was about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and a very interesting countenance; beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, a beautiful nose and high forehead, thick dark-coloured hair, brown, or inclining to black. I think he was very like the late Lady Louisa Connolly about the nose and eyes. Any person he addressed must admire his manner, it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling; as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady, and when necessary as brave as a lion. He was altogether a very nice and elegant formed man. Peace to his *manes*."

*Note by Lord Walter FitzGerald.*

"The two informers implicated in the betrayal of Lord Edward were Francis Higgins (proprietor of *The Freeman's Journal*, at that time a paper in the interest of the Government), and Francis Magan, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. On the 20th of June, '98, Francis Higgins was paid the Government reward of £1000 for Edward's capture.<sup>2</sup>

Lord Edward's remains were placed in a vault under the

<sup>1</sup> The attendants on Lord Edward were a Mr. Garnett, a Mr. Kinsley, and Surgeon Leake.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* FitzPatrick's "Secret Service under Pitt."

East End of St. Werburgh's Church in Dublin; and, owing to the then damp state of these vaults, it became necessary to renew the coffin three times, viz.:—In February, 1844, by the orders of Lord Edward's daughter, Lady Campbell; again, in 1874, by the 4th Duke of Leinster; and lastly, in May, 1896, by the Trustees of the Leinster Estates."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to LADY SARAH NAPIER.

"May 22, 1798.

"MY DEAREST SAL,—Poor Lady Edward *is* to go; when I brought her the passport this morning, it threw her into sad distress, for she had hoped I could prevail upon them to let her live in prison with him. Lord Castlereagh told me, that it had been a determination, at the beginning of all this particular business, not to admit the friends at all, and that it had not been departed from in any one instance; and that, if Mrs. Emmet saw her husband, it was by stealth and contrary to the most positive order. I tried for *one* day before she went; but *that*, Lady Edward says, she would not have ventured, on account of his wound, lest it should have caused him fever. Lindsay brought word to-day that he was better. Lady Edward will have her choice of a Parkgate or Holyhead packet on Thursday morning, at five o'clock. I shall, therefore, stay in Dublin till that time, to put her on board, to pay her the last little friendly office in my power.

In the House of Commons, to-day, the discovery of the conspiracy was announced, which they report to have been found out, but just in due time, as this week was to have completed it. Two men, of the name of Sheares, have been taken up; in the pocket of one of them a proclamation was found, intended for distribution after that Dublin should be in their possession; and in Mr. Braughal's pocket, a letter addressed to him saying, '*Get off as soon as you can, for we are discovered.*' I vouch for nothing, but tell you what I

have heard; and know nothing for certain, but my own wretchedness. God bless you dearest dear Sal.—Ever yours,  
L. CONOLLY."

Mrs. PAKENHAM to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

"DUBLIN, *May* 27, 1798.

"Poor Lady E. is probably with you by this time, and as I know the Surgeon writes her constant accounts of his health, I can tell you nothing further on that subject but what you will know from her, except that upon inquiry I find, an Officer, a Gentleman, is appointed to remain with him, that he may have every comfort that care and attention can supply under such melancholy circumstances, which preclude all possible offices of Friendship, else they would not be wanting towards him."

LORD HENRY FITZGERALD to WILLIAM OGILVIE, Esq.

"*May* 31, '98.

"MY DEAR O.—I am just arrived. Ryan died last night. Edward was in the greatest danger for two days, convulsed about the neck and shoulders, and apprehensions entertained of a lock-jaw, this by what I can understand from Lindsay was while the Inflammation lasted, but an immense discharge of matter has relieved Him from Agony and Danger; there is a swelling come under the arm, which Lindsay thinks may be possibly the Balls or Slugs (these are his words), making their way down. Lindsay told me He was not dejected. He hears no news whatever and knows nothing of what is going on,—dreadful work indeed. He has been served you know with the Notice to prepare for his Tryal on the 11th of June: this was served previous to the death of Ryan. Spencer is killed defending his home at Rathangan. Mr. Hamilton called on me in a great fuss what to do; said there was no going down there,

but I advised tell Leinster, for Him at least to write word down, to have seals put on all Papers, relating to His estate, with Duke of Leinster wrote on paper at the outside. Mr. Hamilton says if all these papers are destroyed the consequences may be dreadful. George Ponsonby is in the Country but I hope to see him soon, and Curran, who are retained. No words can convey to you an Idea of the situation of affairs here, but I have confined myself to facts that interest Us only, and I think I have mentioned all those of consequence. Mr. Hamilton said he would get Mr. Panvov to write to Rathangan. There is an officer always with Edward, but how dreadful the Idea that I shall not be allowed to see Him. Aunt Louisa was refused. I mean however to try immediately through the Lord Lieutenant. My Dear O., when I think of this Tryal coming on at a moment when People's minds are so heated and during the time of Insurrection, I own I shudder. Also recollect the situation from His wounds. I have told you everything material on this dreadful business, so God bless you.

HENRY.

The Bulletins published at the Castle mention that Everywhere that the Insurgents have been attacked success has attended the Troops. There are thousands of Accounts as you may suppose; but they all tend to this. They say they are in great force in Wexford, but I will not go on with these Reports. I apprehend no Danger for Myself, although I am told that I do if the soldiers were not to like the cut of my coat, as Shakespeare says. Dublin is quite quiet, notwithstanding the executions every day."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to WILLIAM OGILVIE, Esq.

"CASTLETOWN, *June 1, 1798.*

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—I have this instant received your two letters of the 26th and 28th of May, and have written to Lord Castlereagh, to entreat for the *order of*



*silence* in the papers. I trust it will be complied with, because it cannot impede the course of justice; and, if I may judge by dear Lord Castlereagh's distress about all this business, I fancy Government mean to soften the distress as much as possible, and of course will accede to a thing that cannot counteract justice.

I am so entirely of your opinion about dear Edward that his heart could never be brought to the guilt imputed to him, that I begin to rest my afflicted soul in *hope*, and do not yet give it up; though it was a sad blow to me, yesterday, to hear of Ryan's death. It is said he died of a fever; but when once all the circumstances of that affray come to be known, I do verily believe that it can only be brought in manslaughter, in his own defence. However, in the confused state that all things are in, and the mystery that involves the truth, every new thing creates doubt and alarm. I have also written to Lord Castlereagh, to know the mode of proceeding *now*; for, upon the idea of Ryan's recovery, he had told me, that trial was out of the question.

Louisa Pakenham, who sees Doctor Lindsay every day, sends me constant accounts of dear Edward, who suffers less; and the accounts of yesterday are better than I have had yet, as his appetite and sleep were better. But Lindsay cannot pronounce him out of danger until the balls are extracted, which is not yet the case, though the discharge one day was so great as to make him expect it. The warm weather has been against him.

My two letters to poor Lady Edward directed to you, contained all the accounts concerning him, which made it unnecessary to write to you. I long to hear of her arrival in London, and whether she will have permission to remain there. I hope the Duke of Portland will let her stay. I must, for ever and ever, repeat my firm belief of her innocence, as far as *acts of treason*. That she should know dear Edward's opinions, and endeavour to secrete him when in danger of being taken, I easily believe; and where is the

wife that would not do so? As Mr. Conolly justly says, no good man can ever impute *that* as guilt in her. However, I believe that under the illiberal prejudice that has been against her, as a Frenchwoman, ever since she came to Ireland, and which has much increased upon this occasion, I believe it was safer to send her to England. God bless her, poor soul! She is to be pitied more than can be expressed; and I never knew how much I loved her, till she became so unfortunate.

I wrote word in my last, that Edward had made his will. Lieutenant Stone, of the Derry Militia, has been appointed to stay with him: he is a good man, and I hear that Edward is pleased with him, and got him to write his will, which Stewart and Lindsay signed. I hear that dear Henry is just landed: I am very glad of it. I felt sure he would come, but I thought you would stay with my poor sister. Oh, good God, what is to become of her? I hardly dared read your letters this morning. Her wish to come over, I also expected; and it is so natural, that I think it must be the best for her, and yet I *dare not* advise. The trial, I hear, is to be the 20th of next month. I shall beg of Lord Castlereagh, when he sends this letter, to tell you as many particulars as he can upon that subject. And now, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, that I have said all I know about him, I must inform you of the dreadful state of this country.

The *pikes* prove the intended mischief to any body's understanding, without being in the secrets of either government or the United Men, and the rebellion is actually begun. The north, south, and west, are perfectly quiet, and we have every reason to believe the militia are true to the existing government; so that Leinster is the province devoted to scenes of bloodshed and misery. As yet, there does not appear to be any leader that can be dangerous, and their depending on numbers (which they endeavour to collect by force, as they pass through the country) shows great want of skill; for the numbers must embarrass instead

of assisting, and the consequence has been, the loss of hundreds of those poor creatures, who confess they do not know what they are going to fight for.

There have been several skirmishes in this neighbourhood: two hundred of them forced through our gates, and passed across our front lawn at three o'clock on Saturday morning last, the 26th, when I saw them; but they went through quietly. However, it is thought prudent to put our house into a state of defence: we are about it now, and we shall remain in it. If I had not for ever experienced the goodness of God upon trying occasions, I should be at a loss to account for my total want of feeling as to personal danger; but, knowing His mercy, I feel at this moment a safer natural strength, that can only be sent me from Him.

My heart is almost borne down with what I feel about dear Edward and the family. His mother and wife are two sores that I can find no balm for; and I sometimes am almost sinking under it, but I do not let it get so much the better of me, as not to think of everything that can serve him; but, alas! how little is in my power, being in no secrets whatever!

But to return to the rebels: they have a camp at Blackmore Hill, near Rushborough; are in possession of Lord Miltown's house, another camp at Taragh, and another at Stapletown, near the Bog of Allen. At Dunboyne, the first breaking out appeared; and the town is burnt down all to a few houses. Mr. Conolly tells me, that the destruction in the county, from Sallins to Kilcullen bridge, made him sick, and that many years cannot restore the mischief. We are happy in having been able to preserve Celbridge, and the poor people, I trust, will find that *we* are their best friends at last. You may be sure that we are protecting them to the best of our power. God bless you. I will endeavour to keep a journal of what passes here: I shall pretend to no more, for I can know but little of what passes in Dublin.—Yours affectionately, L. CONOLLY."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL to WILLIAM OGILVIE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have learnt this evening that Mr. Silvester the Messenger is the last person arrived from Dublin, and is enabled to give the latest information of Lord Edward's health, and if what I hear be true I should conceive it essentially necessary that you should see him before you set out for Ireland. I trust in God that the accounts are greatly exaggerated, and I flatter myself that this excellent young man will recover to prove to the World his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge by a persecuting and vindictive Government; above all I trust that the Duchess will be enabled by Providence to bear with fortitude this trying hour of affliction. May I hope that you will not attribute this intrusion on your time (which at this moment must be valuable) to any officious or impertinent zeal, but to its true motive, the sincere and heartfelt interest I have in the Duchess of Leinster's actual situation. Believe me, my dear Sir, with real Truth,—Your very sincere and faithful friend,

JOHN RUSSELL.

If you have good accounts of Ld. Edward's health, it would be gratifying to me if you would take the trouble to write a single line."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to WILLIAM OGILVIE, Esq.

"DUBLIN, *June 4*, 1798.

"MY DEAR MR. OGILVIE,—At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace; and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday, he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But,



in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'

Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman': and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

When we left him, we told him, that as he appeared

inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do'; but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after, Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go'; and then rambled a little about militia, and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'

I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead.—Ever yours,

L. C."

From an old family servant to LADY MARY FITZGERALD.

"I must, oh yes, I must write to you myself about your poor,—unfortunate, no, not unfortunate, but now happy Uncle Edward. Oh, yes, I must tell you that he is gone to everlasting happiness. The Almighty has withdrawn him from this wretched World! Your Uncle and Lady Louisa saw him for a moment before he went to his God, and he

knew them, and said it was heaven. He prayed a great deal since his confinement: he was full of confidence and hope in his God, through the merits of his blessed Lord and Redeemer, he said, and at 2 o'clock this morning resign'd his soul into the hands of that great, just and merciful God.

Oh! the horrors of last Sunday night! how can they ever be forgotten: Yes my dear Lady Mary, at ten o'clock your dear respectable Aunt and your tender, affectionate, almost frantick Uncle left this house. Oh! how does my heart follow them through the dark and dismal recesses of that prison, to that abode of misery, to that bed of death. Oh yes, my poor dear afflicted Friends, I as much witnessed the agonising scenes they went through, as if I had really been on the sad spot. Alas! my loves, the kind visit was rather late, but, God be praised, your poor suffering Uncle knew them. Yes, my dears, seeing those two beloved faces smoothed his passage to a better world, and softened even the bitterness of death. I am sure it did, for he smiled, and said it was Heaven! Oh, if you knew how your poor Uncle behaved during the time of his confinement. He was meek and gentle as a lamb, my dears; his sufferings did not extort a single complaint: he did not murmur. He was all dignity, courage, patience, submission. He prayed to his God and trusted in Him. He had the Bible, that never-failing source of comfort, read to him, the death of his Saviour repeatedly. Burn this."

It was on June 4 that Lord Edward breathed his last. On that and the preceding two days Dr. Armstrong Garnett, the surgeon who was in attendance upon him, kept a careful record of all that took place, from hour to hour, in his prison cell. This diary, which in 1898 was presented to Lord Frederick FitzGerald by Dr. Garnett's surviving grand-

children, I am able, thanks to Lord Frederick's courtesy, to reproduce here.

"NEWGATE, June 2, 1798.

"I was introduced to Lord Edward Fitzgerald by Cap<sup>t</sup>. Stone at about half-past three o'Clock this day—his countenance showed a great degree of wildness mixed with that kind of expression that accompanies pain. He thanked Cap<sup>t</sup>. Stone for his attention to him, and expressed some sorrow at parting from him. I assured him that he should experience the utmost care from me in what regarded his health or his comfort, for which he thanked me, and added that it was comfortable to him to think that he should have a Medical Person near him. This Interview lasted but a few Minutes.

I returned to his room in about half an hour, he then complained of some headache; he feared, he said, that some degree of fever was coming on him; his tongue was a little foul and his Pulse frequent and fluttering, his wounds he said were not painful. I proposed leaving him alone that he might try to compose himself to sleep, as I hoped it would be of use to him, he asked me, If I was not to sleep in the next room to him. I answered that I was. He then asked me, If I slept soundly or was easily awoke. I answered that the least noise awoke me.—Having left him I set about pitching my bed and arranging matters in the room appointed for me. While I was employed in this manner one of the Prisoners ran into my room to say that they were preparing for an execution at the Front of the Prison, and in few minutes after a second Person ran in to make the same report.—The first Impression on my mind was that these People had come with the view of calling off my attention from Lord Edw<sup>d</sup>. and thus of affording an opportunity for some Person on the Watch to communicate with him. But the horror I have of being Witness to



an execution would alone have defeated such a design. I continued to arrange matters in my room: One of the windows of it looked into the Porch leading from the outer to the inner gate of the Prison. By looking obliquely thro' this window the space in the front of the Prison could be seen thro' the Barrs of the front gate; when these reports were made to me I looked out and seeing nothing like the crowd that attends executions I was the more strongly confirmed in my first Suspicion. It was now nearly five o'Clock. I ordered some dinner and went into Lord Edward's room. I asked him how he was, he answered pretty well. I asked him if his wounds were painfull, he answered, No, that he was easy. He then asked, 'Is not your name Garnett, Sir?' I answered it was: he added, 'I hope, Sir, I do not take you from more important occupations.' I answered that my most important occupation was the attendance on the sick, and that I trusted his Lordship would have no reason to complain of any want of care or vigilance. I mentioned that I had brought some books with me, and that I should be ready to read to him whenever he was disposed to be amused in that way; he thanked me and said he would trouble me sometimes when I thought it would not be hurtfull to him. While this conversation was passing I heard the trampling of horses, and a confused noise at the front of the Prison. On looking out at one of the windows of Lord Edward's room, I saw Parties of several of the Corps of Yeomanry drawing up at the front of the Prison; this at once removed the Suspicions I had entertained, and I was satisfied that an execution was to take place.

The noise and the words of those without, which were heard distinctly enough to convey an Idea of what was going forward, evidently agitated Lord E. The word *Croppy* was frequently repeated and *damn all the Croppies*, and I wish all the Croppies were hanged and exclamations to that effect, were frequently uttered; I drew up the windows to

exclude the noise as much as possible, and I retired to my own room, lest he should enquire what the tumult proceeded from. On looking out at the window I saw that kind of expression on the countenances of the Yeomen that were attending, that showed they were listening to an address from the Criminal and I could hear a Serjeant, leaning on his Halbert, repeat after him that he died a bad soldier: almost immediately a sudden Crash made by the falling of the Machine on which the Criminal stood. And the expression of countenance of those in attendance convinced me that he was launched into Eternity.

While I was reflecting on the novelty of my situation, and had my thoughts awfully called to a consideration of what had taken place during the short time that I had been within these walls (it was 20 minutes after six), I was called by the man in attendance on Lord Edw<sup>d</sup>. with great hurry & eagerness. I found him in a state of excessive agitation, his tongue was thrust forward between his teeth and his Jaws were closed by the most rigid spasm. I forced his Jaws asunder with some difficulty by means of a spatula covered with linen, and thus defended his tongue from any further wound than it had already suffered. After about half an hour's attendance, the Spasm subsided and he spoke, he complained of the Involuntary Protrusion of his tongue, and of a troublesome catching about his Jaws; his Wounds also, he said were painfull. By degrees, however, these symptoms subsided. The noise at the front of the Prison now increased, and the words 'Cut him down,' 'Cut him down' were distinctly heard. Soon after I heard the words 'don't touch him,' 'damn you, don't touch him,' and a shot was fired. All this evidently agitated Lord Edw<sup>d</sup>. and he immediately cried out, 'God look down upon those that suffer! *God preserve me and have Mercy on me, and on those that act with me.*'

The troops that attended the execution soon began to retire, and he became calm. It was now a quarter past six,

and the Nurse brought up some tarts for his dinner, he consented to eat them & I retired to my room where I made a hurried meal. Just as I had finished it Mr. Gregg (the Goaler) came in: he informed me that the Criminal who had been executed was a young man of the name of Clinch, an officer of the Ruthesol Corps, that he had been found guilty of joining the Rebels, by a Court-martial, and that he had acknowledged at the moment of his execution, in an address to the People, the Justice of his sentence and the fairness of his trial, he also said that he (Clinch) had added that the Country he lived in had *all* been sworn by a Priest.

I went into Lord E.'s room at about a quarter before Seven o'Clock, he was very restless but expressed a desire to get some sleep. I begged that he would compose himself, and I told him that I would sit by him; he thanked me and seemed pleased at the offer. I sat by him for some time, but he soon became extremely restless and insisted on Permission to walk about: I remonstrated with him on the impropriety of such an attempt, and warned him of the ill consequences to his health that would follow; to this he answered 'that he did not wish to live,' 'that he was happy in the persuasion that he was dying for his country.' When I urged the danger of his agitating himself he answered 'that it was cruel in me to resist his dying when he chose it,' 'that he would go to Heaven,' 'that God would receive him for having contributed to the Freedom of his Country,' 'that he gloried in dying for his country, in rescuing it from his Tyrants,' 'that he had nothing to lament but his wife and Children but that *his country would some time or another take care of them.*' 'He knew,' he said, 'that he would not live to be a Witness of *the Freedom he had contributed to*, but, that he would die happy as he would die in the cause of his country.' He said 'that he felt the most firm Persuasion of Eternal Salvation thro' the Merits of our Saviour': he declared himself 'convinced of the truth of



the Christian Religion,' that he believed *all* and would believe more if it was necessary.

By degrees he became so violent that the man in attendance & I could not without difficulty confine him by force to the bed. No remonstrance could restrain him; he roared most impetuously and exerted a wonderfull degree of strength even with his wounded arm, he called me a Tyrant for not permitting him to die; I said everything I could think of to dissuade him from agitating himself; he cried out, 'Dear Ireland! I die for you! My Country, *You will be free!*' And then, 'Damn you! Why don't you let me die! I want to die. You are a Tyrant. If I had a knife I would kill myself.' I here remarked, 'My Lord, that would be a Violation of the Religion of which you profess yourself a Believer.' He again repeated, or he rather answered me by saying, 'But I *want* to die. I want to go to the bosom of my Saviour.' His language now became most violent as well as his actions; he proceeded to the most outrageous execrations, and continued uninterruptedly exclaiming in the loudest voice, 'Damn you! Damn you! God damn you,' for upwards of twenty minutes. The entire of this Paroxysm of Mental Agitation and Madness lasted for an hour & a half. His loud vociferation assembled the People at the outside of the Prison, and such of the Prisoners as were at liberty to walk about assembled on the stairs leading to his room. Among these was Mr. Dowling, who was, more than any of the rest, anxious to get admission into his room; He urged me to give him leave to have access to him for a moment, adding that he was persuaded he could pacify him; To this I consented with the hope, tho' without any well founded expectation, that he would be able to accomplish it. One consideration however prompted me not to refuse him admission. The shrieks of Lord Edw<sup>d</sup> had been heard by every one in the Street and in the Prison. The agitation he was under, and the Violence with which he was exerting his wounded Limbs,



could not fail to prove immediately or very soon fatal to him. Such an event might be ascribed to some unwarrantable Violence offered to him; as it is unquestionable that there are too many Persons ever ready to invent and Thousands ready to give Credit to the most execrable Calumnies. The best method of guarding against such a report, I conceived to consist in admitting the most particular of his friends that was within reach, to be a witness to his real state. He saw him, and spoke to him in my presence, but the same execrations which had been uttered without interruption, of 'Damn you! Damn you!' was continued, and the same violent struggle made, nor had Mr. Dowling any more Influence than those who were already with him.

The Surgeon Gen<sup>l</sup> Dr. Lindsay, and Mr. Leake arrived when this state of agitation began to subside from its greatest height, but while it was still considerable: Dr. Lindsay brought some fruit which he told Lord Edw<sup>d</sup> had been sent from Carton.—The Surgeon Gen<sup>l</sup> went to Mr. Kinsley's to provide some means of securing Lord E. in the night in case he should continue in the same state. On his return with Mr. Kinsley Lord E. was calm; he had exhausted his strength to a great degree, and his wounds were dressed. Soon after his wounds were dressed he again became restless. He complained of want of Sleep; and begged that I would do something to allay the catching about his Jaws. I gave him a draught with 40 drops of Laudanum. He soon fell into a state of quietness but showed no disposition to sleep. At about Eleven o'Clock Mr. Kinsley came with a bedstead and straps &c., and he was removed with the Mattrass on which he lay on the bedstead, on which a Palliasse was previously placed, but as he was then quiet the straps were not used.

$\frac{1}{2}$  past four.—Lord E. has continued quiet all night, but he has had no sleep; he drank plentifully of Barley water and took wine & water once. He says that he feels himself better now, and that he thinks he is inclined to sleep. He

spoke in the night of a Dr. Barber, whom he said he wished greatly to see; and he has just now desired that I would apply to Lord Castlereagh to write for him.

$\frac{1}{2}$  past six.—He has had no sleep, his Pulse has become more frequent and his Breathing very short. He says he is easy and free from pain. When I came into the room at this time he said with great earnestness, 'Would to God I had one thirty thousand Guineas this morning! They would make thirty Thousand happy men.' I observed, 'Your Lordship would distribute them generously.' He answered, 'A guinea would do a great deal with a poor man.' And he added with a momentary depression of countenance, 'And nothing can be done without money.'

$\frac{1}{2}$  past seven.—His Pulse flutters excessively, and his breathing grows very short: he has expressed a desire for some tea when I get my Breakfast—the doors are not yet unlocked.

Nine o'Clock.—He has had a little sleep and his Pulse is somewhat more regular and firmer than it has been during the night.

11 o'Clock.—This change in his pulse was of such short duration as scarcely to justify my having noted it; it is now rapid and irregular. (Mr. John Leeson called at about nine o'Clock to inquire for Lord Edw<sup>d</sup>. He came, he said, from Lord Henry Fitzgerald: I answered 'that he was very ill and I thought there was no reasonable hope of his Recovery.')

While I sat by his bedside he observed to me, 'I have a Brother Henry that I doat on; I wish greatly to see him, but that I suppose can not be allowed.' After a short Pause he said, 'I have a brother Leinster for whom I have a high respect. *He might depend on every thing I did.*'

'I have a brother Rob<sup>t</sup> also,' he added, 'he is in Sweden: he is a very worthy and a very respectable young man, but,' he added, 'it was he that wrote that foolish Manifestoe of the Swiss, Lord how I laughed at it!' this

he said with a most sarcastic expression of countenance. I thought it prudent not to enter into any conversation respecting his family, lest it should agitate him, or excite his wishes for an Interview with his brother Lord Henry, of whose being in Ireland he appeared to have had some intimation, or at least he strongly conjectured that he was. He requested that I would read a portion of the Bible to him. I asked 'what Part he chose?' he answered 'The account of our Saviour's death.' I read it from the Gospel of St<sup>t</sup> John and he listened with the utmost attention. When I had finished reading I took his hand to feel his Pulse; he asked me 'how long I thought it would last.' I answered 'that he was very ill and that a resolute endeavour to compose his mind was most essential to him': he said 'that he was prepared for Death; if the translation to a state of Eternal happiness could be called death.' 'That he confided in the mercy of God and the purity of his own intentions.' 'That he had been zealous for the freedom of his country.' He seemed now to look back to the time of his Violence and derangement last Night, observing 'That the heads of men in his situation were often unsettled'; he said this with a look expressive of Apology to me for the violence of his actions and of his Language. He eat one or two mouthfulls of dry toast at about half ten, and drank a very small quantity of Tea, but evidently without relishing them. He eat a few strawberries, and about a dozen Cherries, observing 'that they came from dear Carton' (this observation clearly evinces his Recollection of last night) and he eat them with a good appetite

A Volume of Shakespear lay in the room. I asked him 'If he admired his Plays,' he answered with vivacity 'That he did greatly'; and he asked me 'to read the speech on the immortality of the Soul,' but I believe that he had then in his view the speech in Cato, 'It must be so Plato, thou reasonest well, &c.' for he immediately asked me 'If I

thought he could get Addison's Cato.' The volume of Shakespear contained some of the Comedies; I read the titles of those it contained and asked if he had any desire to have a part of any of them read to him; he answered 'that he could not now enter into them.' I breakfasted in the room with him, and while I waited for the tea-kettle he asked me with kindness if I did not intend to eat something.

12 o'Clock.—He continued perfectly composed till near twelve o'Clock, at which time he became restless, and desired to get up—his wish was complied with, as his bed was in a disorderly state and he required a change of Linen. While he was sitting on the bedside the Surgeon Gen<sup>l</sup> Dr. Lindsay, Mr. Leake and Mr. Gregg came in; his wounds were dressed and had a favourable appearance notwithstanding the agitation of last night.

1 o'Clock.—He has continued tranquil since except that he once entreated Permission to get up; but by soothing persuasions I prevailed on him to remain in bed. I requested him 'not to agitate himself by contending to get out of bed, that he had suffered greatly by his exertions of last night': he answered 'That he would try to stay in bed,' but 'that it was very cruel in me to confine him to it.' I answered, 'My Lord, you must be persuaded that your own health & safety are at stake and that my only motive can be a desire to contribute to them': on this he stretched out his hand to me and said 'I give you a great deal of trouble, Sir.' And he then expressed a desire to compose himself to sleep and I left the room.

Two o'Clock.—Lord Edward sent for me at half past one o'Clock. On my coming into the room and asking 'What I could do for him,' he answered 'that he wished to talk to me about Ryan's wounds.' I told him 'that I had not heard anything respecting him lately,' as I imagined it would shock him to hear of his death. He observed 'That he had given him three damned gashes *in the belly*,' 'that



he was sure his tripes must have been out'; he said that 'he had fought like a Devil with five of them.' 'That if he could have got to a little window he could have escaped over the houses in disguise.' He then expressed an earnest desire to see ——,<sup>1</sup> he said he would be heard of at——<sup>2</sup> in ——.<sup>3</sup> That he would send for him. 'Their Sentiments (he said) (Lord E.'s & those of ——<sup>1</sup>) coincided so entirely that he wished greatly to have some conversation with him'; he said 'he was the first United Man in that Country.' He talked with enthusiasm of the Presbyterian Meeting houses being alternately crowded with Persons of their own and the Popish congregation. He said 'it was a glorious sight,' and 'that the Children were brought up in these Principles by ——.'<sup>1</sup>

$\frac{1}{2}$  past three.—His Pulse is rapid attended with convulsive Twitchings, he bites his lips, and his eyes roll incessantly, and his countenance is flushed in a high degree. I remarked to him that he seemed agitated & he answered 'I was only thinking.' He desired to see Cap<sup>t</sup>. Russell.

5 o'Clock.—He is now pretty easy; he was greatly disturbed, and very urgent to get out of bed, but by gentle persuasions I prevailed on him to relinquish the desire. I allowed him to sit on the bedside, warmly covered with the bed cloths for a few minutes about half an hour ago and he has been quiet since. In the course of my sitting by him I inquired 'what Regiments his Lordship had been in'; he answered 'in the 54th & 19th.'—'Had he been long in the army?' he answered 'that he had served in the American War,' and added that 'he hoped, God would forgive him.'—I mentioned that I had heard Major Brown, of the Engineers, talk with esteem and respect for him; he replied that he knew him and that he was a very worthy fellow.

$\frac{1}{2}$  past four.—His pulse is small and very frequent, the spasmodic Twitchings not so considerable. He eat about half a dozen heads of Asparagus at four o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Barber.    <sup>2</sup> Mr. Mercer.    <sup>3</sup> Gloucester.    <sup>4</sup> The North.

12 o'clock.—He continued tolerably quiet till 8 o'Clock when his wounds were dressed; his breathing, however, became hourly more and more difficult, and his strength was evidently sinking rapidly. After his wound was dressed and he was settled in bed, he made one vigorous attempt to get up and grew extremely restless—he raved on addressing the People; talked of Principles, and being *up*; and at one time said 'If you had done so you must have gone to America.' He turned to me as I sat at the head of his bed and asked me 'If I was not too high to be heard from where I was,' I answered 'No,' he then said 'Well that is a good thing.' 'Can they hear you from where you are?' I answered 'They could,' he then said 'Well then, stay up as you are there.' In this kind of state he continued till about a quarter after ten o'Clock when Lord Clare accompanied by Lady Louisa Connolly and Lord Henry Fitzgerald & Dr. Lindsay were admitted to him. The scene was a most affecting one and such as I shall not attempt to describe. When Lady L. C. and his brother first went to his bedside he appeared not to know them. I went over and called his attention to them, mentioning who they were; he then called Lady L. C. his dear Aunt & embraced *her*, and *his Brother* most warmly, but his attention soon wandered from them. They continued with him for upwards of an hour: during a part of that time I was in the room and during the remainder I was in the adjoining room with L<sup>d</sup> Clare who appeared greatly moved, and unwilling to remain in the room. He raved while they were with him of battles between the Insurgents in the North & some regiments of Militia, he particularly named the Fermanagh Militia, and talked of a battle at Armagh that lasted for two days.

After their departure his mind continued in the same deranged state; and he took no notice of their having been with him.

$\frac{1}{2}$  past twelve.—Within this half hour his Deglutition,

which heretofore has been perfectly free, has been much impeded, and his dissolution is evidently approaching rapidly.

Two o'Clock.—After a violent struggle that commenced at a little after twelve o'clock this ill-fated young man has *just* drawn his last breath.

J. ARMSTRONG GARNETT.

*June 4, 1798."*

LADY SARAH NAPIER to LADY SOPHIA FITZGERALD.

*"June '98.*

"Every time I try to write to one of my much-loved afflicted family, a thousand difficulties start up, and I say—Why should I write? *Can* they doubt my feelings! *no, no.* Then why renew theirs? but can that be renewed which has never stopped?—and will not my long silence *seem* unkind? Who shall I address—the choice is equal in sorrow—but differs in accidental circumstances—My Dear Dear Sister! I dare not write to her! I leave that to the all-consoling soothing powers of the Angel Louisa, and shrink from the task humbled by my own inferiority and only desirous *to do good*—not to indulge myself.

My poor dear little Pamela I *can* write to because the immediate intercourse we lately had paves the sorrowful way to grief more easily. To the heart-broken Lucy I almost *fear* to write lest I should inadvertently increase those strong emotions which her late acquaintance with many local circumstances *must* naturally render more powerful than in my dear tender-hearted Sophia, whose softened sensations partake of her natural character, and melt all into slow and I fear most lasting grief. Cecilia I would not *disturb* by a letter. Mimi is too much occupied in the care of others. Dear Henry I would wish to write to, but dread doing harm, because *He* is before my eyes whose Grief received such wounds *Here* as raises the Daemon

of anger too strong within me. To you, therefore, my Dearest unhappy Sophia, will I address myself to request such accounts as you can best give me of the situation of mind of each individual of your family—that's *all I ask*—and what I have to say is only a repetition of all you have *heard* and *felt*, for deeply is *all* engraved on my memory: but it is wonderful to think how difficult it is to obtain any common intelligence upon that tender subject so that a thousand trifling particulars which in all other cases one enquires and treasures up,—are in this denied to us, partly from mysterious nothings which envelope *that event* which the Brutes *must* in self-defence try to insinuate was necessary, and still more from accidental occurrences which the Times have produced—such as follows:

Donny and I have had no communication whatever with a Castle person, male or female, except Lady Londonderry, and she entreated to be received here with *Such* expressions of *misery* for what had happened, that she carried her point, and from her I found much confirmation of my opinion of the general plan adopted at the Castle, viz.—To throw a mysterious Cloud over the most trifling subject so as to give importance to everything, to insinuate such dangers as would awaken every horror, to bring the Public mind to believe each individually saved from the general wreck by the wisdom of Government,—and *on that* ground to make every harsh thing appear necessary and every seeming deviation from cruelty appear the utmost stretch of mercy,—always reserving to themselves the power of *preventing* the truth from coming forth to open sight, and even *now* they trust only to *its faded collours* to skreen their schemes from Public detestation, shame and disgrace. This History of *their plot* I can see most clearly, and the History of another plot—they can never prove; but it makes it impossible to *ask* any questions, for were I to seem anxious they would build a new plot on it. As we see none of them every application I could make must be a *measure*, and therefore



I'm depriv'd of asking for several things I wish much to obtain: the first is Mr. Stone of the Londonderry Regt.'s account of all that he remembers—the next is that Surgeon's (who was called in latterly) remarks. But I fear I shall hear only lies, for unless I *knew* these men I cannot guess if they would not be afraid to tell me truth. However, my object is to obtain this account whenever I *can*, but during this dreadful War, there is no communication with anybody at a distance. My sister tells me all the dear Angel's clothes were put up and are now at Leinster House for Henry, so that any little indulgence of that kind is not now to be had. My sister has some of his hair. My Brother's<sup>1</sup> Conduct on this occasion has made a deep impression on my mind; for I who *know him thoroughly* am persuaded that the sentiments which urged him to it are so acceptable in the eyes of God who searches our hearts that My dear Brother will be blessed by success in his tender attonement to the Wife and Children of one he *loved*, though worldly ideas estranged him from doing him all justice—his generously stepping forth to do all he can, has made me do all in my power to encourage Pamela in loving him as he certainly deserves it of her: and she is, I hear, inclined to grateful feelings which, I *hope*, nobody will disturb, altho' they may not feel them themselves, for Pamela's situation is peculiar, and she will, I hope, receive comfort when it is kindly held out to her."

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Richmond.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE SITUATION REVIEWED

BEFORE passing from the tragedy of Lord Edward's death to the sad after years of his wife's life, the reader will find a wise and temperate summing-up of the whole matter contained in two letters from Lord Edward's aunts. Lady Louisa Conolly's vindication of Lady Edward is the more remarkable and valuable because of her admission that she had herself at one time been affected by the prejudice against her, while Lady Sarah's account of the Rebellion after it had been crushed is judicial in its impartiality, and indirectly bears witness that in her opinion Lord Edward was very different in his intentions from the men whose actions she so severely condemns. To these two letters I have added two papers of Lady Lucy's—a patriotic, not to say rebellious, address to the people of Ireland (written in the first heat of her indignation against her brother's enemies, but never published), and a letter of dedication to Thomas Paine—and also a short appreciation of Lord Edward by Lady Louisa.

LADY LUCY FITZGERALD to the IRISH NATION.

“Irishmen, Countrymen, it is Ed. Fitzgd.'s sister who addresses you: it is a woman, but that woman is his sister:

she would therefore die for you as he did. I don't mean to remind you of what he did for you. 'Twas no more than his duty. Without ambition he resigned every blessing this world could afford to be of use to you, to his countrymen whom he loved better than himself, but in this he did no more than his *duty*; he was a *Paddy and no more*; he desired no other title than this. He never deserted you,—will you desert yourselves? This was his only ambition, and will you ever forget yourselves? Will *you* forfeit this title, which it is still in your power to enoble? Will you disgrace it? Will you make it the scoff of your triumphant Enemies, while 'tis in your power to raise it beyond all other glory to immortality? Yes, this is the moment, the precious moment which must either stamp with Infamy the name of Irishmen and denote you for ever wretched, enslaved to the power of England, or raise the Paddies to the consequence which they deserve and which England shall no longer withhold, to *happiness, freedom, glory*. These are but *names* as yet to you, my Countrymen. As yet you are strangers to the *reality* with the power in your hands to realise them. One noble struggle and you will gain, you will enjoy them for ever.—Your devoted Countrywoman,  
L. F.”

LADY LUCY FITZGERALD to THOMAS PAYNE, Esq.

“Citizen, In those happy days when I dwelt under the humble roof of my beloved Brother Ed. your picture ornamented his Chimney. As the small circle drew round the fire, their eyes rested on the resemblance of the Author of the Rights of Man. Citizen, although he was unsuccessful in the glorious attempt of liberating his country from slavery, still he was not unworthy of the lessons you taught him. Accept then his picture from his unhappy sister. Its place is in your house: my heart will be satisfied with such a Pantheon: it knows no consolation but the approbation of

such men as you and the soothing recollection that he did his duty and died, faithful to the cause of liberty for his country."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to the DUKE OF RICHMOND.

"I now come to that dear unhappy Lady Edward, whose grief affected her in the manner that I should have expected. It is her constitution to be hysterical, and after what she has undergone, I only wonder at her keeping her senses. I cannot express the pleasure it gave me to hear that you had taken her under your protection; Her peculiar situation calls for kindness. Her present distress would move anybody, but prior to it, I thought her entitled to all the countenance that *his* friends could show her. The prejudice against her on account of her family connections,<sup>1</sup> was very natural, and strong (as I confess to have felt myself), to so shameful a degree, as to take myself to task about it, when first she married. I got over it, from (I hope) just principles, which ever must condemn the faults of parents being remembered to the innocent children. However wrong it was, the fact was so in Ireland, that the most illiberal prejudice prevailed against her, and nothing but her attractive, pretty, original, pleasing manners conquered it all. For a time they killed the dislike of her, but within these two years, that poor Edward withdrew a good deal from his old circle of acquaintances, and that his opinions began to be known, and construed into a decided intention of bringing in the French, the fault was instantly laid upon her, and so positive are some persons, in the belief that she influenced him, that in latter times it amounted to an accusation of her being implicated in treasonable practices. Now, my dear Brother, I feel myself called upon to defend her, from the most thorough

<sup>1</sup> The reader will notice that in this passage Lady Louisa takes for granted Lady Edward's connection with the Orleans family.



conviction that she is wronged: that she should converse with and be acquainted with poor Edward's opinions, and adoring him as she did, naturally fall into them, nobody can wonder at; but so far from encouraging him to act upon those opinions I have been witness to her good sense in discouraging them, and more than once have I seen her listen with pleasure to the little opposite arguments that I have held with him; and knowing how much he loved me she always appeared anxious that I should have weight with him, particularly after her return from Hamboro, she seemed more decided than ever in lamenting revolutions, and said very naturally to me one day, how could she think of such things without horror, after having lost everything that was dear to her in the French Revolution. The speech was so natural that I believed her without difficulty: that when dear Edward was keeping himself concealed that she should tell some plausible story to prevent his being detected was also not only natural, but meritorious, and where is the wife to be found that would not do so, and how detestable that woman would be that had done otherwise. This I verily believe is the summit of her guilt.

However the idea prevailed so strongly, that it was upon that notion that she was sent from Ireland, after that he was taken. I thought it very hard upon her, as I did not see the probability of her being able to carry on any plot. However he wished her out of the country, and as things have turned out (as she would not have been allowed to see him), I believe it has happened for the best. But I do pity her from my heart, and soul. Her character is a great one, for what she must have endured for above two months (knowing him to be in Dublin), must have been dreadful. Her lying in happened in that time, and yet thro' it all she had the resolution to carry it off with the greatest propriety of manners, which shows her equal to great firmness of mind when called upon. She has Extreme good sense, great quickness in discerning characters, excel-

lent good religious principles, warm-hearted and affectionate, vast propriety of manners, very pleasing talents, a degree of knowledge about everything, without the least affectation, lively, merry and engaging: and a taste for the world, which I often thought much more calculated for Aristocratic than Democratic principles. She was so devoted to her dear husband that she would have preferred living in a hut with him to all the palaces upon earth, but that proceeded from love, more than natural taste, and I have seen her submit to a great deal of solitude and exclusion from society to suit herself to the way of life that he lived. She is certainly an Excellent Creature that I love upon being acquainted with, and as the Irish world has been hard upon her, I wish to do her all the service in my power by saying what I really think of her."

LADY SARAH NAPIER to LADY LUCY FITZGERALD.

"I am very uneasy lest the letter I wrote my beloved sister a few days past should have disturbed the Composure which she has so heroically forced herself to adopt, that *any* letter from a new correspondent should affect her one knows *must* be the case: and if a fit of crying only is its consequence, I trust in God that according to her own account to me in former griefs it rather is of service when over. But if it has had more than that effect I shall be miserable. I beg of you to write me word, the Truth. Don't mind blaming me if I have done wrong, for painful as feeling oneself wrong is I am ready to risk it for the sake of truth that I may form my stile to my unhappy sister's present condition of mind, for till I have resumed the habit of corresponding with her, I must feel the common lot of separation which commonly ends in a degree of coolness that would make me wretched to be sensible of from her, whom I love much more like a Mother than a Sister. You described to me, my Dearest Lucy, when first you came to

Ireland the *Value of such a Mother!* with an enthusiastic attachment and grateful heart that did not surprise me, for I well remembered her such to me; but I rejoiced to think that age had in no degree lessened those Powers of tender natural affection which she possessed in so eminent a degree. Perhaps I ought now to be sorry Age has not had its usual effect, but I am not, and I *see* it has not, for she is economising her feelings when they are of no avail to preserve them for the consolation of others. *Such* powers are too precious not to hope for their existence still. I *could* not in a first letter avoid opening my heart fully. While I feel strong resentment and just abhorrence of unrepented crimes, I scorn to disguise my thoughts, but if I am once well understood, I have, God knows, no pleasure in dwelling on the subject when no amendment can be hoped for. All my dread is being ranked with those who from Virtues beyond my reach, or from apathy I have not in my nature, or from some selfish views I never felt, are fallen into forgetfulness and apparent forgiveness of crimes, which ought not to be allowed "to put that flattering unction to their souls that not their—but our sorrows speak." I should feel myself the meanest unworthy relation to a large and much beloved Family could I stoop to hide the hatred and contempt I feel towards their oppressors. Yet I blame nobody who acts otherwise because they have not the same sensations. But everybody ought to speak as they feel. I have felt great relief from the absence of almost all Ministerial Persons from Castletown for 6 months. I have seen Lord Castlereagh but *once*; the rest of that sett but seldom, and always studded my conversation so prudently as to impress *them* with the dread of my entering into any interesting subject, lest they should hear truths from me that they are all conscious that they ought not to have deserved. This makes our meetings far from pleasant, but it saves me from what I wish to *avoid*, *paining my Dear Sister Louisa's feelings*. Don't imagine she is not *nearly as much an fait* as

me, but she excuses, doubts, pardons, and forces herself to show no sign of displeasure, because she has *as usual*, transferred a *wrong thing* into unkindness only to *her*, and therefore she has an opportunity of exerting her self-denial and Christian forgiveness in the Highest Degree, by calling it all want of kindness to *Her*; she hopes to forget as easily as she forgives, and she succeeds in both. How wrong therefore would it be for me to counteract her religious exertions by showing plainly I don't blame it only as unkind to her, but as unfeeling in itself. One must therefore be content to touch their sensibility by a *reserve* which they cannot mistake, and indeed I try to make my two daughters follow my example and refrain from going one step further, particularly Emily whose *duty* calls on her to make one affection fight the other, so as to do right by both. But it is with the utmost difficulty I have persuaded both my affectionate warm-hearted girls to preserve the least appearance of forgiveness when they have such strong anger. They profess themselves Lady Edward's friends, and as such they profess to hate all her oppressors, and those who approve of it. I cannot but love them most affectionately for the sentiment and the boldness to support their just attachment. The only thing I fear is their letting my sister see that their anger falls on what she loves and believes quite guiltless. For she herself is as warm as possible in the cause *when she thinks* it is deserved, as for example:—The Speaker she supposes a chief agent, and to Miss Charlotte Burgh Louisa let out all her anger in ten times stronger words than I ever used. We all congratulated her on having thus *Publicly* said:—‘The greatest comfort I have in Castletown is that I may chuse my society, and never let those set their foot in it who have leagued against the Duke of Leinster's family to persecute it by false Witnesses for the sake of Money, and who are watching in hopes to criminate him to get his estate by the same false unlawful means they have robbed the Widow and the



Orphan. When such men as Reynolds are to be believed as Angels of Truth, I am sure my word would go for nothing, though I can prove him a Lyar, and therefore I have done with Dublin Society.' Charlotte Burgh was *thunderstruck*, and we all hoped Louisa's animated Resentment would do Honour to the whole Family, when behold she *repents* of having spoke truth, has called herself to task for violence and unchristian sentiments. Of course if chance put the speaker in her way he would believe C. Burgh lied—and she redoubles her kindness to those she fears she was unjust to by being angry. When Religion conquers Reason, it becomes *enthusiasm*. Dear angel, she is so attached to the system of Humility, that the world may trample on her without her perceiving it. For every now and then her natural Noble spirit rises in its natural beauty and she assumes the advantages which superior goodness and proper independent Pride has assigned to its possessor for the purpose of keeping bad people in order—but the enthusiasm ruins all,—except her Private Worth: nothing can tarnish that. Alas, my dear Lucy, in all situations the same causes produce the same effects. Enthusiasm could not tarnish the mind of a noble, generous, benevolent spirited individual—but it rendered all those Qualities useless to the world at large, dangerous to those who came within a nearer circle, and was of advantage only to the Possessor, whose cause it has pleaded before High Heaven, where the Heart is known.

You are, I believe, a little afraid I should take your rebuke ill about the *Courage of Irishmen*, which you say I wrote in derision. Perhaps I did, for I own myself provoked at those who bullied with oaths, imprecations, and all horrible threats towards the poor unhappy Labourer—Old man and Boy—to force them into a service they had no *disposition* or *cause* to follow, and then setting these unfortunate forced Recruits in the front left them to bear the brunt of many battles, while the Gentlemen with strong

Pikes, who might have stood their ground at least, and retreated to their Bogs with some credit, threw down their Pikes instantaneously at the sight of a Red-coat, and hid in ditches, where they were slaughtered like sheep. I grant my Pity has ever accompanied them. Guilty or not their situation always called forth my compassion. But I cannot call *spirit* what is mere momentary dash, like Hounds set on they know not what. It is the self-same want of courage that acted on the Irish Soldiers, who let themselves be *set at* the wretched Peasant, and pursued him when he ran, as hounds do Game. What else but this shameful want of steady courage founded on Treason is the cause that our Troops ran before the French! They had been accustomed to fight cowards in a cowardly manner, and therefore all sense of true courage was lost on both sides. But in the Criticism I do not include all. Many, many on both sides have shown great Bravery, and at Tara, Wexford and many places shown true spirit. Therefore I am very willing to submit to the superior wisdom of Donny, who says that there are no better soldiers than the Irish, and that if they had been well commanded they would have done wonders. Indeed he reckons that all War depends for its success on the heads who guide it, whom he thinks require numberless qualifications to direct;—some knowledge of the Art, some resource in themselves, and some Spirit, are absolutely indispensable, and he says none of the Irish leaders on either side showed an atom of these qualities,—and the English still less. Not but that there were many good officers, but they had no opportunities given them to act, and the direction of the War was given to Chancellors, Speakers, Bishops, Secretaries,—the execution by very weak people indeed. Therefore he is in astonishment at the want of Capacity among the United leaders, when they had so little to do to conquer. General More<sup>1</sup> (son to Dr. More) is the only man who had power and skill at the same time.

<sup>1</sup> General Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna.

He saved Wexford, &c., &c., and his Humanity has since equalled his Bravery, skill, and conduct. We never saw him, so it is not partiality that makes him out as most praiseworthy. I hope Donny's praise of your Country Men's Courage will more than make up for my Attack—but I cannot disguise the rage I have so often felt to see them act so opposite to my Ideas of Spirit. Let it be granted that a Rebel thinks he has Just Cause. Then let him bravely sacrifice *himself* to the cause and save others. I respect his Courage, and only lament its being tried in an Erroneous Cause. I do not *pity him*, if he falls, because he willingly embarked on it—but I doubly pity his friends for losing so noble a character. Whereas when the leaders carry off with them by the power of *Fear* a thousand poor wretches merely to fill the ranks of Death, I call him a Coward whose fears are only for the individual body which his mean soul animates. A truly great man is a *Coward* for others, never for himself. You talk of the English with asperity as if they were the cause of misfortunes in Ireland. I make allowance for National Prejudice, and, I suppose, my own. The English are by nature soft, gentle, good-humoured, and not tyrannical. They are selfish and covetuous, I allow: but in general very *Irish*. The Irish are violent, clever, witty, but furiously tyrannical and cruel to each other. They are not selfish, and they are hospitable, but *Justice* is not in their Dictionary. Why should the Superior Character in mental powers be subservient to the weaker if some unknown cause did not produce this Phenomena? Is it not because Lyars betray themselves into the hands of their enemies, who cannot respect and therefore illtreat them? This naturally causes rage in the Irish Heart, and revenge follows. Thus cruelty is added to Lying, and self-defence makes the Englishman *Wary*, *cautious* and *steady*. Thus *he* keeps the Superiority by the common laws of Nature, and the Clever Paddy ruins his own case. It is evident he is formed to be governed, and



if *well* governed all his Qualities will change from bad to good, and make him superlatively excellent, for the same materials that form faults may form virtues. You will perhaps say in answer, 'Agreed: let Ireland be governed *well*, and with all respect to *Laws*, that's what I wish, but let it not be by Foreigners.' This sounds so Just that I should think it worth Petitioning the King never to allow one Englishman or Foreigner to have any Place or Power here—If unhappily I did not see such dreadful *Proofs* of Irishmen being the very worst of Tyrants over their own Countrymen—Clare, Foster, Toler, Wolfe, Castlereagh, Carhampton, Beresfords, &c., &c., down to any creature who is *Paid* by Irish money to destroy Irish prosperity and Comfort. Who can see this and not think English Government *best*? It is for this that I am not sorry for the Union with England, which will certainly take place, and all these reptiles will fall back into their own nothingness.

I am convinced that nothing is so improvident as to harbour Opinions diametrically opposite to two contending Parties, but I must do, when I see both so much in the wrong, and the result of this is great melancholy in looking forward to what is to happen. I wish most ardently that the United Irishmen, finding that no good whatever arises from Rebellion, may give it up *sincerely*. The French seem clear that to conquer Ireland is the only way to deal with her, and I trust France will find that too hard a task. Consequently we shall fall more than ever under the Tyranny of the English Government,—but have we not deserved it by opening such a Field to their rapacity, to their revenge, to their Injustice? Why did we give them an excuse for doing ten times more wrong than ever and put it so completely in their power? By having trodden down the ordinary course of law we have allowed them to retaliate with myriads of false witnesses and overcome all Justice. We must submit to the infliction we have



brought on, and during *our* lives the ill blood that must work in our Hearts gives no prospect of Comfort. But it does not follow that we must despair. Our children will, I hope, see better days. Take notice of the Events we have seen. In the midst of *Horrors*, an Honest Humane Man comes to govern by the very means that caused the Rebellion, viz. English Influence. Yet no sooner does he *see* with his own eyes than he stops all cruelty, and, to use his own expression, *longs to sweeten that bad blood which violence has made*. Unluckily he confines his whole attention to Military Objects, and therefore Government goes on unknown to him, as it did, nearly. But you must confess that one Honest Man can do much if empowered to do good, and why should we doubt but that the King will in future seek out better men than he has hitherto had the good luck to find. I would never Despair, because Providence may punish us justly, but it never forsakes us. I say *We*, because I feel all the punishments which others have procured, tho' neither a Rebel, a Publican, of an Orange sect, or a Government person—and I might say it is hard I am to suffer who did not offend. But I do not complain: it is the Wheel of Fortune that runs round by Heavenly Direction, and as such I am resigned to much sorrow, for I never *more* expect real cheerful happy times; tho' we Great folks may forget our sorrows in Company of enjoyments of all the Comforts of Life, we can never forget the many lives lost so near us and the consequent wretchedness of the poor. Shall we not be reminded of this sad thought when the annual time recurs in which we are to make up a poor subsistence for the Widow and Orphans of that Angel who dyed to promote the cause of Independance? What a sad reverse. How painful to one's feelings. The more or less makes no difference in the misfortune of masking dependance to that dear Pamela—but it makes an essential difference in her confined Comforts. I wish the sum was double. Our means being small, we can only mark

our good will without any Proffit to her—but since so very large a family can make up in numbers what it is not, I suppose, convenient to them to give in quantity, 20£ *per annum* will find a place in the List as the willing tribute of Poverty to the most unalterable Friendship. For the instant that Donny heard such an Idea existed he *ordered* me to inquire to whom I should send a Draft for that small sum on our banker or agent (for we have no such thing as separate money). As the determination flowed from his warm Heart, with the tears glistening in his eyes, I will ask to have it put down in his name, satisfied that my Dear Pamela knows my heart too well to doubt me.

From all I learn by degrees from the dear Fitzgeralds, I plainly see Pamela must have liked going to Hamburgh, which at first I could not persuade myself was possible, but to my great surprise I find *Prejudice* has far greater power in England than in Ireland from the lower orders to the higher, which is by no means the case *here*, and shows the superior sense of the Irish. When they are violent against a poor unpopular object, it is not *conviction*; it is a *decided measure*, not a mistake.

I wish my dearest Lucy that you could find some pleasure in writing to me of the objects that surround you. I wish you not to write what may be turned against you if read, for tho' you are indifferent to the opinion of the World, your friends are not so for you. I know your Brother Leinster wishes your letters to Mary did not keep up any resolutions that lead to Political opinions, because, tho' unhappily our private family interests were so united to Public interests that we *could not separate them* in the Instance of the dear Edwards—yet *now* the link is broken, and Women undoubtedly cannot enter into much consideration on Political subjects without assuming a consequence in those Events which no Man can wish his sister or daughter to do, in leaving her private opinions (which undoubtedly must originate from attachment to individuals)

to the mercy of the Post-Office, &c. &c. To control one's own thoughts by the Rules of Worldly Prejudice would be mean—but to trust the Post-Office with reserve is surely wise among very Young Women who have not a Husband's support in the abuse they may get in the Gossiping Circles of the World.

The News of to-day are that Wolfe Tone, the man who *first* set the Idea of making Ireland a Republic, and to compass it proposed leading them on by slow and false ideas to his purpose, is now taken in the *Hoche*, arrived at Lough Swilly. That he must suffer is past a doubt. I grieve for his friends, but I cannot pity those who think they are in a Glorious Cause. Their own hearts can best tell them if they used no bye-paths and crooked ways to do what they think right. At the same time, though my mind is made up to these sentiments, yet these melancholy events never recur without strong sensations of melancholy on the Times: To think that Battles, murders, and Executions are grown so familiar to us that it *only causes sorrow*, and not that sort of *horror* which it ought to do! So dreadfully does custom take off the sharp edges of sensibility. The poor men who have hitherto fallen by Law—Thank God, I did not know, and I pity those who did from my heart and soul. Holt is not much talked of now. I believe the poor creature is lying wounded somewhere. The Spirit of rising is suppressed, but not extinguished, and therefore I tremble lest many, many lives still be lost. God grant some sudden Event, which Providence always has in store, may decide in our favour and save Bloodshed.

This day a most humane Company of Soldiers with two good officers left this Town, and we hear of none to replace them. This will put us on the alert, for 100 poor souls were let out of Naas gaol this week, and *il faut manger*,—of course they must rob. If they don't murder I will forgive them. *All* the Castletown people were tried and acquitted. None had murdered, and of course I am

glad they have escaped from further punishments—but 15 murderers are condemned, I am told for *proved cruelty*. I hope you will see Lord Cornwallis' conduct about an infamous Court Martial. Adieu: the next I write shall be all about family concerns, for I always hope no Public news will occur. By the way, Donny don't believe one word about Buonaparte's surrender. He traces all the counterfeit throughout."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

"I have had no time for indulgence, nor can I allow it myself yet, but go on like a machine from morning till night, catching at the little momentary enjoyments of fresh air, the smell of mown grass, and flowers. And now and then, a morning's attention to the Harvest coming Home. But the eagerness and delight that used to attend these occupations is so mixed with pangs of grief, that I sometimes fly from them, and endeavour to occupy myself with the stupid details of House economy where no happy or pleasing remembrances can mix. God's will be done! and a happier World I trust we shall all meet in. Our beloved Child is already there; his motives for action flow'd from the purest source, tho' we have to lament that Human Nature being imperfect, every attempt beyond the ordinary bound of Reason must fail let the object be ever so desirable. But God, who knows the Heart, can appreciate the value of the intention, and to his fatherly bosom we may commit all our anxieties and cares."



## CHAPTER XV

### LADY EDWARD IN HAMBURGH

AFTER what the poor Duchess called the Fatal Year, the Sad, sad Year, the Wretched Year, the interest of the situation changes. The husband, loved, loving, self-sacrificing, mistaken (as we in our superior wisdom can see), is dead. His girl-wife and his three little children are left to face the world. At the best an unkind world, headed by a small-minded and spiteful Government. The Attainder Bill which was passed shortly after his death, and not repealed till twenty years later, was a poor-spirited and petty proceeding. Its only effect was to deprive four helpless creatures of their small estate, without even any apparent gain to the cause of law and order. Legally and morally indefensible, it pretended, contrary to the first principle of British law, to adjudge a man guilty who had never been put upon his trial, and succeeded only in wreaking its vengeance upon the innocent. Far from being, as the Government alleged, an example likely to deter others, it but added to the list of fatuous aggravations by which they embittered the Nation they were trying to control. But enough of this subject. What was to become of its victims? That was the question

which the Duchess and the rest of the family were called upon to face in the months of June and July.

"We are neither of us," she writes, "in a state at present, my beloved Henry, to touch on a subject so Heart-rending and distracting as all that has passed within these three last months of wretchedness: but I am sure you will be glad to know from myself that I am much better, thanks to Almighty God.

The Dear little interesting Pamela, who must ever be an object Dear precious and sacred to all our Hearts, has often expressed a desire of seeing you.

I wish for your advice and opinion in regard to her future destination, as I know it will in great part be determined by that I give her, and I am really afraid of recommending any particular plan to her for that very reason, but, I think, we cou'd talk it over more comfortably together. There is no need of hurry, for she is welcome, I am sure, to stay here (at Goodwood) as long as she likes, for my Brother is extremely fond of her, and enters into her situation with Parental solicitude. Indeed she is one that must move all hearts and claims all our protection, tenderness and attention. You, my dear Henry, were the chosen Person for this duty, but we are all ready to share it with you. She seems at present much undecided about going to Ham-burgh. Mrs. Matthiessen's pressing letters, the cheapness of living, and being perhaps more in the way of seeing those who might give her information as to the small chance she may have of recovering her Property, are all inducements to go. On the other hand, she hates leaving his family, to whom she is naturally drawn by affection; she hates the appearance as well as the reality of separating herself from us, and wishes us to witness the propriety and good sense with which she always has and always will guide all her actions, and which the ill-nature that has prevail'd against her makes more particularly necessary in her case than in

any other. She is a charming Creature, and the more one is acquainted with her real Character, the more one esteems and loves it. But, were she not so, *he* adored her, *he is gone!* this is an indissoluble chain that must ever bind her to our hearts."

Three days later Lady Edward wrote herself to Lord Henry :

"The Person who gave me your letter is *bien grognon*, so I did not talk to him about my affairs. But in your eyes I cannot change, and I can never forget your conduct. Him I neither like nor respect. He would like me to go to Hamburgh to get rid of me, but I cannot leave this country without knowing exactly the state of my affairs in Ireland; that is my first duty to my children. To go now would be the act of a fool. As for Hamburgh there is always time to go there. There I have friends who cannot change. Tell me, my dear brother, what you think. Advise me. Adieu, dear brother, *his* beloved brother whom I loved so much and shall always adore."

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

"June 17, '98.

"I know you must feel, and bitterly so, for one who was so dear to you, and who whatever faults he might have, had a most warm and affectionate heart. I need not say that the only disagreement I ever had with him was on account of his engaging too far in these sad politicks, and that I have now no other wish than to be as kind as possible to those He loved. His poor wife, towards whom in his last moments he expressed much affection, has really become a most interesting object . . . nothing can have behaved better than she has done . . . I do perceive such cruel and unrelenting ill-nature against her in the world, that I do believe it may be better for her to leave a country where

she meets with so little justice from the generality of mankind, and to settle with her friends abroad."

(Docketed "June 19th of the wretched year.")

LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

"June 19.

"MY EVER DEAREST MOTHER,—Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire quelle impatience j'ai de vous serrer contre mon triste cœur, et de voir mon fils, *ce fils* que J'adore, et le seul que j'ai. Maman, il est à vous. Je vous l'ai confié dans le tems de mon *Bonheur*, et je vous le confie maintenant comme mon plus grand trésor. Qu'il Ressemble à son Père. Oh, mais qu'il soit plus heureux: c'est le souhait de sa malheureuse mère. Adieu; je ne puis en dire davantage."

(Docketed "Dear Lady Edward, giving me her treasure.")

LORD HENRY FITZGERALD to the DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

"July '98.

"We will talk over what seems best to be done about that unfortunate dear little soul, who is indeed to be pitied. Oh God, I believe that even she knows little what she has lost. She could not fully know. None knew but those who had been blessed with the Experience of years the value of what is gone. Heavy, heavy does it fall upon those, God knows. I do not mean to say that she was insensible of His worth. Oh no. But there is an impression, a stamp, which years alone affixes in the Heart which surpasses all insight into character less sanctioned by time."

Very soon, however, it was settled in family conclave that Lady Edward should leave England, and at the beginning of August she left Goodwood, and



stayed for a day or two with Lady Sophia, on her way to Hamburgh.

"*August 5.*—You, I fear, my dear Sophy," writes the Duchess, "will have been agitated with the arrival of our dearest Pamela and her sweet children. May God bless and protect them from their cruel Persecutors. What wretches they have shown themselves! Death itself would not assuage their malice and satisfy their resentment. Oh, my dear Sophy, what a scene it has been! How necessary it is to practice what Blair recommends, to consider them only as instruments in the hands of Providence! but no more on this subject! it cannot be dwelt on without sensations too powerful for our reason. . . ."

"*August 20.*—She has I hope had a good passage, poor dear little soul! Indeed, my dear Sophia, it was better she went away. I could give you many reasons that you would think Good. As to money, she told me she should receive 600 pounds from Mr. de Valence, a legacy from poor old Sillery, as soon as she was at Hamburg, which will keep her there, she told me, a long time in affluence. Whether the unjust and cruel proceedings in Ireland will deprive her of her estate in Ireland, we do not yet know. It is time enough then to consider what can be done for her. Dear Angel! at present we can barely keep ourselves, but in time it is to be hoped things may mend. Mr. O.'s Generosity in great things can never be call'd in question, and his attachment to her Dear Husband will make him act towards his widow and children accordingly. It is now unlucky for them that he made him a present of £1200 on his marriage and destroyed that bond, for had he kept it till now it must have been pay'd off the Estate even if forfeited, and they might now have had it, which would have been at least something sav'd."

On the 13th of August, Lady Edward arrived in Hamburgh, and wrote at once to Lady Lucy.

“ Mon ami, que je pense à vous et à la dernière conversation que j’ai eue avec vous. Ma Lucy, oui, vous savez aimer. Je me rappellerai toujours des moments déchirants, tristes et doux, que j’ai passés a Goodwood dans les bras de mes Parents. Que j’ai besoin de recevoir une lettre de toi, que j’ai besoin que tu dises que tu m’aimeras toujours, que je suis ta sœur, l’épouse de ce Frère chéri ! Ma Lucy, mon cœur se brise lorsque je pense a mon sort infortuné. *Love to our Dearest Dear Mama*, et a la Belle et aimable *Anté Mimi*. Baisers à mon petit fils. Oh ! que je l’aime . . . que de choses Precieuses j’ai laissées en Angleterre. Que tous les Anges du Ciel vous benissent.”

Before the end of the year she wrote several further letters to Lady Lucy. One or two extracts will be enough to give a general idea of their contents. She seems at this time to have acquired a prejudice against Mr. Ogilvie, which, to judge from his known actions on her behalf, was quite groundless, and must be put down to the fanciful ideas natural to one in her nervous condition. Her relations with the Duke of Richmond, on the other hand, were always cordial,—more than cordial according to some of the busybodies of Dublin, who asserted that he had offered her marriage ; quite the reverse, according to others.

“ Think of the unrelenting ill-nature of Dublin,” says Emily Ogilvie, “ still endeavouring to abuse dear Ly. Ed. The report now is that the Duke of Richmond at first liked her of all things, but that when he became acquainted with her character, he disliked her as much ; that latterly at Goodwood they quarrelled, and that he at last quite turned her out of his house. Do you hear often from Lady Ed. ? Does she continue in the town of Hamburg ? Has not

Madame Mathiessen a house in the country? The chancellor is returned from England quite for an Union. As to the speaker, 'tis supposed a promise to pay him his debts or £100,000 will bring him round. C. Nero Beresford's toast at the head of his Orange set the other day was, 'May the fate of Cesar attend the first Senator who proposes an Union with England.' So I think there is a possibility we shall see the Orange men now, resisting the decrees of Government."

It is hardly necessary to say that these reports about Lady Edward and the Duke were as false as they were ill-natured.

"You say," she writes, "that the Duke of Richmond has the goodness to interest himself in my affairs. I am truly grateful for his kindness, and I am sure it is for my good and the good of my precious children. But I should prefer Mr. Ogilvie's having nothing to do with them: he would bring me misfortune, and I don't believe in the interest which he wishes to show me just now. To tell you the truth I believe that all attempts will be useless. If it were not for my children I should make no efforts. They have taken from me what they can never give me back. Just Heaven, how unhappy I am. Dear tender Lucy, the longer I live the more I see what I have lost. My life will pass in monotonous indifference. To tell the truth, it is I who exist no longer; when I think of the sweet and horrible past I cannot understand why I am not dead. Oh, Providence is all wise, though it is often very severe. It knows how to prepare us for the worst ills. The same Being invented the Autumn so that the severities of Winter should seem to us less harsh. As for me I have long been prepared for all the horrors through which I have passed. For I know men. I know that Vice is always triumphant and Virtue always oppressed. Yes, I

cherish Virtue, but it is a Platonic love, for one gets nothing from it.

Now I am going to tell you of the life I lead here: it is sweet, and, if I could *forget*, I could call myself happy. My friend Mrs. Mathiessen is kindness itself to me. She loves me and there is a great charm in knowing that one is loved. Her husband too is very kind and both help to make my life agreeable. We are in Hamburg, as Mr. Mathiessen has come in on business and I have left my precious pretty little Pamela in the country, for I think the country is better for her and I would rather deprive myself of the great pleasure of seeing her every minute of the day than make her ill."

Meanwhile the FitzGeralds were taking steps to raise a small sum between them for the support of their brother's widow and his child Pamela. The boy, little Eddy, always lived with his grandmother, and the youngest child Lucy with Lady Sophia at Thames Ditton. In the following note to Lady Lucy, Lady Edward alludes to this promised payment:

"You are very good, *ma très chère*, to join in the Plan which our brother has arranged so that your Brother's widow should not live on charity. It is he who has had this thought, but I am sure my dear Lucy joined willingly in it. I am pleased, for it would have been very hard to live entirely on the Mathiessen's bounty. They have a good fortune, but are not enormously rich. My arrangement with them is to pay a pension of £100 a year, which is very moderate for the increase which I make in their *ménage*. The other £100 will be for my and Pamela's *Entretiens*, and to pay my people."

A little later Lady Lucy wrote to Lady Sophia about this same money.



"I hope Henry has wrote or sent the paper we talk'd of round to the Brothers and Sisters in regard to dear Ldy. Edward. I feel uneasy till it is *done*, for *our credit*; for Dear Pam is easy, knowing it is to be. Mamma expects it every day that she may put down her name: tell Henry that as the Duke of Richmond gives £25 I shall write to let Aunt Louisa *know*. I can do it through Aunt Sarah, whom I sometimes write to. Tell Henry I was amused at the *good* the Duke of Richmond has produced in regard to the lawyer's money, which, it is now allowed among us, Henry *must* be assisted in. God bless you, Darling."

The payment of this money appears to have ceased after two or three years, at the time of Lady Edward's marriage to Mr. Pitcairn. It should be remembered that the family were not rich; Lady Sarah, for instance, in promising, with many loving words for Pamela, to pay her mite, expressly says that she and Colonel Napier were very poor; and yet the total sum promised was so small, and the protestations of love towards her on the part of the whole family had always been so great, that Lady Edward seems to have had some cause for the tone of the following complaint addressed to Lady Sophia in April 1804:

"I thank you for your good loving letter. You are the only one who answers my letters. Lucy no longer answers my letters. I cannot understand the forgetfulness of all my relations. It makes me very wretched. Two months ago I wrote to the Duchess on very important matters, and she has not yet answered. I am going to write to Lord Henry as the guardian of my children, to entreat him to have the goodness to send some money for *her*. It is shameful that for three long years it is Mr. Pitcairn who

supports Miss Fitzgerald. The Duchess has always promised me £60, and I don't receive a sou. Pamela is growing. I must educate her. . . . Je demande que l'on aye la bonté de m'envoyer £180 sterling. Dans une famille qui est si Riche ce n'est pas une forte somme. Mr. Pitcairn ne peut plus me donner d'argent. Je suis dans le grand embarras. Je vous supplie de prendre pitié de ma situation et si vous avez la moindre amitié pour moi, envoyez moi cette somme d'argent; sans cela il m'arrivera des choses très désagréables."

The rest of the letter is full of loving inquiries about the family. A few days later she writes :

"I cannot lose a moment in answering your letter, especially to correct a misunderstanding. You think I have the effrontery to ask *you* for £180. No, my dear Sophia. In proportion you do far more than your share for the family of your unhappy Brother. But I ask for the sum of £60 a year for the Education of *Miss FitzGerald*. That is not much for her *entretien* and masters. For three years I have not received a farthing, and that makes quite £180. I don't ask you to give a farthing more.

If Mr. O. is afraid of my keeping the money to make a dot for Mr. Pitcairn's children, I can send in my accounts every year; it is much more suitable that Miss Fitzgerald should get money from her relations: her education and maintenance can't cost less than £60. I only ask the money for her, and it is her right, and I have not received a farthing since my marriage to Mr. P. Mr. Ogilvie and Lord H. treat me like a child, for though he is my children's guardian, he won't write me a word about the arrangement of the Irish estate.

Here is a list of the people who have promised me £60. Mr. Ogilvie says that the Duke of Leinster owes 5, the Duke of Richmond 10, the Duchess of Leinster 5, Lady

Louisa 10, Lucy  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , Charlotte  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , Lord Henry, Lord Charles, Lord Robert, Charles Fox and Lord Holland 5 each. *Je ne comprends pas bien cette affaire.* I wrote four months ago to Lady Louisa, Lady Sarah, the Duke of Leinster, Emily Napier, five times to Lucy Foley, once to Lady Bellamont, once to Lady Charlotte, twice to the Duke of Richmond. *Pas une seule lettre de toutes ces Personnes. Faites les Savoir, je vous prie."*

What Lady Edward could not understand in 1804 it is not much easier for us to understand to-day. And, if we compare with the fact that even Lady Lucy had ceased to write to her, the letter which she did write after her death, already quoted, full of love and pity for her memory, the difficulty is only increased. As regards the non-payment of the money, it is comparatively easy to exonerate the family; they had always, as has been said, undertaken the upbringing of two of the children; Eddy was sent to Eton, and subsequently little Pamela also went to join her sister Lucy at Thames Ditton, where she was living with Lady Sophia. And, although at the time when this letter was written she was still with her mother in Hamburgh, it was open to the FitzGeralds to say that Mr. Pitcairn, who had married Lady Edward, was the person naturally responsible for paying her daughter's expenses, as long as she remained with her mother. But the pitiable part of the matter is the gradual estrangement which had taken place between Lady Edward and those who had once loved her so dearly, and for whom she, on her part, professed, and did her best to keep up, all her old affection.

"Tell me," she writes to Lady Sophia, "about all of them. Tell me what Lucy is doing. Lucy, that tender loving friend, has quite forgotten me. I cannot understand this change. I haven't deserved it. If she is still with you, tell her I shall love her to my last breath. I was much moved the other day: in arranging my papers I found a great packet of letters from Lucy, but alas they are of a very ancient date. I wept. My eyes are only too accustomed to tears.

"Great God! Two posts and I haven't heard how my little Lucy is. I know you love her like a mother; so pity her mother and give her news of that dear child. Pamela is getting quite a big girl. She is nine years old, and we had a birthday party. Alas, nine years ago, how happy I was. My Edward! Alas my heart is breaking. I tremble. The older I grow and the further my past misfortunes are removed, the more I suffer from them. I hope that Death will soon come and put an end to all my heart's suffering. Good-bye, my friend,—your true friend."

The fact that Lady Lucy of all the family should have neglected her once beloved sister seems to show that although she and the rest of the FitzGeralds were, to judge from their written expressions of feeling, quite glad and pleased at Lady Edward's marriage to Mr. Pitcairn, yet in their hearts they unconsciously condemned her for so soon seeming to forget their brother. One of her nieces, who was in Paris at the time of her death, did actually refuse to attend her funeral, on the ground that all acquaintance with her had ceased, in consequence of her second marriage. And on the whole it is natural that they should have had this feeling. Human nature, and especially Irish human nature, is always



ready to resent fancied slights to the objects of its warmest affections ; just as Irish hearts, for all their warm and impulsive feelings, are more liable than others to the forgetfulness that is begotten of absence. One thing is certain, that it was no lightness of conduct on the part of Lady Edward which was the cause of her gradual estrangement from the family, a family which every line of these letters shows to have been unusually loving and lovable.

The following letter of Lady Sarah Napier's, written immediately before the Pitcairn marriage, is printed especially for the benefit of those sour-dispositioned scribes who have recently renewed the attempt to fasten scandal upon her name :

“ Dear Pamela can never be left out of the list of your family as one of the most interesting objects. I hope Time will ripen her Judgement, and that she will soon lose that false French Idea *qu'il faut un Etat*. It's very natural for her to have it, and her dependant state is full excuse for the mistake,—but a mistake it is, to believe Marriage alone, independent of the Object, a happy state. I know of few men, *worthy of her*. I heartily hope if there are such they may come in her way, and make the lonely life she is likely to pass as happy as regrets will admit of—but I find no such Idea is *now* in agitation, and I heard so pleasant an account of her lately that I beg you to tell it to Henry from his two Aunts, as a piece of news that will rejoice his warm and affectionate heart, if he happened not to hear of it before.

There is a Sir James Crawford who came over about the wretched Napper Tandy's Trial. He is a great Government Man of course—he dined at Castletown. As I live in Dublin I did not happen to meet him then—but Mr.

Conolly (as I heard the story from Emily Napier) said to my sister, 'You had better ask Sir James about Lady Edward.' 'No,' said my sister, 'he is a Government Man and of course prejudiced against her, and none of us have courage to start the subject for fear of exposing ourselves to a scene of crying,' etc. 'Good God,' said Conolly, 'what a nonsensical false delicacy that is—for he will think you renounce her or are angry with her by your silence. I will contradict that.' Mr. Conolly accordingly spoke to Sir James in all our names to enquire after Lady Edward. He replied, 'I am delighted you have given me an opportunity of mentioning that Lady, which I wished to do, but finding her family silent, I was so too. Lady Edward is well in health, naturally of a lively turn of mind; she is cheerful, but *never* appears to lose sight of her misfortunes. Her spirits are checked by a turn of thought that prevents them from running away with her. Her Conduct is admirable, her Society the very best, *picked* and chosen from the original Revolutionists, no party, no violence, and the House of the Mathiessons the most respectable in Hamburg,—in short her friends could not wish her conduct to be altered in the most trifling respect.'

My sister *then* gave full vent to all her feelings and her affection for Pamela, and among other things said—'We heard she was to be married, and we hope she will be happy, and most sincerely approve of her doing so, but we can never think anybody good enough for her.' 'I cannot say as to her marriage,' said Sir James, 'for I do not visit Ly. Edward, tho' I am often in company with her, but I rather think she won't marry, for, of all those spoke of for her, Turner's was scouted by all Hambourg as a scandal raised to hurt her; Pitcairn admired her, but it was thought she would not accept of him — and the same with a Colonel Harcourt; in short you may rely on it her Conduct is perfect, and as such it is praised, as such she is *recherchée*.'

Now dear Sophia, is not this a *delightful Sound* to our ears? pray spread it about and quote Sir J. Crawford, who is a dull, matter of fact, honest Man, who asserts truth, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and it will stop the mouths of all *impertinent* people who lye to one's face with a degree of impudence I cannot bear; and it will also make prejudiced and unjust people reflect that to blacken *her* character won't do, and argues only their own guilt, which can forget the laws of Christianity so far, as to assert things detrimental to the welfare of a fellow creature, without having witnessed the facts themselves."

Lady Edward was married to Mr. Pitcairn in 1800, and, not long after the birth of their one child, a daughter named Helen (afterwards Mrs M'Corquodale), a separation took place between them, owing, I may say, to no fault of Lady Edward's. The attitude of the FitzGeralds towards her at the time of the marriage as expressed in writing, is fairly represented by the following extract from a letter of the Duchess's to Lady Sophia, dated January 30, 1800:

"As to your alarm about your Lucy I truly hope it is groundless. No Woman marrying again wou'd wish to Burthen her Husband with children unprovided for, and your fortune will secure you the possession of the little angel! As to Eddy I trust to what I know his Mother always wish'd, that of his getting an English Education, and to her attachment to me, for she knows my Heart and Soul is wrapped up in him: her letters to Lucy are in the same style as you say yours are and seem to refer to some Letter of information she has wrote, but never was received. So that we are as much in the dark as you are, except that she hints at living in America, so that we don't doubt that it is

the Consul Mr. Pitcairn from the States at Hamburgh. We have enquired about his character, which is excellent and I therefore hope the Dear little soul will find an end to all her troubles and sorrows and pass her Days in Peace after the storms of her youth."



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE QUESTION OF PARENTAGE

IN attempting to give a true account of Lady Edward's life, I have so far touched but lightly upon the vexed question of her parentage. It is a subject with which various writers have dealt at various times, without arriving at any very definite conclusion, and I do not pretend to be in a better position than they to pronounce a final verdict. But at the same time, as these letters do contain some evidence bearing on the point, and as the matter has always excited a certain amount of interest in the minds of those who have studied it, it may be as well to compare that evidence with such facts and theories as have already appeared in print.

We must necessarily begin with the oft-told story by which Mme. de Genlis, the governess of the Duke of Orleans' children, herself accounted for Pamela's introduction into the Orleans household. Her statement was that with the object of securing for the benefit of her royal pupils the companionship of an English-speaking child, she commissioned a Mr. Forth (whose business was the purchase of English thoroughbreds for the Duke's stable) to find her a little girl suitable for the purpose, and



MADAME DE GENLIS.

*From a miniature.*



that Mr. Forth found what was wanted in the person of Pamela, a lovely child of five, then known as Nancy Simms, and living in Christchurch with her mother. The mother's circumstances were so reduced that in return for the promise of a small yearly pension she consented to part with her daughter, and Mr. Forth was accordingly able to despatch to the Duke "the prettiest little girl (and the handsomest mare) in England." Mme. de Genlis further declared that Nancy Simms was born in Fogo, in Newfoundland, and that her father's name was Seymour.

Taken by itself this story is simple enough, though it may be remarked in passing that Nancy's acquaintance with the English language at the age of five must have been rather inadequate for the purpose which it was intended to serve, and that Mr. Forth might have been expected to look rather higher in the social scale when searching for a child who was to be the daily companion of princes and princesses. But, at the time, it was commonly believed that the story was an invention, and that Mme. de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans were her real parents. It was openly hinted that the date of Pamela's birth coincided with a temporary retirement of Mme. de Genlis to the English town of Spa in 1776, though she herself always declared that Pamela had been born three years earlier. The chief reasons for the popular belief, which was apparently shared by the Duchess of Orleans, were the facts that the Duke, who was not otherwise famed for generosity, gave Pamela a dot of 1500 livres on her



fifteenth birthday; that his son, Louis Philippe, allowed his late governess a pension of 12,000 francs, one-third of which was to go to Pamela; and that there was supposed to be a strong likeness between Pamela and the Orleans family. A French newspaper of November 17, 1831, in discussing the question of her possible relationship to the Duke, spoke as follows: "Quoi qu'il en soit elle fut installée au couvent de Belle-Chasse, et élevée avec les princes et les princesses comme une compagne, comme une amie; elle eut les mêmes maîtres, elle obtint les mêmes soins, prit part aux mêmes jeux, et son étonnante ressemblance avec les enfants du duc l'aurait, sans son accent étranger, fait prendre pour leur sœur." With regard to her likeness to her reputed mother, an examination of their respective miniatures (on pp. 214, 236) will enable the curious to decide for themselves what amount of truth there was in Horace Walpole's caustic remark that Mme. de Genlis had educated Pamela to be very like herself in face.

The general disbelief of her story was strengthened by the variations which she introduced into it at the time of Pamela's marriage to Lord Edward. The girl who had at first been described as Nancy Simms (her father's name being Seymour) was entered in the contract of the civil marriage as Anne Caroline Stéphanie Simms, daughter, not of the late Mr. Seymour, but of Guillaume de Brixey and Mary Simms, while in the religious contract of the same date she appears as the daughter of William Berkeley and Mary Simms. It is possible that Berkeley may

be a clerical error for Brixey, but it is not so easy to account for the disappearance of Mr. Seymour's name. Moreover, in the first document Pamela's birthplace is set down as "Fogo, in the island of Newfoundland," and in the second as "London." It is not therefore surprising, in consideration of these discrepancies, that the whole story, both at the time and in later days, has been received with a certain amount of incredulity. Mr. Martin MacDermott, who some years ago published a new edition of Moore's life of Lord Edward, with many valuable additions of his own, goes so far as to say that "Mme. de Genlis' astounding fiction about the birth of Pamela 'at Fogo, in the island of Newfoundland,' will not stand the test of investigation."

On the other hand, two facts to which attention has been drawn by Miss Ida Taylor, in her *Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald*, do certainly to some extent go to support the Fogo story, although they do not explain the contradictions of the marriage-contracts. Miss Taylor points out that Southey has stated in his *Commonplace Book* that in the year 1797 he was told in Christchurch that a woman of the name of Simms (who came from Bristol) had resided there a few years before with an only daughter of about five years of age, and that their child had been sent to France to serve as a companion to the daughter of the Duke of Orleans. She also states that a Mr. James FitzGerald, a magistrate in Fogo, had been told by an inhabitant of that place that a relation of his named Simms had sailed for Bristol shortly after the supposed date of Pamela's birth in a vessel commanded

by a Frenchman named Brixey, taking with her her infant daughter Nancy. This certainly appears to be a piece of curiously confirmatory evidence, though the fact that the captain of the ship bore the name, or rather one of the names, of the man who, according to one of Mme. de Genlis' statements, was the real father of Nancy Simms (or Seymour, or de Brixey, or Berkeley), only serves to make confusion worse confounded.

The FitzGeralds themselves undoubtedly believed that the Duke was her father. They subscribed to a paper called the *Masonic Magazine*, in which she was described at the time of her marriage as "Pamela Capet, daughter of H.R.H. the Ci-devant Duc d'Orléans," and they never took any steps to contradict that announcement. Nor did they question the assertion made by Moore in the first two editions of his life of Lord Edward, that she was the daughter of the Duke and Madame de Genlis, a statement which remained on record till, in 1831, at the request of a supporter of the Orleans family, it was suppressed,—after both Mme. de Genlis and Lady Edward were dead.

The internal evidence of the five or six hundred family letters and papers which I have studied, though it, too, is not free from contradictions, is, on the whole, as it seems to me, in favour of the Orleans theory. The Duchess of Leinster and Lord Henry FitzGerald several times allude to Mme. de Genlis as "her mother," and General de Valence, who married an undoubted daughter of Mme. de Genlis, in writing to Lady Lucy, talks of Pamela

as "ma sœur." There is also a letter in Lady Edward's handwriting, addressed to her daughter, Lady Campbell, at a time when she was in great distress, and was not likely to pick her words, in which she, twice over, uses the words "ma mère," when she could have been talking of no one but Mme. de Genlis. And lastly, in 1831, Lady Campbell, in writing to Lady Edward on the death of the famous *gouvernante*, began her letter as follows :

"Chère Maman, J'ai souffert avec toi : j'étois sure combien la perte de Me. de Genlis te seroit sensible,—ta mère enfin, car c'étoit là le lien ?"—  
"Your mother, in fact,—for that was the connection, was it not ?"

The weight of these scattered references to the supposed relationship between Mme. de Genlis and Pamela is not lessened by their obvious want of design. As unpremeditated utterances occurring in the course of private and familiar correspondence, they convey the impression that the writers, without being in any way proud of the relationship, accepted it as a matter of fact. Pamela, Lady Campbell, Lady Edward's eldest daughter, has left on record a statement (which will be found given at length in the Appendix) which shows that her mother was certainly not inclined to boast about her supposed origin, the story of which she has been accused of inventing herself. In the course of a somewhat heated conversation between the two, at which Lady Campbell was present, Mme. de Genlis having taunted her with believing that she was her daughter, Lady Edward replied with some spirit,



"Si je la suis, il n'y a pas de quoi se vanter." I should add that with the important exception of that one sentence in her letter to her mother, all that Lady Campbell says on the subject looks as though she herself was inclined to doubt the truth of the story. She expressly states that Lady Edward told her that Mme. de Genlis had never given her any reason to believe that she was her mother. Once again the curious in the matter must decide for themselves whether to attach most weight to this statement or to the "ma mère," and "ta mère enfin," of the letters quoted above. The probability is, that both the Pamelas were as much in the dark as everyone but the two people who alone were in a position to know the actual facts, and that, while not devoid of suspicions, they did not give much thought to the subject, feeling that, if the story were true, "il n'y a pas de quoi se vanter."

The fact related by Lady Campbell of a Mr. Symes, or Simms, having called upon Lady Edward in '98, expressing his wish to be of service to her on the grounds of his knowing the family, cannot, I think, be accepted as actual proof of the relationship between Pamela and Mary Simms. It was quite natural that a member of the family of Simms and an inhabitant of Fogo, where Mme. de Genlis' story was well known, should have been inclined to accept it, and have wished to make the acquaintance of his supposed relative in her new and exalted sphere of life, without having any special knowledge as to its truth. Whether it was true or not will, as I have already said, probably never be proved.

But before leaving the subject it may be of interest to point out that the alleged resemblance between Lady Edward and Mme. de Genlis has been curiously transmitted to some of Pamela's descendants. The supporter of the Orleans family, at whose request Moore contradicted his first assertion that Lady Edward was the daughter of Egalité, was the Vicomte de Chabot; his wife was Lady Isabella FitzGerald, a niece of Lord Edward's, who never forgave her aunt the fancied disrespect for his memory which she saw in her second marriage to Mr. Pitcairn, in which frame of mind she refused to be present at Lady Edward's funeral, though she was in Paris at the time. In after years, their eldest son, the Comte de Jarnac, who himself married a FitzGerald, used to visit his mother's relations in Ireland, and I have been told by Mrs. James Swinton (the granddaughter of Lord Henry), that he frequently remarked to her on the likeness between Lady Campbell's daughters and the Orleans family, saying that there was "no doubt" about Lady Edward's relationship to the Duke.

In still later times, in fact only a few years ago, a great-grandson of Lady Edward's was one day dining in Paris at the house of one of the staunchest of the Orleanists, who had never set eyes on his guest before, and was quite ignorant of what his descent might be. "Do you see," he said to his wife, "the extraordinary likeness to the Duc d'Aumale? Mais c'est frappant!" "Ah well," she replied, "it is not surprising. His grandmother was a daughter of Pamela FitzGerald."

## CHAPTER XVII

### LADY EDWARD'S CRITICS

“*Quoi qu’il en soit*,” the question of Lady Edward’s parentage is, after all, only a matter of speculative and secondary interest. It is far more important to her numerous descendants and others who revere her memory that their respect for her character should be left undisturbed. This, unfortunately, has not been the case. “The impertinent, unjust and prejudiced people,” who, according to Lady Sarah Napier, “tried to blacken her character” during her lifetime,—prompted, as Lady Sophia held, by their envy, “to fabricate whatever they thought most ill-natured,”—have not lacked imitators in our own time. These later critics have, of course, been influenced by no personal feelings. They have written according to their lights, and from an honest desire to give a true picture of the facts, but with prejudice, for they have unconsciously allowed their views of her life as a whole to be more or less coloured by their disapproval of her second marriage. Starting with this preliminary objection in their minds, they have examined what little is known of her subsequent career, and decided that the mystery in which it is involved is a proof that it was unworthy. Far from

rejecting all that is not evidence, they have then proceeded to make vague charges against her, without, so far as can be seen, in any single instance attempting to give specific proof of the truth of their insinuations.

With the subject of the Pitcairn marriage and the effect which it had on the attitude of Lord Edward's family towards his wife, I have already dealt. The letters from which I have quoted abundantly prove that, although the FitzGeralds naturally lost much of their interest in her after her second marriage, they yet regarded it, on the whole, as an eminently sensible step. The attempt to deduce from it the conclusion that she not only had forgotten her love for Lord Edward, but had never really loved him as he deserved, is as absurd as it is unkind. After all, Lady Edward is not the only woman who has committed the enormity of marrying a second time.

One writer in particular has recently busied herself in trying to prove that she was a very different person from the tender, loyal, womanly woman that she really was. Doubtless this lady has written as she has from a sincere conviction that what she says, or rather hints, is true, and that it was right, in the interests of truth and morality, to paint Lady Edward in her true colours, as a vain, untruthful, frivolous, and occasionally selfish woman. The general tone of the letters will serve, I hope, to dispel that impression once for all. But since the book in question practically sums up all that has been, or can be said against Lady Edward, I should



like to examine some of its random insinuations, which mar, as it seems to me, the truth and value of an otherwise interesting work.

Its author, Miss Ida Taylor, scarcely ever mentions Pamela's name without trying to find fault with her in some way or other. The first instance which I shall take refers to the perennial question of her origin. Lady Edward used to tell a story relating to her introduction to the Orleans household, which those who hold to the theory that she was the Duke's daughter have always quoted as a piece of evidence which strikingly confirms the truth of their belief. She remembered, she said, quite well being received by the Duke himself, on her arrival from England. He was waiting for her at a side door of the palace, and when she came, took her gently in his arms and carried her to the apartments of Mme. de Genlis. There he placed her on a sofa between himself and the lady who was henceforth to be her guardian, with the words, "*Voilà notre petit bijou.*" Whereupon they both embraced her with tears. Miss Taylor, who is strongly of the opinion that Pamela was the child of Mary Simms, will have none of this "*petit bijou*" story. "Whether implicit confidence is to be placed in Pamela's reminiscences," she writes, "may be questioned. She was one of those women to whom it is natural to view themselves in the light of a heroine, and circumstances fostered the disposition." That is to say, she tacitly accuses Lady Edward of having invented it for her own glorification, whereas it has been seen that whatever her secret convictions

on the subject of her birth may have been, she was assuredly not given to boasting of the supposed connection.

Over and over again, throughout the book, the same carping spirit is apparent. An innocent remark of Mme. de Genlis about the "angelical Pamela," gives occasion for the gibe that "she was an angel, by the way, cast in a very terrestrial mould." Similarly, the same lady's pious expression of belief that Pamela's marriage was made in heaven, is quoted for the purpose of adding that, "whether the direct interposition of Heaven in the matter of the marriage was equally patent to Lord Edward's relations, may, it is true, be questioned. One may permit oneself a doubt whether, by birth, training, or possibly disposition, Madame de Genlis' adopted daughter would have been precisely the wife that the Duchess of Leinster would have desired to see bestowed upon her son. . . . *Noblesse*," however, "*oblige*. Whatever may have been her secret sentiments as to her son's choice, his mother would seem to have kept them to herself, and not to have taken the world into her confidence. But the situation must have been a difficult one for all parties; though, during Lord Edward's lifetime at least, those concerned seem to have come well out of it."

There is a good deal more in the same strain on the subject of the marriage, and the light in which it was regarded by the FitzGeralds, all of which is shown by their expressed statements to be quite foreign to the truth. After a passing hit at "a

little fair-weather sailor like Pamela," the author goes on to remark that "men marry for different reasons. If it may be doubted whether Lord Edward had gained, in his wife, a comrade for the more serious business of life, he had at least acquired a charming playmate for its lighter hours." There was, however, it is reassuring to learn, "no evidence that he saw cause to repent the hazardous experiment." Cause to repent! If ever a man loved and was loved by his wife, and tasted some of the highest delights that the married state has to offer, that man was Lord Edward FitzGerald.

In another place she is described as a fair-weather pleasure-boat. When "the period during which Pamela's fair-weather pleasure-boat was linked to Lord Edward's doomed vessel" was coming to a close, "she seems scarcely to have hesitated to comply with the orders of the Privy Council that she should quit the country." "To Ireland, Lord Edward dead, there was nothing to bind her—nothing, that is, save a grave and a memory, and to such women as Pamela those links do not suffice. With the FitzGeralds she can have had little in common."

That, again, is hardly the impression gained from a perusal of the family correspondence; while, as for the implied charge that she showed heartlessness in leaving Ireland while her husband was lying wounded in Newgate, it is to be remarked, first, that till almost the day before his death, none of the family had any idea that his wound was likely to prove fatal; and, secondly, that she had absolutely

no choice but to obey the Privy Council order. She was told to go, and she had to go ; and it was the opinion of Lord Edward's relations at the time that any attempt on her part to evade the order would have still further incensed the Government against her husband, and seriously lessened his chances of an acquittal in the trial which was fated never to take place.

But nothing that poor Lady Edward did, either before or after her husband's death, finds favour in the eyes of her exacting critic. "Lord Edward discarded," we are told, "in honour of the principles of the Revolution, every symptom of superiority in point of dress ; and even went so far as to take his wife, however wet and muddy the weather, through the streets on foot, rather than indulge in the luxury of a carriage. Whether or not Pamela altogether approved of this object-lesson in equality does not transpire ; one would, however, imagine that the method of propitiating public sentiment to which Madame de Genlis had had recourse in sending her beautiful foster-daughter to drive through Paris with the popular Orleans liveries, would have been more to her taste."

At the risk of wearying the reader by repeating these entirely gratuitous assumptions, let me draw attention to one or two other of this same writer's criticisms. In the early days of his marriage Lord Edward once wrote to the Duchess asking her to love Pamela, "for she wants to be loved." "There is no doubt," says the commentator, emboldened for once to drop the tentative nature of the phraseology by



which her surmises are generally perforce introduced,—"there is no doubt that Pamela did want to be loved. It was a want she felt all her life, and which, it may be added, she seems to have taken every means in her power—and they were not few—to satisfy. . . . Her exaggerated desire to please lasted even to old age . . . and when nearer fifty than forty she danced at a ball robed in white muslin and garlanded with roses." "There is little in what is known of the remaining thirty years of her life upon which it is worth while to dwell, yet to the very end one faculty she retained,—the faculty of making herself loved." When the end came "thirty-three years lay between her and those far-off days when she had been Lord Edward's wife. Did the recollection of that time, one wonders, come back to her as she lay dying, like a half-forgotten dream? Did she remember, too, the little daughter who had been the companion of her wanderings, till reclaimed, at twelve years old, from her mother's care? Nothing remains to show." "In 1880 her remains were transferred to England. One fancies that, had circumstances admitted of her being consulted, Pamela would have preferred to rest in Paris."

There is a delightful touch of unconscious humour in this last remark. The writer crowns her efforts to disinter Lady Edward's memory for the purpose of casting suspicion upon it, by implying that the removal of her body to England was the work of meddlesome busybodies. One fancies, if I may venture to imitate her speculative style of diction, that had circumstances permitted of her

being consulted, Pamela would have preferred of the two alternatives that her memory should have been left undisturbed. As for her mortal remains, they were discovered in Montmartre Cemetery by Mr. J. P. Leonard, some twenty-five years ago, when they were on the point of being thrown into the *fosse commune*. To save them from this fate it was at first suggested that a public subscription should be raised in Ireland for the purpose of conveying them elsewhere. But her relations naturally preferred to undertake the matter themselves, and brought her to the churchyard at Thames Ditton, where she lies surrounded by the graves of several of her descendants, close to the two houses which were the homes of Lord Henry and Lady Sophia FitzGerald, in one of which her own descendants are living at the present day. Above her is the stone, broken by a Prussian shell in the siege of 1870, which was placed over her grave by the Duc de la Force, "Son ami le plus dévoué, L.L."

In the hope that there she may be allowed henceforth to rest in peace, I have quoted these passages from the writings of her latest biographer. For I think it is fairly obvious that taken one by one they can be so easily refuted, that no one who cares for Lady Edward's memory need, on the strength of them, have any anxiety for her fair fame. If no more definite or damaging charges than these can be made against her, the campaign of innuendo and calumny from which she has so often suffered, may be considered to be at an end.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LADY EDWARD AND HER DAUGHTERS

It remains still to consider the aspersions, discreetly veiled in more or less obscure hints, which some writers have cast upon the closing years of her life. The nearest approach to a direct accusation is that in her last illness, after an interview with a priest of the Roman Church, she declined to receive the Duc de la Force (the same man, let me repeat, who afterwards described himself upon her tombstone as "*son ami le plus dévoué*"); and that she desired him to leave the hotel in which they were both staying. But it is surely unnecessary to place a serious interpretation upon this action (supposing the story to be exactly true), even though it may have been the result of her last confession. The idea that her life, subsequently to her departure from Hamburgh, called for censure for reasons of this nature, does not fit in with the tone of the letters which from time to time she received from her two daughters. Both Lady Campbell and Mrs. Lyon always spoke of her in terms of the deepest affection and respect, and to the day of their death they never wavered in their allegiance to their beloved and loving mother. In her own later letters, the one dominating note is her

unceasing devotion to her children and to the memory of her lost husband. Also it is worthy of notice that Lady Sophia FitzGerald, with whom the two girls made their home, kept up her friendship with her to the end, even after Pamela had, as we have been told, been "reclaimed" from her. As a matter of fact Pamela was not "reclaimed." By her own act, though sorely against her will, she sent her to her father's relations in England, when she was about fourteen years old, in order that she might have the benefit of a better education than she herself could give her,—that, at all events, is what Lady Campbell told her own children in after years.

Extravagant she may have been, though, poor thing, her income was always extremely limited ; at all events her debts had to be paid more than once, and she died practically penniless. She was fond of admiration, or, as she herself was never tired of saying, of feeling that she was loved ; but of any more serious indiscretion than these, there is, as far as I can see, a complete absence of direct or even indirect evidence.

On leaving Hamburgh she went, accompanied by her daughter Pamela, to Vienna, where they spent a year living in a pension kept by a retired wool merchant. When the municipal authorities of that town came to terms with Napoleon she obtained his leave to settle in France, and made her home at Montaubon in Chambord, a house belonging to the Duc de la Force, close to the chateau where he lived with his mother. "For many years," says her friend and relative Mme. Ducrest, "she occupied a pretty,



small country house near Montaubon, and spread innumerable benefits around her. Her name will be held in grateful remembrance in the cottages of her poorer neighbours. People of fashion will remember, perhaps, the fascinations of the beautiful Lady Fitz-Gerald; the poor will never forget the kind and generous acts of Pamela." It was to this house that most of her daughters' letters were addressed. One of these—from Mrs. Lyon—may be quoted in full, to show the kind of relations that existed between mother and daughter.

“THAMES DITTON, le 10 de Decbre. 1821.

“O MA MÈRE,—Quel bonheur de pouvoir enfin m'entretenir avec vous en François—Je ne parle que cette langue depuis le matin jusqu'au soir parce que la jeune personne dont je vous ai déjà parlée est ici depuis deux jours; elle doit passer six semaines près de moi et je vous assure que je ne pense qu'à bien employer ce tems. Vraiment je crois, que sous peu je réverai même en François, tant je suis occupée de l'idée de la bien savoir avant d'aller en France. Tout, vous voyez, se rapporte à l'espérance de vous revoir, et je vous assure qu'il me semble qu'elle soit à présent tout le but de mon existence. Nos projets sont toujours les mêmes. Ma Tante et moi nous espérons partir pour Paris dans les premiers jours de Mars, et je crois que ma sœur, Sir Guy et leurs chères enfants nous suivront bientôt, ainsi j'espère de vous trouver établie à Paris et je compte sur le bonheur d'y jouir des délices de votre société—

jusqu'à ce que vous partiez pour la Ville d'Eu pour vous retrouver dans les bras de notre adorée Pamela. O Maman, je crois que vos filles mourront de joie en se retrouvant près de vous.

J'aurais tant d'impatience sur la route, si je savois que vous étiez à Paris pendant notre voyage, que je serai tentée de courir pendant toute la route. Que les pauvres postillons et les chevaux me paroîtront lents ! Votre dernière lettre du 20 de Novbre. nous a fait un plaisir inexprimable parceque nous apprenons que les nôtres vous sont enfin parvenues. — Pamela se porte parfaitement bien, et la petite grandit à vue d'œil, comme elle a déjà de l'esprit ; je n'ai jamais vu une enfant d'une physionomie aussi spirituelle, Elle fait des petits cris de joie quand on lui parle et quand on lui sourit, elle tend ses petits bas ; elle a tant l'expression de ma sœur avec son nez, sa bouche, et ses paupières, mais elle a des yeux *blues*, ce qui lui fait ressembler à mon frère d'une manière si frappante que tout le monde le remarque. Quand elle rit, vraiment c'est lui même. Sir Guy aime cette enfant d'une force tout à fait touchante : il passe des heures entières à la caresser et à jouer avec elle, et elle de son côté n'est jamais aussi contente qu'avec son père. Comme elle est gentille et comme vous l'aimeriez. Si jamais je vous vois avec Pamela d'un côté, moi de l'autre, et la petite sur votre sein, je me trouverai presque comme cette Dame qui étoit si amoureuse de son mari et si heureuse avec lui, que Madame de Stael lui disoit ' Madame, il n'y a pas de ciel pour vous.'

Ma sœur et Sir Guy se plaisent beaucoup dans

leur ferme à Molesey qui est très jolie et fort agréable ; je les vois tous les jours quand le tems nous le permet, et comme Pamela a recouvré toutes ses forces, elle peut faire de bonnes promenades. Nous avons eu un tems superbe, justement le même que vous m'avez décrit ; les merles chantoient, et les roses fleurissoient, mais aujourd'hui nous avons eu un orage.—Il faut que je vous quitte quoiqu'avec regret. Je crains que le papier ne puisse en contenir d'avantage. Adieu, ma bien aimée Mère ; que Dieu vous benisse, c'est toujours la Prière la plus ardente de votre Affectionnée, Attachée et Devouée Fille,

LUCIE LOUISE FITZGERALD."

"Ma Tante vous embrasse ; elle se porte bien. J'espère recevoir de vous nouvelles de Paris avant que de commencer notre voyage. Dites mille choses aimables de ma part à Madame de Genlis et assurez la aussi que je n'aurai pas le chagrin de faire le sacrifice de ne pas la voir puisque je vais à Paris !! Adieu encore une fois ma très chère ; que je suis contente de savoir tout ce que vous faites."

There are other letters of this period, all written in the same strain, all breathing the same spirit of love and devotion. "Quand est-ce que je me trouverai sur votre sein maternel ? Que vous êtes belle ! Que vous êtes toute ce que j'aime !" "Pam et moi nous amusons bien ensemble et toujours en regrettant votre société. Jamais trois personnes ne se conviendront mieux que nous trois, avouez ! et j'aime à penser que nous goûterons cette bonheur quelque jour pour long tems—peut être je vous verai

dans cette jolie petite demeure. Adieu, cher Ange, dans tous les instants de ma vie votre très affectuée et dévouée Enfant Lucie. La famille ici vous embrasse tendrement." "My own little school-room is in great order and beauty, and I am writing to you in it and as usual always thinking of you and wishing for you. I got your *dear dear* letter of the day we met. I thought you would think of me as much as I thought of you. I thought of our parting that miserable evening. Heaven grant we may meet before another year, but you know near or absent nothing can be stronger than my love for you. I saw dear Aunt Lucy at Thames Ditton. Oh! how we talked of you, my mother. She knows how I love you."

These few extracts—the last of which might have been written by Lord Edward himself, so strongly does it recall the tone and the very expressions of his letters to his mother—show clearly that Mrs. Lyon saw no cause to waver in her affection for Lady Edward. Nor is it easy to find in the letters which Lady Edward wrote to Lady Campbell, any evidence that she was in any way unworthy of the love which her daughters gave her. Here are one or two, written in 1811, at a time when she was in great distress, and was forced to hide from her creditors.

"Ma bien Aimée," she writes, "J'ai reçue ta charmante lettre: écris moi bien Régulièrement, prends courage: vois cette pauvre Dean, qui me déchire le cœur; du moins nous avons nos amis pour nous consoler mais elle n'a que nous, pauvre



filles. Eh bien, je ne te vrai que lorsque les Créanciers seront un peu Apaisés, puisque tu crains que cela ne me fasse découvrir, ainsi j'attendrai que tu me fasse dire quelque chose, toi qui est plus apporté d'entendre des Nouvelles. Je me promène le soir, et suis comme un pauvre hibou ; j'ai des Cloches aux pieds ; tu sais qu'il y a si longtemps que je ne m'étois promené. Je voudrais bien que tu puisse Ravoir mes chenilles, alors je pourrais travailler et vendre des Ouvrages ; ce qui soulageroit ma mère,<sup>1</sup> à qui je coute quelques Petites dépenses de plus ! Tu sais que j'ai du courage pour ce qui me Regarde, mais j'avoue que mon cœur se brise lorsque je pense à toi ! que j'idolatre, à Miss Dean, et à nos fidelles domestiques. Enfin, mon enfant, que ce t'y soit une leçon pour toi ! que l'économie et de savoir moderer les desires selon moyens est le seul bien resté dans ce monde, et le seul bonheur est dans La Raison, La Vertu, et la Prudence ! Je ne vois que ma mère<sup>1</sup>—je n'ai point d'expressions pour Peindre à ma sœur toute ma Reconnoissance. Embrasse Rosamonde pour moi, et les jolis petits pieds de la Petite P—— ; j'espère que ma pauvre sœur est mieux. Adieu, mon ange. Tache de t'occuper avec Rosamonde, lis de l'Anglois, cultive ton esprit. Le malheur fortifie ton ame.

*P.S.*—Ma tête est mieux, mais les nuits sont tristes, je lis tant depuis jeudi que mes yeux me font mal ! Car je n'ai que cela pour me distraire."

<sup>1</sup> It is difficult to see that this can refer to anyone but Mme. de Genlis, although, as has been already remarked, that does not necessarily prove the relationship.



LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*From a miniature.*



“They brought me your two loving letters of yesterday. They are charming: they affected me, amused me, made me laugh. Oh! my child, what sweet moments you make me pass. How I love your spirit, how I cherish your beautiful soul, for you are worthy of all the tenderness which I feel for you. Yes, Pamela, my sweet Pam is all mine. I have the little ring on my finger, on my left hand side, the side of my heart, near the announcement of your beloved Father’s marriage. My child, this cruel separation makes me regret all the moments when I could have seen you and kept you from me. I must take patience and forgive the bad people who torture me, and pray God to help us.

I pray you to have courage and patience. My health has been better the last two days. I slept better last night; I am taking care of myself. If I could only see you sometimes I could easily endure my profound loneliness, only I have a pain in my eyes from reading. I am very glad my sister has had the kindness to give you a hat: thank her for me. O we can never love too much that dear good friend; embrace her tenderly for me. Farewell, my beloved child. I embrace you with all the power of my heart.”

“*Mai* 18, 1811.—It is five o’clock, my beloved: so I must once more give up for to-day the hope of seeing you and giving you my blessing. Receive it then from afar, and all the wishes I have for your happiness. How sad it is not to have met for



so long ; how sad not to have embraced to-day. Oh, my friend, I am sure you are as sad as your mother-friend."

"As sad as your mother-friend." That, as far as Lady Edward is concerned, is the conclusion of the matter. Almost every letter that she wrote, almost every reference to her in the letters of others, touches that note of sadness. The tragedy of Lord Edward's death finds its complement, more, its completion, in the tragedy of his wife's life. The others who loved him, his brothers and sisters, even Lady Lucy, even his mother, though they never forgot his loss, yet found consolation in the soothing effects of time and in new and changed interests. But her life was sad to the last. Without doubt her marriage to Mr. Pitcairn was dictated solely by what Lady Sarah called "the *false* French idea *qu'il faut en état, an établissement.*" That idea was very soon dissipated by the separation which took place between them—Mr. Pitcairn, I may say, and not Lady Edward, being the offending party, although, as a Roman Catholic, she was not able to sue for a divorce. Once more she was left to face the world alone, estranged after a few years from her mother, and with not one of her children to share her solitude. While Lord Edward lived, she was loved and honoured only less than himself by every one of his adoring family. After his death—well, at all events, she loved him to the end, and never regained her natural happiness. If the reader has learnt to love these FitzGeralds as well as to

grieve for their unhappiness, I do not think that the lowest place in his affections will be given to that tender wife and mother, on whom the storms of adversity beat so fiercely and so long. "She was better after all than most of her accusers," said Lady Lucy in a letter already quoted. "She is gone to a place where the truth of hearts is revealed, and where all deceit is for ever swept away." *Requiescat in pace.*



## APPENDIX

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THE following is the statement made by Lady Campbell, to which reference was made on p. 219.

“As to my mother’s parentage, she never knew more of it than what Mde. de G. told her, that, to carry out her system of acquiring languages, she wished to have an English child to be brought up with the Orléans children, and that the Duke of Orléans commissioned a gentleman who transacted his affairs in London to look out for a child whose parents were not likely to interfere with her future education. That this Gentleman found a Mrs. Symes who was willing to agree to the terms. She was the wife of a Capt. Symes who had married her against the wishes of his Family because she was a catholic; her husband was in the West Indies where she wanted to join him, and she would give up the child on condition of its being brought up a Roman Catholic.—The late Lord Arran and George IV. both contended that my Mother was *Anne Symes*. Lord Arran asserted that he had seen a letter from the above named agent to the Duke of Orléans (*Egalité*), with whom he lived in intimacy at one time, saying, ‘Monseigneur, je vous



enverrai, sous peu, La plus jolie petite fille, et la plus belle Jument, qui se puisse trouver en Angleterre.'

George IV.'s argument was that Mde. de Genlis was much too old to be Lady Edward's mother,<sup>1</sup> that he knew her age, &c.

My mother told me Mde. de Genlis never had given her the least reason to think she was her daughter; that certainly there was an act of adoption of her by the Duke of Orleans and Mde. de G., but that was, she was told, to secure some small settlement of twelve hundred francs upon her, yet it was a curious form. At the time of my Mother's marriage at Tournay, just as Mde. de G. was emigrating, there were letters passing between the Duke of O. and Mde. de G. about some settlements, and in general my Mother had read them by Mde. de G.'s leave, excepting on one occasion when Mde. de G. put her hand on the letter and said, '*Ne lisez pas cela*'; that was the only appearance of mystery she ever observed, and that was very slight.

I was once present at a sharp tiff between my mother and Mde. de G. They were both quick-tempered, and Mde. de G. said,

'Si vous vous vantez d'être ma fille, vous ne l'êtes assurément pas.'

'Si je la suis,' replied my Mother, 'il n'y a pas de quoi se vanter!'

At the time of the troubles in '98, when Mama was at Goodwood, and all the family were absorbed in their sorrows, one of my Aunts told me, *a Mr.*

<sup>1</sup> This seems not to have been the case.

*Symes* called in Harley Street to enquire after Lady Edward, as from his knowing her family he should be happy to be of any service to her should she require it,—but his card was lost, my Mother was allowed to go to Hamburgh, and nobody cared more about her.

This is all on the *Symes* side of the question.

Mde. de G. had a mania for adoptions; when she was a poor émigrée, writing for her bread, she adopted the son of a tailor at whose house she lived, and brought him home to France, taught him the Harp; he became a famous Harpist, equal to *Bochsa*; he obtained wonderful power over her in her old age, much to the annoyance of her own Family. I think she was led to this adoption by the wish to convert the child. This Prussian *Casimir* was a Lutheran till she brought him to France and had him baptized. When I knew her at *the Arsenal*, where Napoleon had given her an apartment and a pension of 6000 Francs, she had adopted another boy and was educating him as well as *Casimir*; he was a heavy stupid looking clod, and I never heard what became of him. She liked the society of children: they never wearied her, and most charming she was to children, she thoroughly understood them. I used to go to the Arsenal at 9 in the morning and stay with her all day for weeks together, and never was more happy or delighted; she must have been far past 70. She studied, read, painted miniature flowers on parchment, kept up English, Italian, Spanish, by reading a page of each every day, often more but never less, wrote her

novels, made extracts of everything she read. I never met so industrious a woman besides her genius, and she had the art of making one love work. She netted, embroidered, made baskets, always at something, wonderfully abstemious, almost starving herself, not from religious motives, but health, living on Herb soups and Sorel and roots, scarcely any meat; and *Ptisans*, a horrid drink she always had at dinner, *L'eau de Patience*, excessively bitter, I believe it was a decoction of Columba root. This she said helped digestion. Her room was full of little tables covered with souvenirs and miniatures and albums and all sorts of little trumpery things and busts, and over these she threw net and lace veils to keep them from dust. She had all sorts of snuff-boxes and curiosities, and a coral chaplet or praying Beads, which had been blessed and given her by the Pope when he was in Paris; she had had an interview with him, and he had thanked her for having defended religion and written against infidelity.

She was tall, very thin and stooped, very bright chocolate eyes, a sallow dirty looking skin, very animated when she talked, but it was a severe looking face, and when angry hard and fierce. Full of fun and in conversation so natural and agreeable, not a shade or expression of Pedantry, you would never imagine she had ever read a book, much less written one; all her bright clever things were said in the easiest simple language. To hear her and old Talleyrand talk for two or three hours together when he drove out to see her once or twice



*Pamela, Lady Campbell.*

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD 1904





a month was even to my young ears the Perfection of high-bred conversation: not the least *pretention* on either side, of the Authoress, or the Diplomaté, so refined, so cutting, so natural and so full of real fun! His description of the Empire Parvenus, and the Imperial Court! and her remarks on the new manners and customs of Paris since the revolution were too amusing. It always struck me he came out to the Arsenal (a long way) to have a crack with her to refresh himself. Then when they both got upon the old régime they were just as amusing in their remembrances. 'Vous rappelez vous' used to bring forth such souvenirs! sad and droll, they both regretted the pleasant past. She saw very few people indeed, and by appointment or some private introduction. She detested mere visiting, her time was too precious: she used to write her books at night, not going to bed till one or two in the morning.

One evening that I spent with her she received a very curious visit.

The Imperial Napoleon family took an interest in her. Caroline Queen of Naples and the Queen of Spain, Joseph's wife, wrote to her often and visited her, but on this day she received a note from the Queen of Spain's *sister*, Princesse de Pontecorvo, who had married Bernadotte, saying she was coming that evening with Prince Pontecorvo to bid her farewell, as he had been appointed Heir to the Kingdom of Sweden and that *Hélas!* they started for Stockholm the next day.

At about nine o'clock they arrived,—He, a

handsome, very dark, southern looking man, coal-black crisp hair, piercing black small eyes, very high hook nose and small very white teeth, rather a look of a chevalier d'industrie, speaking Gascon French, pleasant French manner; Madame de Pontecorvo, a little huddled-up bundle of a woman, very dowdy, bad teeth, with sandy, terrier, rough-looking curls round her face, a cap with roses, a shawl on, most unattractive.

She did nothing but lament and groan over her hard Fate in having to quit Paris! they brought a fine tall handsome boy Oscar who had nice manners, no shyness, and not cockey (the present King of Sweden).

As Bernadotte, who was talking to my Mother, at last overheard his wife bemoaning herself to Mde. de Genlis how *terrible* it was to be buried in Sweden, &c. &c. et cætera, he stopped her short. 'Allons, allons, il n'y a pas de quoi se plaindre, quand on vous offre un Royaume!! Il faut tacher de vous consoler,' he said laughing; he had no affectation about it, but showed honestly as happy as a *King*! at his elevation, and expatiated on Napoleon's gracious manner of allowing him to accept the crown, knowing, he said, 'qu'il aurait toujours le cœur français.'

In this instance, as in his brother Joseph's in Spain, Eugene Beauharnais' in Italy, Louis' in Holland, and Murat's in Naples, Napoleon was mistaken. To their credit they, like Macbeth, had not the *illness* that should attend ambition; the interest and sufferings of the conquered countries were too

mighty for the *cœur Français* to prevail. Bernadotte seemed devoted to the Emperor. Some allusion was made to Ireland whilst he was talking to my Mother when he said She was perhaps not aware that he had in some degree unfavourably influenced her destiny. That he had been appointed to command the expedition in aid of the United Irishmen sent by the French Republic, but that he *evaded* it, as he was then much occupied (either at Bordeaux or Lyons, I forget which): ‘Enfin, il faut le dire, *Amoureux fou* de ma Femme là!’ added he, pointing to the little ill-favoured woman, ‘*mais amoureux fou! On nomma Hoche*’ (I think he said), ‘*L’expédition traina* (dawdled), *manqua, et voilà, peut-être aurais-je mieux fait!*’ This love passage was most amusing. The next day they started for Sweden. That was in 1809, I think.”

*Apropos* of Lady Campbell’s picture of Me. de Genlis, the following letter is of some interest :

ME. DE GENLIS to Miss PAMELA FITZGERALD.

“*Décembre, 1812.*

“Ma chère Pamy, je veux vous remercier de ne pas m’oublier, je le mérite pour la vive affection que j’ai pour vous. Je suis heureuse de savoir toute les bontés que votre respectable et charmante grandmère a pour vous et votre attachement pour elle. Le plus grand bonheur de cette vie est d’aimer ce que doit aimer. Je suis bien aise que vous n’oublié pas l’allemand, c’ette une belle langue, et la difficulté de l’apprendre doit y attacher. Mais chère Pamy, ne comparé jamais cette littérature à la votre et à la littérature française, si vous l’aimiés beaucoup elle vous



gâterait le gout, il y a de très grandes beautés dans plusieurs de leurs ouvrages, il n'ont pas un seul bon ouvrage. Ils sont imitations des anglais, sans avoir ce gout *vrai de nature* que se trouve même en général dans les auteurs anglais de 2<sup>d</sup> ordre, et que possèdent éminemment les grands auteurs de votre nation. Il y a je ne sais quoi d'affecté et de fade dans les ouvrages de sentiment en allemand, qui en rende la lecture insipide, et en outre de galimathias inexplicables, d'ailleurs cette littérature est *toute neuve*, ne nous fions qu'à celles que le tems a consacré, la française, l'anglaise, et l'Italienne.

Votre tendre et excellente mère jouit d'une bonne santé, parcequ'il n'y a rien de raisonnable et de réglé comme sa vie. Elle est engraisée, blanchie, rajeunie, et jolie comme un ange : depuis votre départ elle vit dans une profonde retraite, cultive son esprit et ses talens, elle peint et grave comme un ange, se couche à 10 heures, se lève matin, fait beaucoup d'exercice, et toutes sortes de collections instructives et charmantes pour sa Pamy. Sa tendresse pour vous, si naturelle, est bien touchante. Vous remplissez son cœur, sa tête, son imagination. Combien elle est digne d'être aimée ! il n'y a rien à vous dire la-dessus, c'est surtout pour me satisfaire que je vous parle. Adieu mon aimable et chère Pamy, je vous envoie mon Moire. On dit qu'il y a de l'intérêt et que je n'ai rien écrit avec autant de soin, d'ailleurs comme je suis sûre que vous avez des sentimens religieux et *fidèles* j'espère que vous l'aimeras, je vous embrasse du fond de l'âme.

D. GENLIS."

The remainder of Lady Campbell's statement, which refers exclusively to Irish affairs, runs as follows :

"I knew very little about my Father : the subject was so painful and sorrowful, I know less than a comparative stranger. The 4th of June, when the

guns fired for the King's birthday, was always a dark day in the house ; poor Grandmama appeared in deeper mourning, and somehow there was a sort of stillness ; we spoke with bated breath, and went softly, tho' nothing was said to note it ; but it was the anniversary of my father's death. Grandmama wore his coloured handkerchief next her heart, and it was put into her coffin with her. She once or twice spoke of him to me. She told me he had lost all hope of success for the last year, that she and my mother had both on their knees entreated him to give it up and go abroad to go to America, but that at last he broke away from them saying it was too late. That he had led others into danger and he would share it. This happened in the summer-house at Frescati. He might to the very last have escaped with ease, the government were anxious he should do so,—as the Duke of Wellington told me in 1823 at Strathfieldsaye, they did not know what to do, if they had him. They knew where he hid for two months before he was taken : some said he was discovered by the black servant Tony taking wine and chickens to Murphy's, the feather merchant's house, where he was concealed when he had the ague. I believe Reynolds was the man who at last actually did betray him so publicly that the Government were forced to move in it. Many have had the credit of it, with what truth I know not, even Mr. Ogilvie, not with the intention of forfeiting his Life but in the hope of his being banished. My Mother firmly thought so, the only strange unaccountable circumstance was Mr. Ogilvie having a

Pension from Government which was continued to his daughter Mrs. Charles Locke. Mrs. Small, a French maid of my Mother's, who had married poor Tony his black servant, was also suspected. Arthur O'Connor was thought *not true*, a suspicion which was strongly revived many years after when I was in Ireland, and O'Connor was allowed by Government to come over to look after some of his property in the South of Ireland. Lord Morpeth was secretary and asked him to dinner, why? except with a wish to see a Man of '98, a live rebel. He did not ask me to meet him, nor should I have cared to see him, as I had the impression from my Mother and from Aunt Sophia that he had *not* been true to my Father. At this time (whilst at Drumcondra) I received an anonymous letter, reproaching me with having dined with the betrayer of Lord Edward and the cause of '98 at the Chief Secretary's. The next day Lord Morpeth came to see me and showed me a similar letter he had received anonymously expressing surprise at a high-minded nobleman entertaining the betrayer of the lamented Lord Edward; this occurred the week in which Arthur O'Connor's name appeared in the papers as having dined at the Lodge. I told him I thought it alluded to Arthur O'Connor, as I knew he was suspected by most '98 men from his having *unaccountable* money with which he bought property in France, where he settled when he was let out of prison. He afterwards married Mde. Condorcet: when he died a few years ago his widow wrote me a very nice note and sent me my Father's picture, 'highly valued by her late husband.' In

a printed Memoir of Capt. Byrne, one of the '98 men, sent to me by his widow (a Frenchwoman, I believe), there are suspicions thrown out on the honesty of Arthur O'Connor. I questioned Mr. Curran closely at the time I received the anonymous letter (he was son to the famous Curran), and I found him very cautious; 'he believed A. O'Connor honest, some did not,' so I never got further.

A Mr. Sproule, who had had connection with '98 Politics, remembered often seeing a small pale man with remarkable eyes, pockmarked, riding postillion to the mail, and being told in a whisper it was Lord Edward, who often came to meetings at Sproule's in that disguise. Lord Edward was a beautiful rider. When at Limerick a gentleman told me he was in a country house, a pedlar came, and that in those days pedlars were great favourites, so the pedlar was shown into the parlour, and all the ladies gathered round him; however, presently the gentleman's attention was drawn to the scene by hearing of the wonderful bargains going; that he recognised my father in the pedlar, and as he knew all these were not friends, he went up to him, bought a handkerchief, and said, 'You are selling too cheap, you had better be off.' The pedlar took the hint.

There was a Quaker Mr. Sproule lived in an odd ruinous house near the Castle and the old Bridge (now gone). When you entered you found a garden and a sort of high summer house that went by the name of the Lanthorn, and looked over the broad Shannon. Mr. Sproule was a chandler, reputed to be very rich, some person, an old man,



to whom the house belonged having died and left him all he possessed and the house over the gateway, of which there was some motto cut in stone very old; the story went there had been some unfair play. Mr. Sproule had the reputation of being a great miser, and spent nothing on himself. I must say he helped us in the workshop and soup-kitchen at the time of the famine by his subscription. He was known to have been concerned in the rebellion, declarations were signed in the Lanthorn, meetings were held in his Garden and in Obeime's Brewery next to it, and there were numbers of Pikes found in that locality, greater number than in almost any part of Ireland. It was a place easy of access from being on the river, and on the Galway side of the old Bridge. Mr. Sproule was a great antiquarian, and had for years collected Irish antiquities, and was known to give good prices for such things as the turf-cutters found in the bogs. Many of the officers used to tell us of the beauty of his collection and urge our seeing it. At last Col. Hall, the Z. M. General, proposed taking me there, and wrote to Mr. Sproule to appoint a day, and he received a formal answer that Mr. Sproule would feel much honoured. We were ushered thro' the old Gateway to a sort of Yard and into a grey shabby-looking mansion and such a real old Curiosity Shop as would have enchanted Dickens. The Hall had a rather ragged mat, and all sorts of fossils and stones, bits of carving set against the wall, as if they helped to keep the mat from flying away, the walls hung with poles and staves and bits of rusty armour.

A very staid old man, grey haired, looking somewhat like a Quaker, received us at the door of a small dusty fusty little parlour with rococo chairs, a few books, as if a pawnbroker had furnished it with Mrs. Delany's cast furniture, the prevailing hue being drab; it was evidently the room the old man inhabited. After a little preliminary conversation the old man, who had very simple yet courteous manners, took us into a sort of long (still dusty and fusty) Parlour, which was the Museum; tables quite groaning under antique swords, musquets, Pikes, old Pottery, Phœnician brass blades, beads, Large Moose deers' Horns, bones, stone cannon balls, some things hung on the walls, some lying on the floor and under the tables, dust, dust, everywhere. Next we went into another frowsty little retiro where there were collections of coins, some very good; some old Irish silver ornaments; after we had duly admired and examined (admiring is hard work sometimes and tires one's jaws), I saw a most charming little silver bottle or Flask with Silver chains and two cherubims heads which Mr. Sproule said was found in a bog; he called it a tear bottle, and as I admired it I said,

'Well, Mr. Sproule, this is the prettiest thing in all your collection, tho' perhaps not the most curious,' when to my horror, shame, and astonishment, Mr. Sproule turned gravely round and putting the flask into my hand requested I would accept of it. In great confusion I declined accepting it, depriving him of it, &c., &c., all one says and don't say on such occasions, but Mr. Sproule stopped me by saying,

‘I am under obligations to one of your Family that nothing can repay, so you need have no scruple at taking this trifle,’ and then he told us that he was connected with the United Irishmen in ’98: that one night he was stopping at a small public-house on his way home to Athlone, where there were about a dozen of rebels, and that there had been a good deal of treasonable talk when they suddenly said they must put the oath before they parted, for safety; that he being a Quaker refused to swear,—tho’ he belonged to them refused to swear,—upon which they threatened to shoot him, and were loading two horse-pistols, when Lord Edward who was lying down in the back room hearing High words came in to see what was going on and found Sproule pinioned by three men and two preparing to shoot him. He immediately had him released, answered for his honesty, said that Quakers took no oaths, and saved his life and sent him home. After this I certainly willingly accepted the Flask from poor old *Miser* Sproule! we parted very good friends, I asked him to come up to see us, but he never came, and we never met again.”

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Hoppner's famous picture "Mrs.  
Sheridan and her Son."



MRS. SHERIDAN



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